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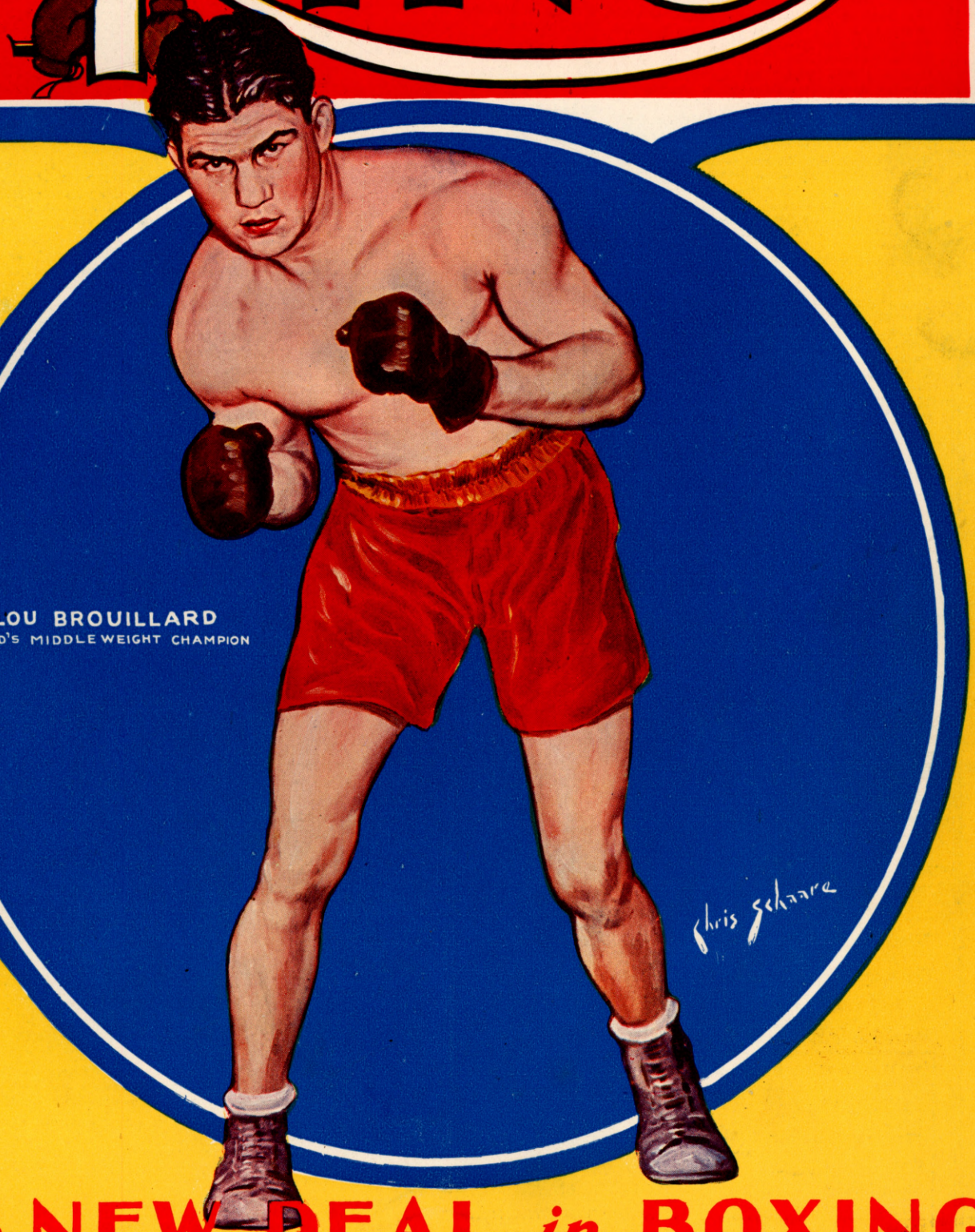

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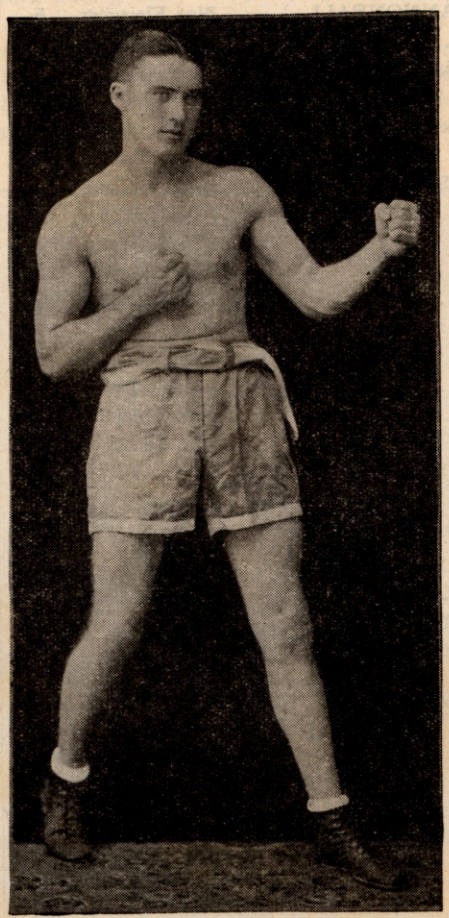

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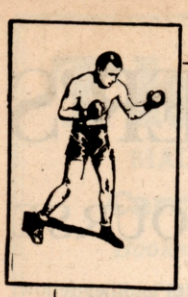

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XII — OCTOBER, 1933 — No. 9

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In Our Next Issue

Primo Carnera's rise to fistic fame has started a world-wide discussion on "Giants of the Roped Square." Jack Kofoed, in his article, "The Case Against The Big 'Uns," offers food for thought on this topic.

How the Middleweights got the jump on the "NRA" is told in a resume by Wilbur Wood, one of America's foremost boxing writers.

"Ten Seconds of Sunlight," the true and tragic story of the Luther-McCarty-Arthur Pelky Fight, a thrilling yarn by James M. Kahn, will keep our readers on edge.

Here's good news—Bill Miller is back with us. Remember Bill? He's the fellow with the style that pleases, the chap whose previous articles in "The Ring" drew heaps of favorable comment.

Bill will write California notes for us and will also contribute some interesting fiction in each issue, starting with the November number.

These, in addition to special articles and stories on boxing and wrestling by Daniel M. Daniel, A. D. Phillips, Arthur Lumley, Eddie Borden, "Tex" Austin, and The Ring editor, Nat Fleischer.

And last but not least, a special four-page pictorial section of News of the World in Fisticuffs.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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George Considine

NEW YORK'S NEW RULE

Latest System of Judging a Fight, Dates Back to George Considine's Innovation a Quarter Century Ago

By JOE HUMPHREYS

OUT in Fairhaven, New Jersey, where I am recuperating from a recent illness, the information was brought to me of the change made by the New York Boxing Commission in the method of judging fights. I was told that my good old friends, General Phelan and Commissioners Weir and Bill Brown had decided to put into use for the Jeby-Brouillard championship bout, a method of deciding the winner, which though new to present-day fans, was first used on January 26, 1900, by George Considine when he staged the bout between Mysterious Billy Smith and Frank McConnell. As I was the announcer in that fight, I was asked by my friend, Nat Fleischer, Editor of this publication, to tell how the judges' system happened to come into existence.

The story is a most interesting one. When the Walker Law went into effect, it was arranged to have two judges and a referee give the decisions in both boxing and wrestling in New York, and up to the recent change, at the end of each bout, the announcer was required to take up the slips of the three ring officials, compare them, and announce the verdict to the spectators. A fight could win by a unanimous vote or two-to-one verdict, but if each official disagreed, then the verdict was a draw. But under the new ruling, when a disagreement takes place between the judges, then only the referee has the right to decide. His vote is the only one considered.

Now that brings me back to the day when John Considine inaugurated that method. For the judges and referee to decide in the commission form of boxing control is no novelty, but to harp back to the system that was in vogue a quarter of a century ago, is worth a special story.

THE archives of Fistiana indicate that the idea of two ringside judges had its inception following the famous battle between Kid McCoy and Joe Choynski on January 12, 1900, a fight at which I was the announcer, and was given its first tryout just two weeks later at the Smith-McConnell mill. Those two contests were in the relation of cause and effect in bringing about what was in those days a decided innovation.

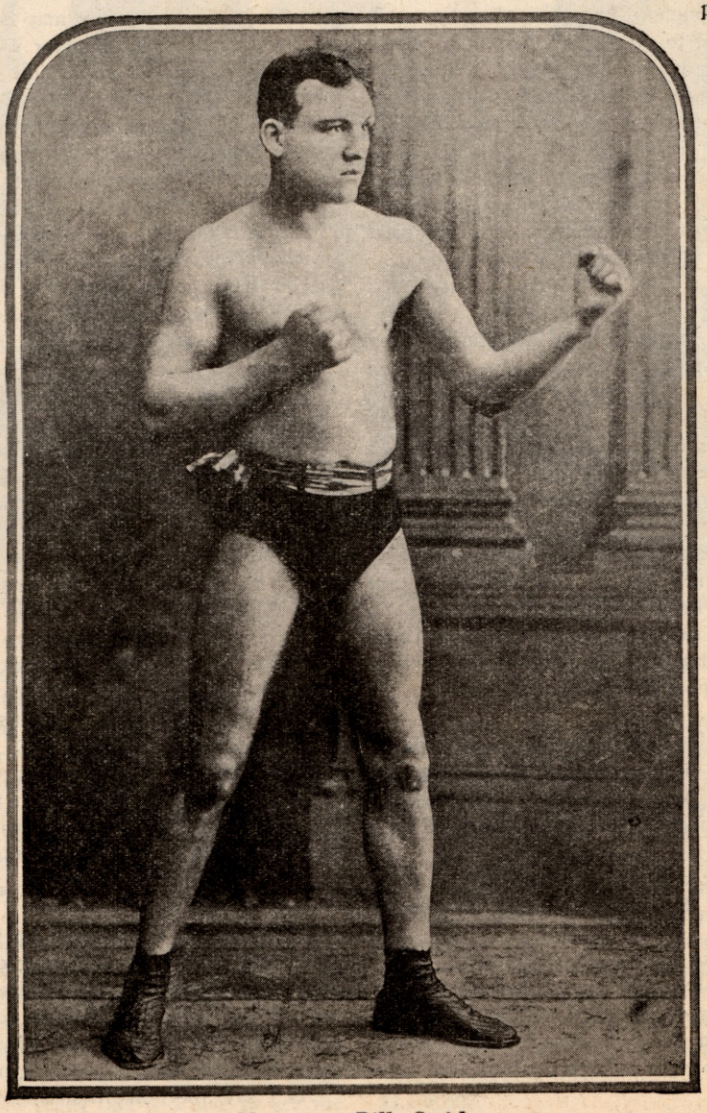
The McCoy-Choynski fight was productive of much bitter argument as to whether or not it had been on the level and charges were made against several persons and groups, but none of those charges of dishonesty against contestants or officials of the Broadway Athletic Club where the mill was staged, were sustained. On the contrary, not only was a clean bill of health given all hands, but developments later proved that a group of unscrupulous gamblers who had lost on the result, were responsible for the scandal talk.

Now to get down to the innovation in the use of judges, it will be necessary for me to go into details in the description of the McCoy-Choynski tilt. That battle lasted only three rounds, but in that brief space enough real blood-letting, slugging action was displayed, to sate the most avid fan. Both men swirled about the ring at a dizzy pace, fighting as though for their very lives and at the end of the bout both were exhausted.

In the second round, McCoy was down four times, three for the limit. The fourth knock-down caused the greatest uproar and argument. McCoy, having gotten to his feet each time at the count of ten, Johnny White, the referee, did not award the fight to Choynski.

The fourth knockdown came 2 minutes 10 seconds after the opening of the round. As White counted "ten," the Kid struggled to his feet, but at the same moment Joe Dunn, time-keeper, sounded the gong, thereby announcing the fight to be over.

(*Continued on page 30*)



Mysterious Billy Smith

HAPPY DAYS ARE ON THEIR WAY

"NRA" Will Help Put Sock Market on Its Feet Again—Dempsey's Presence Big Factor

By WILBUR WOOD

TO the casual observers of matters fistic, it might seem to be stretching an elastic imagination dangerously near the breaking point to say that the national recovery being brought about under the "N.R.A." is going to put boxing back on its feet, along with the more prosaic industries of the nation.

There might seem to be little connection between the codes guaranteeing higher wages to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker and the welfare of boxing. But if you will only exercise your gray matter a trifle, you certainly will agree that only by putting more money into the pockets of the citizenry at large, can boxing be once more placed upon a profitable basis.

A man may subsist without going to see a fight show now and then. The customer cannot eat a boxing glove, though some of the gladiators occasionally seem to accomplish that feat. As long as a man has only enough to keep him alive by watching his pennies, he is not going to give much thought to watching two lads knock each other around in the ring. But when a sport-minded chap has a few loose dollars jangling in his jeans, he will treat himself to an occasional evening at some boxing club. The "N.R.A." movement is designed to put those extra dollars into John W. Citizen's pocket. When it succeeds some of the simoleons will find their way into the box offices of the boxing clubs and thence into the hands of the promoters, managers, boxers and others who depend on boxing for a livelihood.

* * *

IT is my opinion that, in spite of all the abuses which have crept into the sport of recent years, the major reason for the falling off of receipts for boxing shows and the consequent distress of all those in the business is the financial depression. Boxing is not, comparatively speaking, a cheap amusement. It cannot compete, on a price basis, with the neighborhood movie house. Good times in general are essential for good times in boxing.

Already there has been noticeable a pickup in attendance at boxing matches, though the upturn has not been enough to take the promoters out of the red or keep the army of boxers at work. When the "N.R.A." begins to get in its good licks in earnest, especially in those cities where business has been hit the hardest, it is reasonable to expect a marked change for the better in the sock market.

It is not practicable to put into operation in boxing one of those hard and fast codes such as have been fashioned for various other industries. But the boxing people can do much to hasten the recovery of the business if they will subscribe to a code embodying common sense.

Many a follower of the sport will tell you that there is nothing wrong with boxing; that the trouble is with the people engaged in it. That's true.

If every promoter would make up a code for himself, pledging himself never to make a lop-sided match knowingly and never to offer a bout that he is not convinced will be worth seeing, it would be a good start in the right direction. Too many promoters use their clubs to give work only to the boys who have managers with influence.

It is nothing unusual for a matchmaker to offer a card composed of lop-sided fights in which the favored boxers are paired with opponents who will give them no trouble. One-sided fights keep the customers away. The promoter who operates on that basis is kidding himself, for the public will soon get wise to him and refuse to patronize his shows. That has been proved countless times.

* * *

EVERY manager also should write up a code for himself. He should resolve not to demand for his boxer only matches in which he stands little or no chance of being beaten. I don't mean that he should throw his boy in over his head and thus have him discouraged and retarded. Every real manager has a fairly good idea of what his boxer can do and he should not make it a practice always to look out the window when offered a match in which his boy may conceivably be defeated.

Sooner or later any boxer who gets to the top, or close to the top, must face stiff opposition. If he has been fed a steady diet of setups throughout his development, he will wilt quickly in the fierce heat of genuine competition. Probably any fan who reads these lines can point to an example of this. Some of the finest prospects the writer ever has seen have been ruined because they were coddled on a soft diet of setups and "divers."

Some managers, of course, go to the other extreme, tossing in a boxer with fellows for whom he is not ready. One practice is as disastrous as the other. The boxer who is thrown to the wolves, as the saying is, seldom rises out of the preliminary class. Greediness on the part of the manager, who would rather grab one dollar today than ten tomorrow, has ruined countless youngsters who might have amounted to something in the so-called manly art.

What of the boxer himself? What can he do to help put the game back on its feet? To begin with, every lad who makes up his mind to become a fighter should realize that it is no easy road to riches.

It may seem that way to one who sits in a ringside seat and sees a boxer go through ten rounds, without even getting his hair mussed up, and receive for his labors a sum that represents as much as the spectator may earn in months. But in boxing, as in all other fields of human endeavor, the spotlight is on only the few who get to the top, or nearly to the top. Nothing is heard of the 99½ per cent of the fistic army that labors for barely enough to eke out an existence.

The embryo boxer should promise himself that he will give all he has to his chosen calling; that he will not stint his training in any way; that he always will give the best that is in him, neither asking nor giving favors.

* * *

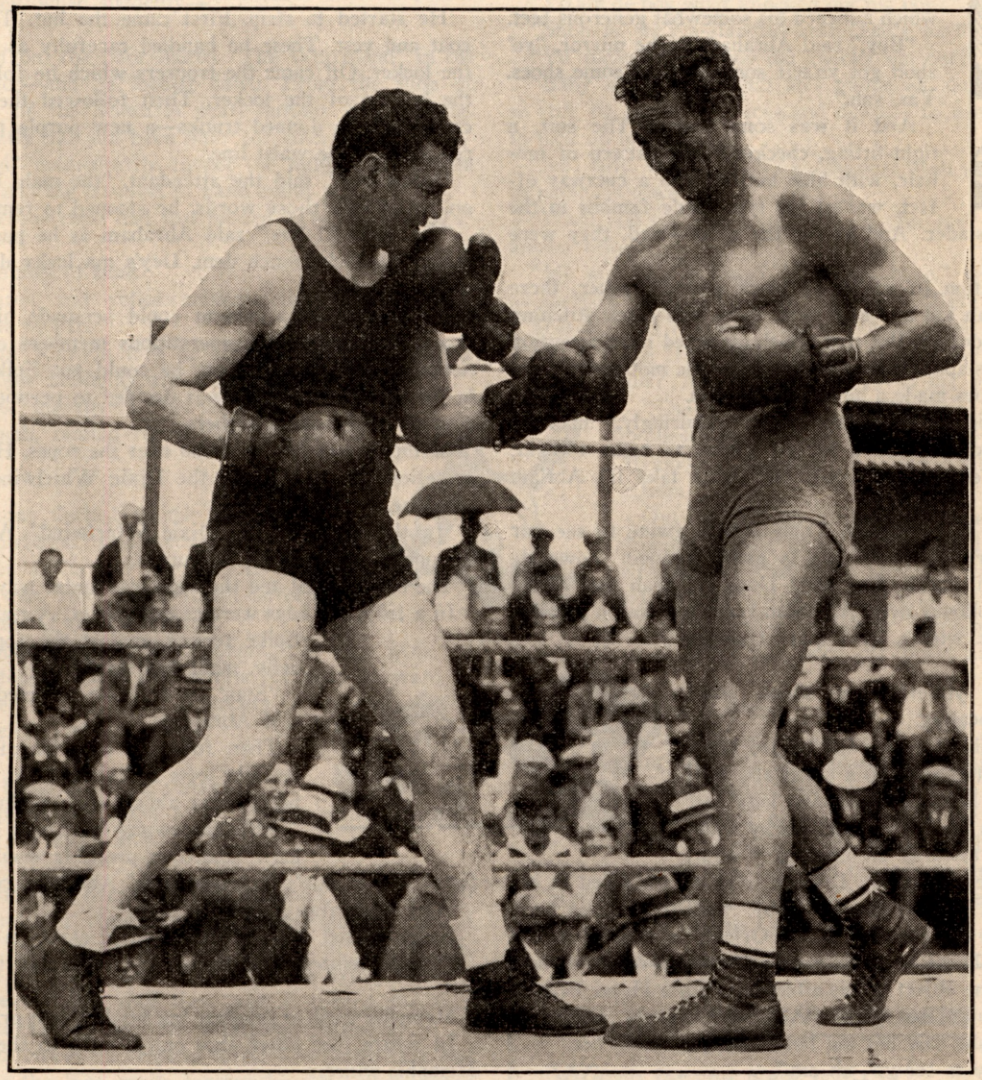
THE game is cluttered up today with thousands of boxers who are, to use the slang expression, going nowhere. They have little ability and command small earnings. These should step out of the game before it is too late; before they are beaten and battered, mentally and physically, to a point where it is impossible for them to become useful workers in any other line.

As I say, there are thousands such in the game today, trying to do the impossible. Many are in the hands of managers who have

enough pull with the matchmakers to get them a bout occasionally, thus depriving of a chance some other youngster who may have genuine ability but who is retarded by the lack of an opportunity to perform regularly. In two or three years, at the most, any lad should be able to decide whether boxing holds any future for him. If he cannot clearly see that he is going to amount to something, he should get out and try some other means of earning a livelihood.

The various governing bodies of boxing, the state and city commissions, also can do their share in rehabilitating the game. For years boxing was practically ungoverned. Today, it seems to be suffering, among other things, from too much regulation.

It is within the power of the commissions to frame their codes for the regulation of the sport to give the smaller clubs a new deal. Unless the smaller clubs, the factories in which the material for the big shows is ground out, are enabled to remain in operation boxing cannot prosper. By doing everything possible to help the little fellows the various commissions can materially assist in reviving the sport. The New York Commission, particularly since the appointment of Bill Brown, a practical boxing man, seems to be moving in the right direction.



Jack Dempsey, the showman, sparring with Max Baer at Atlantic City, where the latter trained for his bout with Max Schmeling.

Another handicap under which the sport labors at the present time is the petty jealousy between the various state commissions. If all would co-operate for the common good there would be a big improvement. I don't mean that there are not all sorts of working agreements between commissions. But just let a situation come up whereby a promoter in one state may profit at the expense of a promoter in an allied state and too often the working agreement becomes merely a scrap of paper.

* * *

SO, with the general industrial recovery giving boxing a chance to snap out of the doldrums, it is hoped that all those in the game will take stock of themselves and do each what they can to help the good work along.

Of course, even with good times, it is unlikely there will be a return of the tremendous gates which marked the million dollar era. It is doubtful if anyone who reads this will live to see the day when two heavyweights will attract a gate of $2,658,000, as did Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey, for their second fight, at Chicago in 1927. Tunney, the champion, received just a trifle less than a million dollars for that bout.

The arrival of another Dempsey would be necessary to bring back those huge turnouts, even in prosperous times. It is worthy of note that the Manassa Mauler ushered in the million dollar era when he boxed Georges Carpentier in 1921 and ushered it out in that second brawl with Tunney six years later.

Maybe it should be added that if we ever are to experience such gates again another Rickard also will be required. If Dempsey boxed in every million dollar show, it likewise is true that Rickard promoted every one of them. That was a big money combination. So far nobody has appeared to fill the shoes of either Dempsey or Rickard, though Jack himself hopes to become Tex's successor as the king of promoters. Dempsey made a good start in that direction with the Baer-Schmeling bout in New York in June, his show outdrawing the championship match between Sharkey and Carnera by a considerable amount.

If it so happens that you can obtain a measure of enjoyment, while munching your bread and cheese, out of contemplating the high finances of fistiana's golden era, we will submit the figures for the five shows that topped the million mark.

* * *

AS already mentioned, the first was the affair between Dempsey and Carpentier, at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, on July 2, 1921. They drew about 75,000 persons, with a gate of $1,789,238. This was a surprise to everyone. When the match was made Rickard offered Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, the choice of 40 per cent of the receipts or a guaranty of $300,000. Kearns almost sprained his wrist reaching for the contract calling for a guaranty. Kearns, usually able to gauge a house accurately and to squeeze the ultimate dollar out of a promoter, made a bad mistake that time.

Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo, shaggy Wild Bull of the Pampas, brought about the next million dollar gate when they met in New York on September 14, 1923, in the greatest heavyweight slugging match of all time. The take that night was $1,188,603.

The next one arrived when Dempsey *(Continued on page 31)*

The RISE *and* FALL

By NAT FLEISCHER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN JOHNSON, the Dixie Whirlwind to the folks up in Harlem, stood before the mirror admiring his checkered suit and a dazzling creation of the shoemaker's art which adorned his somewhat generous feet.

"Boy," said Abraham to the mirror, "yo' shoh got yo'self some suit an' some shoes. Yas, suh."

And it was some outfit! The suit, a tight-fitting, checker-board pattern of mohair, with blue buttons and a cutaway effect, was of the type made famous in the days of Al Dockstader. And as for the shoes—well, they were a scream!

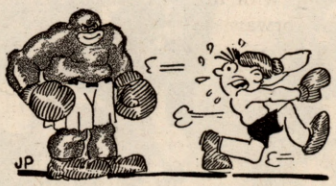
From a foundation of glistening black patent leather, there arose uppers of tan kid and over that, there was black stitching of most elaborate design. But that which attracted most attention and set those shoes apart from all others, was the mother-of-pearl buttons. Those shoes made a hit with Abraham.

"Shoes," he said as he looked down admiringly, "man ah reck'n yo' don't know what a hit yo' gwine to make tonight. Reck'n yo' don't eben know wheh yo' gwine take li'l Abr'am tonight!

"Well, jes' lis'n to yo' pappy. Tonight we's gwine to see our bestest and tomorro' mawnin', us is gwine prancin' down de aisle to de weddin' ma'ch. Hot dog! Does yo' heah me?"

And with this colloquy over, Abraham Lincoln Johnson paraded before the mirror with a grin that stretched from ear to ear.

"Man, yo' got yo'self some shoes, some suit!" he kept repeating.



And then he grabbed a cane and his joy knew no bounds as he started to do a cakewalk. Still stepping high, he held an imaginary lady fair by the arm and in his best, proud, cocky walk, he started down towards an imaginary altar.

Ten minutes later, Abraham Lincoln Johnson, bedecked in his flashy clothes and a nifty brown derby, walked into the back room of "The Mystic Knights of the Orient," a cabaret in the heart of Harlem. There he found men and women of all shades, and among them the object of his affections, Rosie Hazel Brown.

"Wa-a-al, if 'taint ma honey, Abraham Lincoln Johnson," Rosie shouted as she saw her big boy coming towards her.

"I'se shur' happy to see yo', ah am."

They attracted considerable attention as they pranced to the table where Rosie had left several friends.

"I'se happy," she repeated, as she and Abraham were seated, "an' reck'n who wouldn't be, wuz you announcin' yo engagemen' to dat chile 'cross de table—ma champeen.

"Wha's my honey gwine tonight?" she said.

"Yo' tell 'em, big boy. But wait, mebbe yo'll be too modest. Guess ah bettah tell 'em.

"Ma boy am gwine up to de athaletic club an' knock out a yaller limberjacket an' den he's gwine bring back to me two hund'd dollahs. Ain't you, honey?"

"Baby," replied Abraham, "yo' sho' tellin' de truf', an' no mo'.

"An' ah reck'n ah betta be shakin' de legs. Set heah, baby, while de Dixie Whirlwin' go an' put dis limberjack to sleep. 'Twon't be long and 'twon't be hard. One roun', dat's all, baby. One roun' Abra'm, dat's me."

And to the waiter:

"Jamie, us is gwine to have one mo' roun' of dat Gulf gasoline 'fore ah go to gib de sleep posh'h to dat limberjack."

An hour later, well fortified with gin, Abraham was on his way to the Commonwealth Club to meet Spike Memphis, the Southern Cannonball. On the result of that fight, hung Abraham's future.

When he reached the club, he found that he had little time to waste. The semi-final was now on and he might be called upon at any minute to enter the ring.

He started to strip. First came the hat. Then the checkered coat and vest. These he handled carefully as he placed them in the locker. Off came the trousers which he folded and placed on the bottom of the locker. Then followed the underwear. That completed, he donned trunks—a new purple pair with a bright red band at the waist line.

"Come boy," said the attendant, "the main bout will soon go on." And with those words, he stooped to remove Dixie's shoes.

"Go 'way, li'l boy," said Abraham as he pushed the attendant aside. "Don'tche touch dem. Dey's ma lucky dogs and dey stays where dey am."

No amount of argument could persuade him to remove the shoes for he, like all superstitious members of his race, had a notion, that with those on, he could put Spike Memphis away in jig time. It therefore was decided to permit him to enter the ring with his patent leathers.

Memphis was first to climb over the ropes. He received a good reception. Then followed the Dixie Whirlwind amid rounds of applause.

"In this cornah, 'The Dixie Whirlwind.' And in this, Spike Memphis," shouted the announcer.

The bell clanged and the fight was under way.

In a jiffy, the boys were at each other. A right to the jaw sent Spike reeling against the ropes. A left to the belly, made him grunt.

"Stan' up an' take yo' med'cin like a man," said Abraham.

Then followed a series of jabs and hooks, straight lefts and short hard rights and an uppercut that almost took Spike off the floor.

Abraham swung hard with his right. Had the blow landed, it probably would have ended the fight. But it didn't. It missed and Abraham remarked:

"Dey can't always land."

Spike backed away with Abraham close on his heels.

"Dixie" feinted. Out darted his right and it made a perfect hit.

Memphis tried to retaliate but his left just grazed Dixie's chin.

In return, the latter shot out a right to the heart that made Memphis wince.

Bing! Bang! Biff! Three pretty right and left hand jolts snapped back Memphis' head. The Cannonball was bewildered. There was something about his look that indicated fear.

They clinched. The referee broke them. "The Dixie Whirlwind" feinted. Memphis stepped back. Abraham became riled. He leaped forward and crashed a left against his adversary's right peeper.

A right under the heart followed and Memphis was on the verge of collapsing. He caught Abraham's arm and held for dear life. They broke and a right to the mouth split Memphis' lower lip and brought forth the claret.

With first blood in his favor, Abraham was in ecstasy. The end of a perfect day was in sight for him. He had visions of leading Rosie to the altar in celebration of a knockout victory.

"Boy, you done betta say yo' prayers.

"W-a-a-l, heah ah comes!

"Is yo' name Cannanball?"

And with those words, "The Dixie Whirlwind" dashed forward to land what he figured would be the knockout wallop.

The punch missed and the swish of it could be heard around the ringside.

# of a CANNONBALL

"Feel dat won', boy? Da's de Whirlwin'. Da's me.

"Never heerd o' nobody evah stoppin' a whirlwin', has yo?

"No sah. Dere's nobody kin do dat.

"Heah ah comes ag'in, boy. Watchit. Ah'm comin' atcha. Action does dey want an' action does dey get."

No sooner said than Abraham, crouching, was preparing for a spring at his prey, when suddenly—

Snap!

A sharp sound from the floor halted "The Whirlwind" in his devastating advance—and he looked down. From the shoe of his left foot, one of the beautiful pearl buttons was missing. The shoes apparently had not been built for such strain.

"The Whirlwind" momentarily forgot the fight. That button must be retrieved and the business at hand could wait.

Swish! A murderous right had just missed "The Whirlwind's" chin.

He ducked in the nick of time.

The crowd roared and yelled encouragement to Memphis now suddenly come to life.

Abraham Lincoln Johnson tore at his opponent with double fury. He would show Memphis where he got off.

"The Whirlwind" maneuvered his man into a corner and leaped forth, raining rights and lefts to the body.

Snap!

Two more buttons flecked to the canvas.

Again "The Whirlwind" was thrown off his stride. He was bewildered as he saw his precious jewels—the pearl buttons that Miss Rosie Hazel Brown had so much admired, flying in all directions.

Once more he danced up to his opponent, this time with fire in his eyes. He stepped back, then threw his body forward to get the full power of his bulky shoulders behind the wallop he was about to deliver, when again—

Snap!

Another button bounced on the canvas.

"The Dixie Whirlwind" forgot to let go the punch. Instead, he looked down at his shoes, and—

Crash!

That thud resounded all over the arena. Memphis, dazed, swinging, desperate, landed a right uppercut that came up almost from the ground and lifting Abraham inches off the canvas, landed him flat on his back. It was one of those dying attempts that do connect every now and then, and it turned the tide, certain defeat, into victory for the Memphis Cannonball.

He lay there motionless—a helpless form. The punch that had spelled defeat, was the kind made famous by the sorrel-topped Frank Moran and known to pugilists as the "Mary-Ann."

The birdies sang their lullaby to Abraham Lincoln Johnson. Not a stir of his body while the doleful decimal was counted over his prostrate form.

When he came to, he was a sorry sight. Dejected. A forelorn look that betrayed his thoughts. Not only had he lost the fight, but man, those beautiful shoes were ruined.

* * *

BACK to the "Mystic Knights of the Orient" headed the fallen gladiator. On the way he kept mumbling:

"Wha' she gwine say? How 'm ah gwine explain'?"

Up in Harlem's Little Dixie, the news traveled like wildfire. Every nook and corner where "Gulf gasoline" was sold, had heard of the defeat of "The Dixie Whirlwind."

Even Rosie Hazel Brown had learned the news and she started out to find her beau.

Midway between the cabaret and the next street she was accosted by a grinning member of her clan who bore unmistakable evidence of prosperity.

"Reck'n yo' is gwine some place, miss, but why alone?"

"Step aside yo' flatfoot, 'fore ah slam yo' down," she ejaculated.

"Yo' won't turn down de man what jes' knocked out de Whirlwin', wouldje? I'se de bird what makes de Whirlwin' lay down an' take a long sleep. Ah'm Spike Memphis—'Cannonball' dey calls me."

"Yo'am de boy what knocked out ma boy?"

"Shoh as we's a-standin' heah. Dat's me!"

"Yo' mean yo's de boy dat knocks 'em out!"

"Baby lamb, dat's what ah's gwine an' done. Ah knocks 'im so stiff, he breaks in pieces and dey has to use a carpet sweeper to pick up his remains.

"An', lady, wid what ah's got in dese heah pockets, ah'm gwine tu paint dis town red.

"What you say, gal, is you wid or agin' me? Or mebbe yo' got anoder beau?"

"Me got anoder beau? Sho'h ah have," replied Miss Rosie as she pointed proudly down the street. "Dere he am."

Scarcely had the words been spoken when Abraham Lincoln Johnson, "The Dixie Whirlwind," reached her side.

"What's dis? Am he makin' love tu ma gal!"

"The Dixie Whirlwind" didn't halt to hear any explanations. He saw red. The big, broad grin of the Memphis Cannonball was sufficient to set him into action.

Out went that right—the right that had been dropped during that fateful second at the Commonwealth Club—and Spike Memphis was stretched on the sidewalk. He was knocked cold.

"Shoes," said Abraham Lincoln Johnson as he looked down at what had been his pride and joy—"you am revenged."

Then turning to Rosie—

"Now yo' jes' lis'n to yo' pappy an' ah'll explain ebryting."

"Dat fist am done all de explanations Rosie wants tu hear.

"Me, got anoder man? Shoh ah have," she continued with a twinkle in her sparkling eyes as she took the arm of her hero.

He again tried to explain, but Rosie cut him short.

"Shut yo' mouf, boy, an' lead de way tu de bright lights of de 'Mystic Knights of de Orient.' Us is gwine celebrate de rise and fall of de Memphis Cannonball."

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The Story Teller

By TOM DALEY

Jim Corbett, the actor.

THE history of modern boxing, in sharp contrast to the chronicles of ancient ring affairs, is quite accurate and dependable. This is due in large measure to Commission rule all over America making it impossible to distort or falsify in the records what has taken place in the ring. Again, ancient rules left the final say to the referee, and many of the third men in the ring of early days were easily induced to render decisions not in accordance with the facts. Here is an excerpt from the London rules governing pugilism in the bare knuckle days:

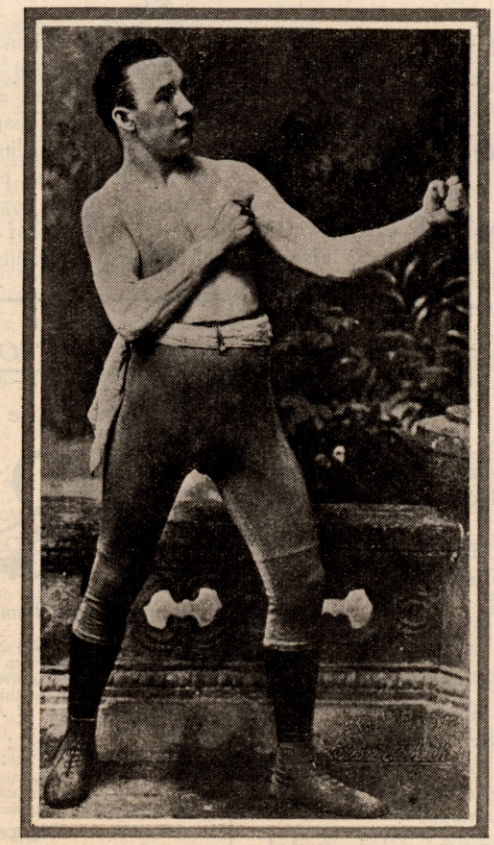
"A referee shall be chosen to whom all disputes shall be referred, and the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute, or the issue of the battle."

Another section of the same rules declares that "the decision of the referee shall be rendered promptly and irrevocably."

Yet in the international battle for the world's title between Tom Sayers of England and John C. Heenan of America, at Farnborough, England, in 1860, the English referee did not give his decision until two days after the contest, and he then said it was a draw. He gave the decision of draw despite the fact that he left the ring in the 38th round and the fighters went four more rounds without a referee.

* * *

IN 1887, Jem Carney, lightweight champion of England, came here to fight Jack McAuliffe, holder of the American lightweight championship. The contest took place at Revere Beach, Mass., in 1887, and lasted 74 rounds, when McAuliffe was practically knocked out and unable to continue and his followers cut the ring ropes and brought the battle to a close. The referee, in that case also called that bout a draw much to the disgust of Carney and his followers, who knew they had won handsomely, and had been defrauded. The referee probably thought he had evened the score for the Heenan-Sayers decision which almost all Americans thought was radically wrong, but in which the British concurred.



Jack McAuliffe who was favored by referee in his bout with Jem Carney.

The verdict in the McAuliffe-Carney bout was not the only one of that sort rendered in America, hence merrie England did not stand alone in the matter of weird decisions.

Doubtless the most aggravated ruling that ever took place in this country was that in the bout between Dominick McCaffrey and John L. Sullivan which was staged in Cincinnati in 1885. The articles of agreement for that fight called for "six rounds, or to a finish," the idea of the Sullivan followers being that if McCaffrey lasted six rounds, the fight could go on until Sullivan won.

To the astonishment of the big crowd in attendance, McCaffrey gave Sullivan a thorough beating in six rounds, but the American champion refused to move out of his corner for the seventh session. McCaffrey hopped up and down in a frenzy and yelled: "Come on, John; six rounds or to a finish, you know."

"There's been enough fighting for today," muttered Sullivan, as he sat solidly in his corner. The referee, a man named Ed Tate of Toledo, Ohio, not only violated the rule of prompt decisions, but during the argument sneaked out of the ring and went to his home in Toledo. Two days after the battle, Tate sent out word that Sullivan was the winner. It is so set down in the record books, and thus goes the Heenan-Sayers and McAuliffe-Carney decisions one better.

* * *

WHILE American referees during the time they were all-powerful, were rather sparing of one-sided decisions, yet they often took action during a contest that tended to give one or the other a decided advantage. The McCoy-Choynski contest at Broadway A. C. on January 12, 1900, was a striking example of this brand of work. Choynski was at his best on this occasion and he was unquestionably the ablest Jewish heavyweight in history.

In the fourth round, Choynski floored McCoy with a heavy right hand shot to the jaw, and it looked as if it were all over for the nimble Kid, who did not move a muscle although the referee was counting with hearse-like speed. Fully 20 seconds had elapsed before McCoy began to move and sought to regain his feet.

As soon as the Kid was in an upright position, Choynski faced him and prepared to drop him again. But just at that important point in the proceedings, the bell ended the round fully 20 seconds before the 3 minutes had elapsed. As soon as Choynski heard the bell, he dropped his hands and turned towards his own corner. Not so the nimble Kid, who shot out a wicked right at the back of the head of his opponent.

The blow hit Choynski just below the right ear and dropped him like a log. It was a most palpable and cowardly foul, but the referee, Johnny White, paid no attention to the cries of foul

that came from all over the house. Choynski was dragged to his corner and regained consciousness during the minute's rest.

But when the bell sounded for the fifth round and Choynski attempted to rise from his seat, his legs doubled under him and he fell back on his chair. The referee then went over to Choynski's corner and counted him out with the greatest speed.

* * *

ABE ATTELL, a clever featherweight in his day, recently went on record with the assertion that he defeated Jim Driscoll when they met in what was later the Pioneer A. C. When the match was made, Driscoll favored New Orleans as the place for the contest for the reason that they could battle twenty rounds to a decision, whereas, the stupid feature of the Frawley law that forbade decisions, left the result of the battle in doubt in New York.

The contest lasted the specified ten rounds, with the explanatory note that the referee could not pick the winner, owing to the decisionless provision of the law. Yet there were 18 writers on boxing at the ringside and all but one, declared that Driscoll won the bout.

* * *

WHEN one discusses fighters as actors, they must hand the palm to "Gentleman" Jim Corbett. I had seen Jim in all of his stage ventures, and I know of no pugilist, past or present, who compared to the former world's heavyweight king in histrionic ability. Never shall I forget the manner in which he played in "A Naval Cadet," which, with the exception of his splendid work in "Cashel Byron's Profession," was by far his best.

The story of that play was simplicity itself. Ned Cornell, whose character was portrayed by Corbett, was at the head of his class, at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He invented a gun that was about to be purchased by the government.

Filipe Bonivarri, portrayed by Rankin, Corbett's teacher, was a French villain, also an instructor of fencing at the Academy, and he planned to steal Corbett's invention and to sell it to a foreign power. Roger Chapman and George Chapman, the hero's stepfather and uncle, respectively, hated him with simple, honest melodramatic hatred—and there you are. Love ran its ruffled course and Corbett, as must be expected, triumphed.

The climax of the play found Corbett and Con McVey, a famous wrestler of that period, engaged in a free-for-all that thrilled the galleryites. McVey, a member of the villain's gang, went to the aid of his master who was trying to rob the heroine of her wedding ring, when Corbett entered. Jim, in full dress regalia, calmly removed his hat, waistcoat and gloves, while the villain was preparing to defend himself by placing a knife between his teeth and taking a corner.

The villain, just as Corbett placed his coat on a chair, rushed "Gentleman Jim," knife in hand, but by a clever side step, Jim grabbed his hand, disarmed the villain, wrestled him to the floor with a crash that rocked the theatre and brought down the roof with applause. But as Corbett fell on top of his opponent, McVey came to his master's rescue by crashing a chair over Jim's head.

The champion staggered to his feet, clinched with his antagonist, then when he regained his equilibrium, he crashed a terrific swinging right to McVey's chin and down went Con with a thud, while the house again went wild. But that was not the end. Another of the villain's aides sneaked behind Corbett with a dagger in his hand, but the shouts of the galleryites drew Corbett's attention to him, and Corbett wheeled to one side, caught the man by the bottom of his small clothes and hurled him through a window.

Red fire! The girl was saved!

Corbett had lived up to his reputation. Pandemonium reigned while "Gentleman Jim" bowed himself behind the curtain.

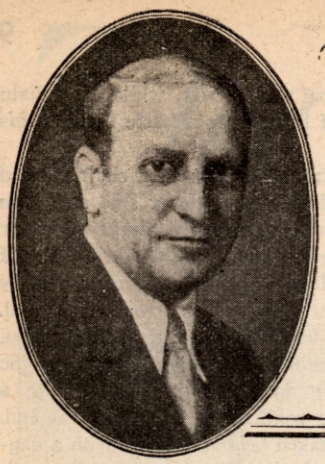
Talk about John L. Sullivan in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" or Fitzsimmons in the "Honest Blacksmith," there never was a play in which a pugilist took the leading role that compared to that of "A Naval Cadet." It had a long run and made Corbett the idol of the stage and of fistiana.

* * *

THE question of allowing referees to give decisions in New York State has recalled the days of the Horton law when the boxing game was temporarily killed by fakes supposed to be engineered by politicians. The biggest swindle was the alleged scrap between Peter Maher and Mike Morrissey at the old Lenox A. C. Morrissey, a greenhorn, was discovered by a promoter while acting as a keeper in a local insane asylum. He was billed as the champion of Ireland and the press work was so effective that Maher was on the short end of the odds, 2 to 1, when the men climbed through the ropes. Many wise men at the last moment bet heavily on Maher and cleaned up. Morrissey, who couldn't fight at all, took the full count after he had received a slap on the side of the head in the first round.

The State Athletic Commission has a rule prohibiting betting on glove fights in licensed clubs. But in the Horton law days open gambling on fights in New York State was allowed to flourish on a big scale. Betting commissioners shouted the odds at the ringside and heavy wagers were frequent. It was this unrestricted gambling that weakened the confidence of the public and hurried the boxing game into a temporary grave. Now conditions are changed.

John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Perroni, Cleveland heavy, receives Broadway's O. K.
Jack Curley takes initiative in settling mat war
Teddy Yarosz comes to the front as middleweight

THOUGH the inauguration of Colonel Kilpatrick's plan for summer indoor shows in Madison Square Garden proved a financial flop, it was a huge success so far as the sport was concerned. Not only did the few thousand fans see a well-rounded-out card that furnished pleasing entertainment, but saw a Cleveland youth, Patsy Perroni, administer a severe shellacking to the tough Isadoro Gastanaga and convince them that he is the "goods." Out in the Middle West his supporters have been showering heaps of praise on the youngster, but in New York, the keystone city of boxing, little faith had been placed in their judgment. New Yorkers wanted to be shown and Patsy obliged in such a manner that few left the arena without agreeing that Perroni was some "pumpkins."

If the Garden's show did nothing more than to bring out a new heavyweight menace, it did sufficient to earn the thanks of the fans. New faces in boxing are sadly needed, especially in the heavyweight ranks, and from all appearances, Perroni will cut quite a figure during the indoor season. When a newcomer can make the Broadway "smart guys" sit up and take notice, then it is time for the rest of the nation's boxing fans to tumble to the fact that in Patsy Perroni, Cleveland has a lad who is going to get somewhere in the heavyweight section.

He is an exceptionally busy fellow once the bell gets him on the way. He can hit and he can take it. He is a splendid body punisher and is absolutely fearless. He seems to thrive on fighting and possesses considerable cleverness, in addition. And to top it all, he is one tough hombre who likes 'em tough.

Unfortunately he is not a quick finisher—in short, he does not carry a one-punch knockout, but he can wear an opponent down with body lacing. When one can make such a tough battler and hard hitter as Gastanaga feel uncomfortable, he certainly has something worth while as far as boxing is concerned.

* * *

IZZY is a hefty clouter who has stopped many opponents since he invaded Uncle Sam's domain, and he figured to take Patsy into camp despite Perroni's fine western record. But Patsy upset the dope. He went out to prove to New York's smart set that he deserved eastern recognition and he succeeded.

The one thing that stood out, was Patsy's aggressiveness. Regardless of the punishment that Gastanaga meted out to him, Perroni simply refused to permit him to take the lead. He dashed in at all times, and not only forced the milling when the odds were somewhat against him but for every punch Patsy received, he delivered two or more of a most telling variety in return. His body punching was superb. His two-fisted fighting at close range when he hammered away at the Spaniard's stomach and ribs, was the thing that sold him to the fans.

Patsy is there—make no mistake about that. All he requires is a little more experience and he'll be up fighting the leaders of the division. I wouldn't be surprised to see him force his way into the first four places in the heavyweight ranks before the winter season gets into full swing. Patsy's presence is most encouraging at this stage for it will help to revive the interest in boxing for the indoor season.

I would like to see Patsy and Charley Massare in action. Here is another young boy who will be up with the leaders shortly. Unfortunately, New York scribes who have seen Charley perform half a dozen times, have not given him the credit due him. He has polished off a fine lot of fighters and has scared off the best of the talent.

Charley is a willing fighter, a clever boy, a hard hitter and is most courageous. He, like Perroni, forms the nucleus of a new string of heavyweights who will shortly displace such veterans as Sharkey, Schmeling, Loughran, Risko, King Levinsky and Poreda as the headliners.

* * *

ON that same card the New York fans had on view a negro, Al Gainor of New Haven, who looks like the "goods." Al, like Perroni, has long been considered a headliner in the Nutmeg State, but not until he showed against Bob Olin in the Garden, did New Yorkers accept him as a classy fighter. He is of the type that should be seen more often in Garden battles. If Jimmy Johnston and Colonel Kilpatrick adhere to the plans outlined by the new Garden president in his talk to the scribes at a dinner staged in his honor, then a new deal is in store for the fight fans, the kind of deal that should draw 'em in heavily in the House that Tex Built. THE RING's staff and its readers are pulling hard for the success of the "New Deal."

* * *

THAT Jack Curley, America's foremost wrestling promoter and importer of foreign pachyderms, is most eager to aid the general "New Deal" that is now sweeping the country, is evident by his action in offering to permit his troupe to mix with the men of the Jim Londos rival faction in matches throughout the country, thus assuring the public of bouts worth while. Appearing before the New York Commission with Charley Johnston, general manager of the Londos group, both were informed that the public has sickened of the phoney matches which have been staged for the past year, and that if wrestling is to hold its own again and receive the hearty support of the fans, as was the case prior to Londos' break from Curley, then a new deal must be furnished.

"We want you to settle this controversy," said Commissioner Bill Brown, "and let the public have matches worth while. Why can't your wrestlers be pitted against Londos' men; thus assuring the public of square shooting competition."

To the credit of Curley, it must be said that without hesitation he accepted the challenge.

"I have been wrongly painted by some of my enemies," said the master mind of the grappling game. "I am ready now and have been at all times, to send the men whom I have, against all comers, regardless of the controlling interests. Nothing will please me and my men more than to pit my wrestlers against Jim Londos and his troupe. Gentlemen, if you can get Jim Londos and his men to accept, I will agree to stage bouts in New York and elsewhere on such a basis. But try and get Londos to accept!"

* * *

THAT statement, made by Curley, speaks for itself. It proves once and for all time who is to blame for the rotten conditions now prevailing in wrestling. If Londos refuses to play

ball with the Commission, then I call upon Messrs. Phelan, Wear and Brown to refuse permission to the Greek Adonis and those who are working with him, to show at any club in New York. In boxing we have proper competition, then why not in wrestling?

The New York Commission has been appointed for the purpose of regulating boxing and wrestling. It is the duty of that commission to do all in its power to gain for the state treasury all the funds possible from these sports and that cannot be accomplished through phoney wrestling matches. The three gentlemen at the head of New York's boxing and wrestling, who give their valuable time gratis to the state, have repeatedly proved their fearlessness and capability. I have watched their work closely and I don't think there is another commission in the country the equal of the New York Board.

That's why I hope that New York will take the lead in breaking the backbone of the wrestling cliques by insisting on honest competition or no competition at all. As New York goes, so goes the world when it comes to the regulation of sport, hence I trust, yes, fervently pray, that Messrs. General Phelan, Wear and Brown will take the bull by the horns and toss out the wrestlers, managers and promoters who continue to hold forth as cliques.

New York is no place for the fakers. Wrestling fans are entitled to a square deal.

Jack Curley has proved that he is willing to give the fans that deal but naturally, he cannot do it without the coöperation of his rivals.

Let's do away with promoters owning wrestlers just as is done in boxing. Let's have promoters promote, not manage the grapplers and open the door to all.

If the Commission can regulate the matches in boxing, it certainly can do likewise in wrestling. Force the issue, Messrs. Commissioners.

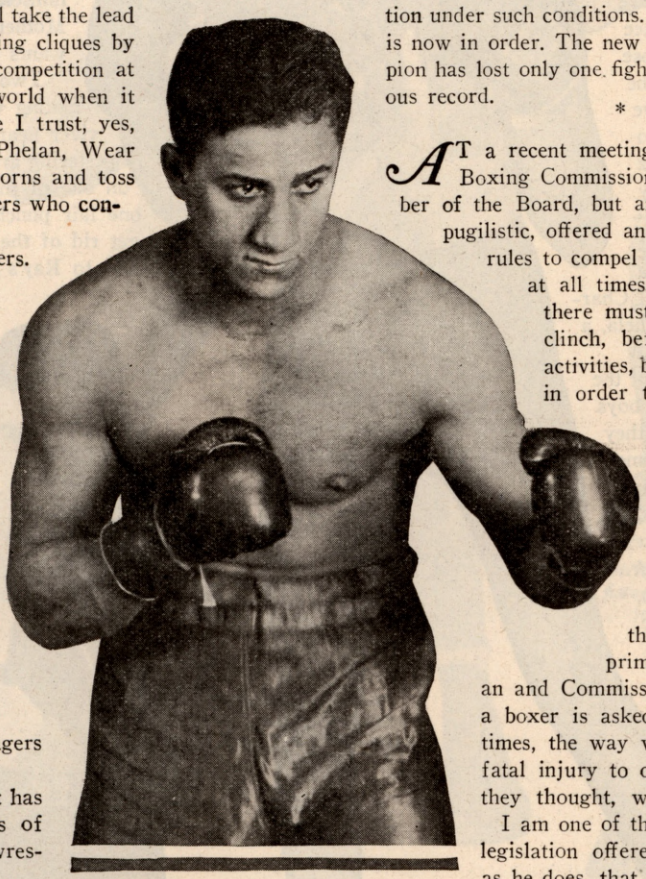
Suspend the licenses of those who balk on meeting men of rival groups.

Take away the licenses of the managers and promoters as well as wrestlers.

Clean up the unhealthy condition that has brought about a stench in the nostrils of those who pay their good money to see wrestling matches and see fakes, instead.

The time has come for action.

The fans demand it and should be protected.



Patsy Perroni, Cleveland's heavyweight contender.

The sport is entitled to such protection in this country.

THE RING demands it and will continue to expose the fakes until such time as it drives out of the sport those responsible for the rotten conditions now prevailing.

Messrs. Commissioners, as the mouthpiece for 100,000 wrestling readers of this paper, we call upon you in every state where the sport is legalized to act. Protect the sport, the state and the fans.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Max Baer is the ranking heavyweight of this country by virtue of his knockout of Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, who lost his crown to Primo Carnera by the sleep-producing wallop, continues the American heavyweight champion. In his bouts with King Levinsky and Tommy Loughran the American championship will be at stake, unless the Chicago King deposes the former title holder just about the time this issue makes its appearance. The only way that Sharkey can lose the American crown is either by a knockout, on a foul, by quitting or by retiring. Baer has laid claim to the title, but despite his splendid showing, he is not entitled to it. When Sharkey was knocked out by Carnera, Primo, being a foreigner, could not win an American title.

THE defeat of Vince Dundee by Teddy Yarosz of Pittsburgh in a ten-round bout recently, made Teddy the outstanding American challenger for the world's middleweight championship with the exception of Lou Brouillard. When Lou put Ben Jeby out of the way and won New York recognition to the championship, there were only two men who stood between him and the world title—Marcel Thil, recognized in most states and by the European boxing bodies as the title holder, and Dundee.

Now, with Yarosz holding the Pennsylvania honors and Dundee eliminated, a bout between Teddy and Brouillard would settle the American crown wearer and since reports from abroad say that Thil no longer can make the middleweight limit, such a bout in this country would end the middleweight muddle, for the winner undoubtedly would be able to gain world recognition under such conditions. A Yarosz-Brouillard battle is now in order. The new Pennsylvania Polish champion has lost only one fight out of seventy, a marvelous record.

* * *

AT a recent meeting of the New York State Boxing Commission, Bill Brown, junior member of the Board, but an old time hand in things pugilistic, offered an amendment to the present rules to compel a fighter to protect himself at all times. Under the present rules, there must be a clean break after a clinch, before the boys can resume activities, but according to Mr. Brown, in order to increase the action and make a contest more interesting, the clean break should be done away with because it retards the action and brings on general dissatisfaction in most contests.

By a vote of 2 to 1 the amendment was shelved, primarily because General Phelan and Commissioner Wear feel that when a boxer is asked to defend himself at all times, the way will be opened for possible fatal injury to one or both. Such fighting, they thought, would be too strenuous.

I am one of those who favor the kind of legislation offered by Bill Brown. I think as he does, that when a fighter who is paid a handsome sum for his services, as most boys are in boxing, he should give all that is in him at all times. Such is not possible with the holding now in vogue. If a fighter is asked to protect himself at all times, there would be less holding and more fighting.

When girls like Helen Jacobs and Helen Wills engage in a championship tennis match, and often, during the course of a national tourney are compelled to take the courts two times during a day, they put in more action than a fighter would during a twenty-round exhibition. Likewise the marathon swimmer, the polo player, the hockey player and the lacrosse player.

I second the motion of Mr. Brown. Let's minimize the holding and the inactivity in a bout and help bring back the attendances of old by adopting a "clean break" rule.

* * *

I AM not in the habit of tooting my own horn in these columns, but because of the weird decisions given in many fights throughout the country and the many letters I receive regularly asking for my opinion on the merits or demerits of certain decisions, I decided to write the book which I've just published, called, "How to Referee and to Judge a Fight."

In this booklet, there are so many worth-while points discussed, that I have urged the boxing commissions *(Continued on page 29)*

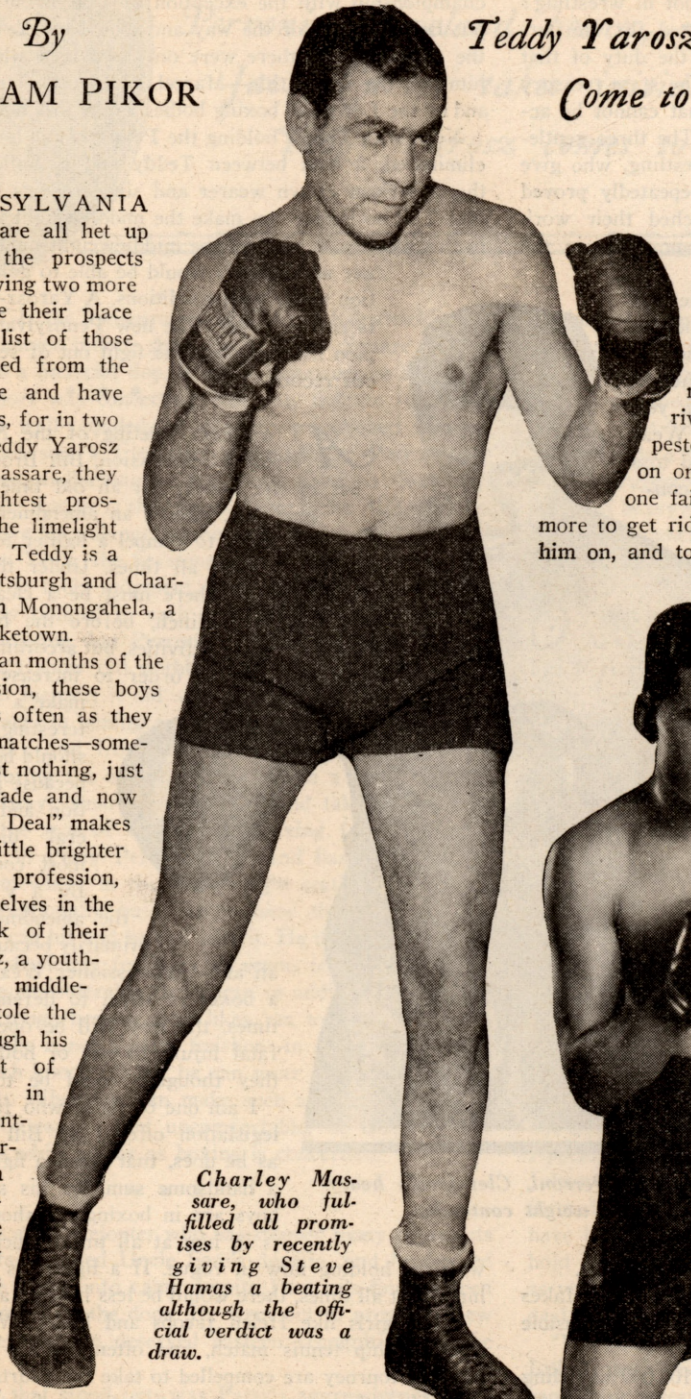
SMOKETOWN HITS

By
WILLIAM PIKOR

Teddy Yarosz and Charley Massare Have Come to the Fore With a Rush

PENNSYLVANIA fans are all het up over the prospects of having two more champions take their place alongside the list of those who have hailed from the Keystone State and have held world titles, for in two young men, Teddy Yarosz and Charley Massare, they have the brightest prospects now in the limelight in this country. Teddy is a resident of Pittsburgh and Charley comes from Monongahela, a suburb of Smoketown.

During the lean months of the boxing depression, these boys have fought as often as they could obtain matches—sometimes for almost nothing, just to ply their trade and now when the "New Deal" makes things look a little brighter for the fistic profession, both find themselves in the uppermost rank of their division. Yarosz, a youthful, sensational middleweight who stole the headlines through his decisive defeat of Vince Dundee in Pittsburgh recently, has a wonderful record. In more than seventy battles he has had only two setbacks and right now, he is the leading contender for the American championship held by Lou Brouillard and third on the list so far as world honors are concerned, Lou and Marcel Thil, standing between him and the crown.



Charley Massare, who fulfilled all promises by recently giving Steve Hamas a beating although the official verdict was a draw.

As a welterweight, his only defeat was at the hands of Eddie Kid Wolfe and since then, he has come through with flying colors in all of his ring affairs but one. A bout between him and Brouillard is in the making and the winner of that mill will be entitled to the world championship if Thil, as reports from abroad indicate, has outgrown the division.

* * *

THE Yarosz family, of Polish descent, moved from Pittsburgh to Monaca 12 years ago. In 1927 the father died and it has been pretty tough sledding ever since, although the skies have brightened since Ted has come into the dough and is able to dump several hundred dollars at a clip into his mother's apron.

And that's exactly what the boy does. Each time Ray Foutts, his manager, pays him off the whole wad goes home—and if Master Teddy finds himself wanting a chocolate bar or a new necktie Mother Yarosz doles out the necessary coin. Ted wants it that way, he says.

Two years ago last spring Foutts was promoting weekly fights at Junction Park, down the river near Beaver Falls. A sallow-looking kid kept pestering around the place, begging for a chance to get on one of the cards, but looking to Foutts as though one fair punch would wrap him up for keeps. Finally, more to get rid of the youngster than anything else, Foutts put him on, and to Ray's surprise Yarosz, for it was he, fought a gritty and winning battle against one Jackie King, a far more experienced boxer. Ted sold himself that night and fell under Foutts' wing without much formality, a keen bond of friendship and mutual respect served as a contract.

Ted was 21 two weeks ago and still there was no contract between them worth more than the paper it was written on. On Yarosz's birthday Foutts drew up the necessary papers to make their association legal. It was for five years.

"How much longer do you think I'll be fighting?" Ted asked quietly.

"Oh, about eight years, I suppose."

"Well, then make that contract for ten."

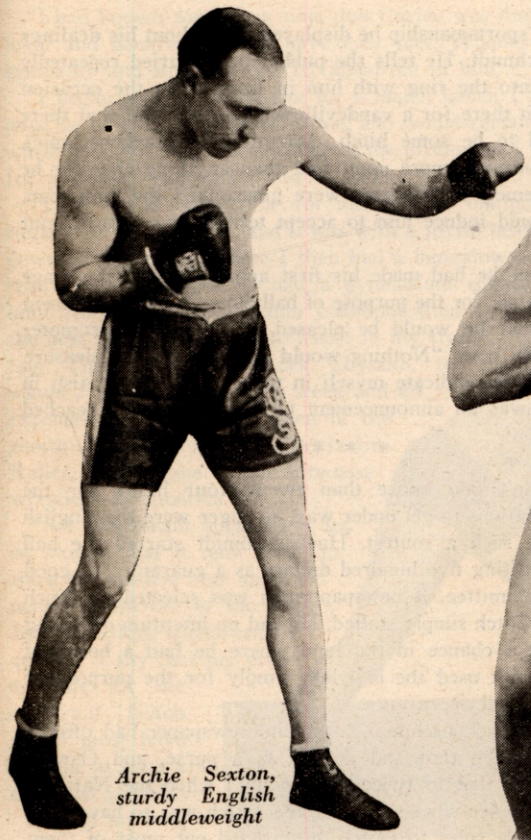
Since then Yarosz and his mentor have prospered and before the year is over, Foutts thinks his boy will be the world's welterweight champion.

As for Massare, he is one of the brightest prospects in the heavyweight ranks now parading before the public. As a matter of fact, so good is Charley, that he is having a heck of a time getting anyone to fight him. Charley and his mentors refuse to accept set-ups and as a re-

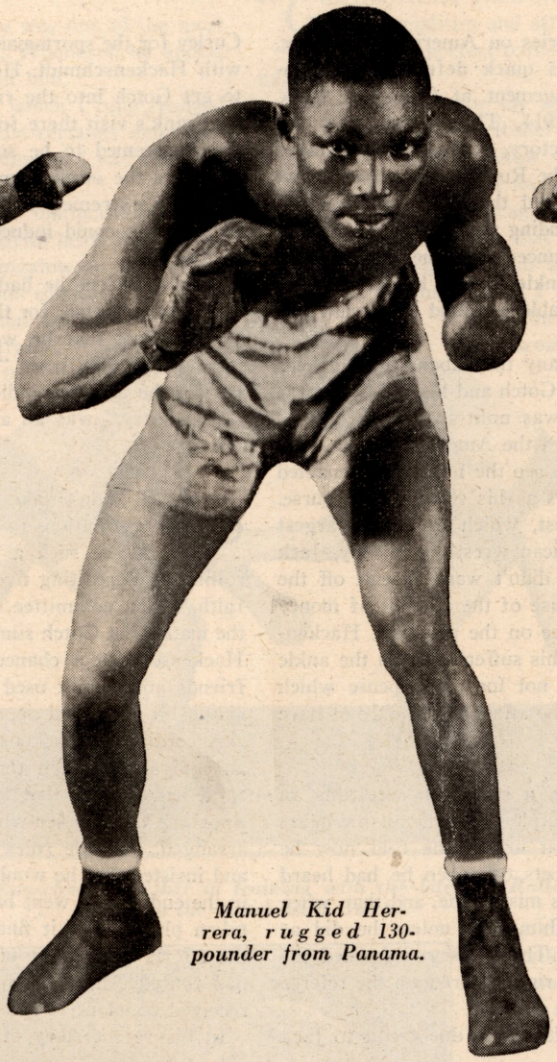
(*Cont'd on page* 29)

Teddy Yarosz, who established himself as a challenger for the middleweight crown by whipping Vince Dundee.

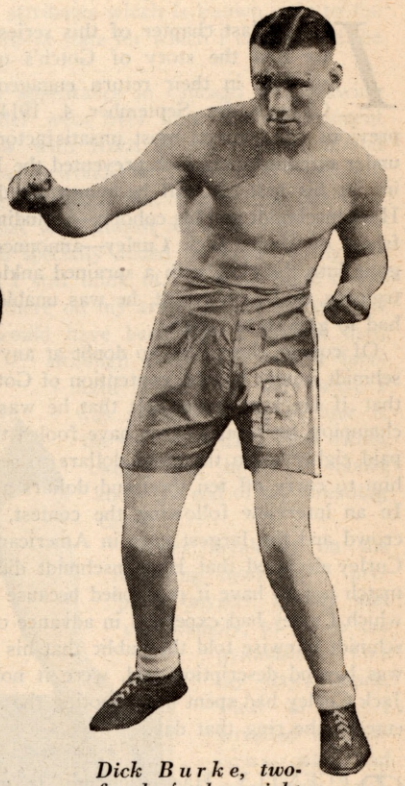
Foreign Fistic Stars



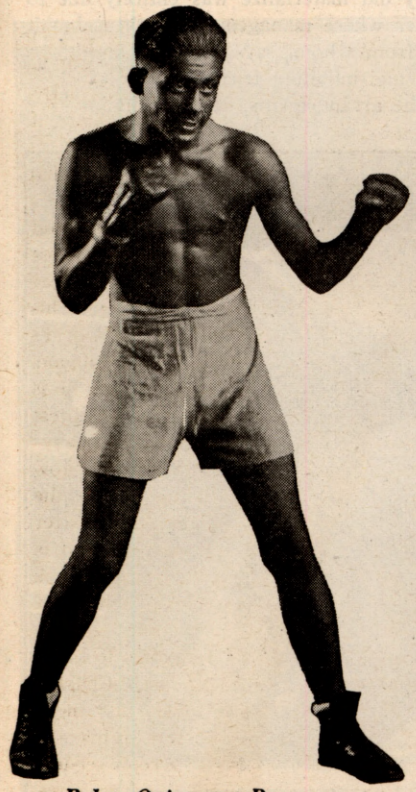
Archie Sexton, sturdy English middleweight



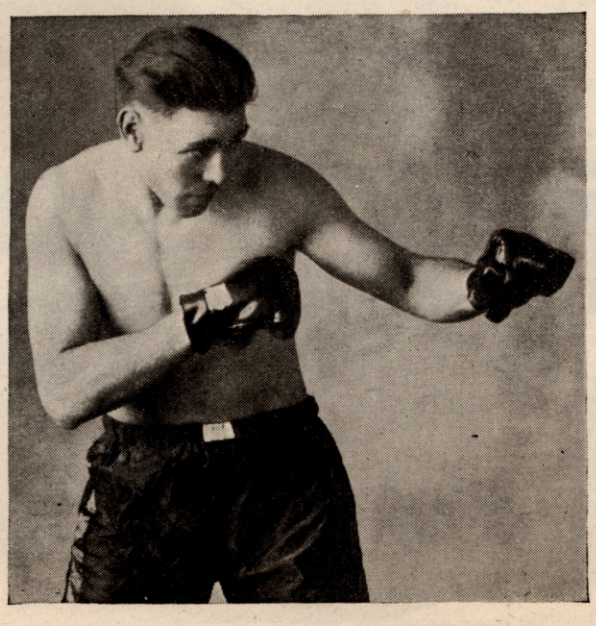
Manuel Kid Herrera, rugged 130-pounder from Panama.



Dick Burke, two-fisted featherweight from England.



Baby Quintana, Panamanian flyweight champion.



Pierre Charles, Belgium's outstanding heavyweight, managed by Gus Wilson.

Young Gildo, leading bantamweight of the Orient.

From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER XII

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

IN our last chapter of this series on American wrestling, we told the story of Gotch's quick defeat of Hackenschmidt in their return engagement at Comiskey Park, Chicago, on September 4, 1911. That match, like the previous one, proved most unsatisfactory, because it was staged under circumstances that prevented the Russian Lion from showing at his best. It will be remembered that, after the contest, Hackenschmidt and his cohorts—including the promoter and close friend of Hack, Jack Curley—announced that the Russian had gone into the ring with a sprained ankle that he had received in training, and as a result, he was unable to stand the strain and had to give in to Gotch.

Of course, there was no doubt at any time about the Hackenschmidt injury, but the contention of Gotch and his followers was that if Hackenschmidt felt that he was unfit to go against the champion, he should never have fooled the American public, who paid eighty-seven thousand dollars to see the match and enabled him to carry off ten thousand dollars as his share of the purse. In an interview following the contest, which drew the largest crowd and the largest gate in American wrestling history, Jack Curley declared that Hackenschmidt didn't want to call off the match nor to have it postponed because of the amount of money which Curley had expended in advance on the program. Hackenschmidt likewise told the public that his suffering from the ankle was beyond description and, were it not for the expense which Jack Curley had spent in promoting the affair, he would not have entered the ring that day.

* * *

RECENTLY, Hackenschmidt, in a series on wrestling in the *Empire News* of England, explained in detail the cause of his second defeat. In that article, he told how he insisted that the referee declare all bets off when he had heard that the Gotch camp had learned of his misfortune, and that, when the official refused, Hack informed him that, unless he did as requested, there would be no match. The Russian informed the official that he would walk out of the ring, whereupon the referee announced that all bets were off.

In that article, the Russian Lion also gives due credit to Jack Curley for the sportsmanship he displayed throughout his dealings with Hackenschmidt. He tells the public that he tried repeatedly to get Gotch into the ring with him in London on the occasion of Frank's visit there for a vaudeville engagement, but that there always seemed to be some hitch. According to Hackenschmidt, he places the obstacle more upon fear than anything else, for he says that extremely high purses were guaranteed the American, but nothing could induce him to accept terms for a return bout in England.

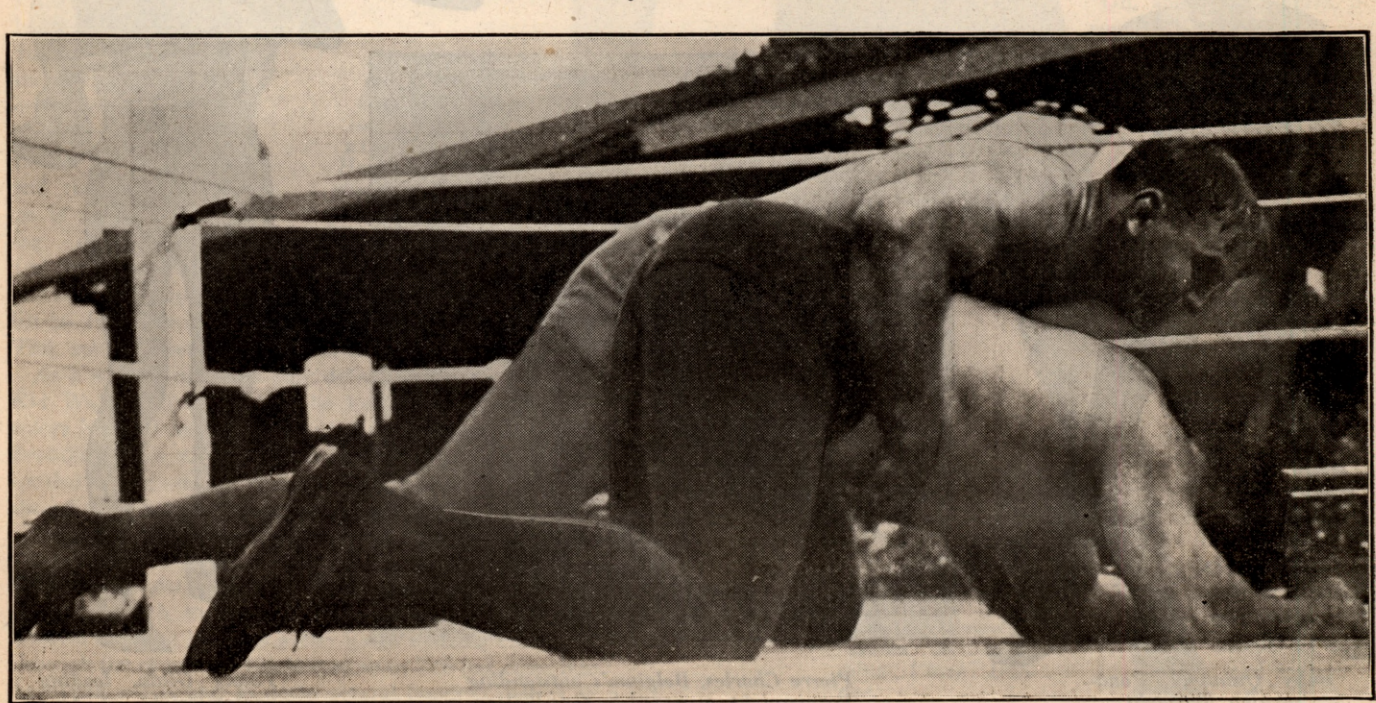
Almost before he had made his first appearance on the stage in England, Gotch, for the purpose of ballyhoo, issued a statement to the effect that he would be pleased to have some promoter arrange a return bout. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be able to vindicate myself in the eyes of the British in this country," was an announcement of Gotch when he reached London.

* * *

IT didn't take more than twenty-four hours for the negotiations to get under way, so eager were the English to see such a contest. Hackenschmidt started the ball rolling by depositing five hundred dollars as a guarantee of good faith, and a committee of newspapermen was selected to clinch the match, but Gotch simply stalled. He had no intention of giving Hackenschmidt a chance in the land where he had a horde of friends and Frank used the ballyhoo simply for the purpose of aiding his theatrical appearance.

According to Hackenschmidt, after one newspaper had offered an equivalent of ten thousand dollars as a purse, and Oswald Stoll had jumped that to twice the amount; when the National Sporting Club, under whose auspices the match was to have been arranged, sent the rules to Gotch, he crossed out most of them and insisted that he would not accept a bout under such rules. So in the end, Gotch went back to America without the match having taken place. That it finally did materialize was entirely due to the efforts of Curley, under whose management Hackenschmidt had toured America and from whom, says Hackenschmidt, he received constant kindness and unfailing friendship.

In his recent story of the arrangements, Hackenschmidt says



Frank Gotch, top, watching for an opening to pin a hold on Hackenschmidt. The Russian allowed Gotch to do the forcing.

that Curley promised him ten thousand dollars as his end, win, lose or draw, and that the sum would be paid before the Russian Lion entered the ring. "Such generous offer could not be ignored," says Hackenschmidt, "and as I was most anxious for a return bout to prove my superiority to Gotch, I accepted." From this point, we will quote Hackenschmidt's words as they appear in the *Empire News:*

"I had known for a long time that Curley was one of the most loyal and generous men I have ever met. Whenever he spoke, sympathy and sincerity just streamed out of him.

"I began at once to prepare for a match which I fully realized must be of vital importance to me, and would certainly determine whether or not I should continue in the profession I had followed for so many years and loved so well.

"That was a happy time for me. I knew instinctively that I could beat Gotch easily, and it was with a joyful heart that I went down to Shoreham, where I then had a bungalow, to get ready for the contest. I had a gymnasium specially built for me, and I got into communication with the best men I could find to assist in my training. They included Wladek Zbyszko, to whom I paid fifty pounds a week and all expenses; Jacobus Koch, then in the zenith of his fame; and Dr. Benjamin Roller, himself one of the foremost wrestlers in America.

"All this meant spending a lot of money, and it may serve to show my readers how much expenses claim out of the large fees wrestlers sometimes receive if I say that my preparations for the second Gotch match must have cost me at least a thousand pounds.

"In all my long career I never prepared myself more conscientiously than I did for this return encounter. In the morning I went out on to the glorious Sussex downs for hard road work with a little sprinting and, on getting home, I wrestled Zbyszko, Dr. Roller and Koch, one after the other.

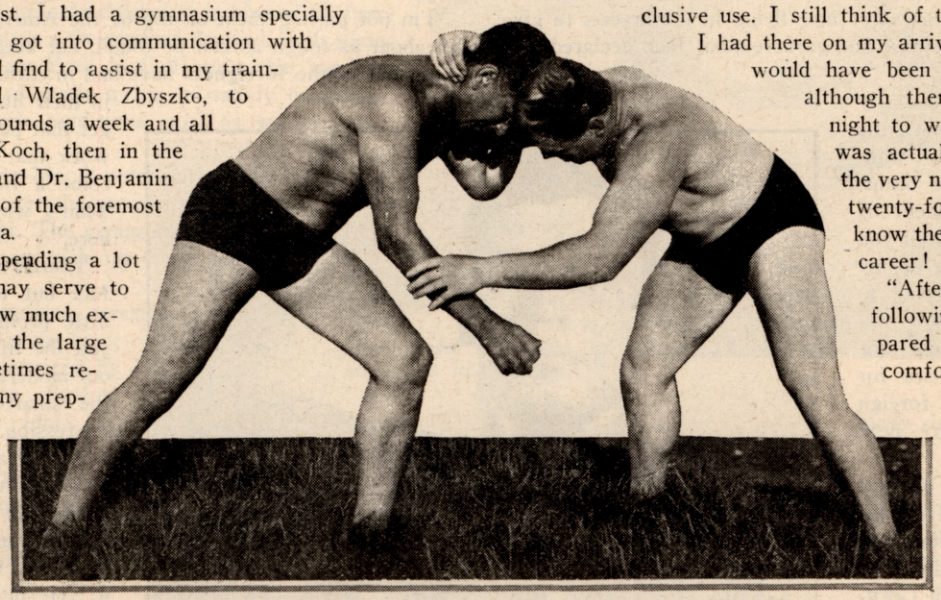
* * *

"GRADUALLY I achieved that perfect poise and balance of all my qualities and attributes which is known only to the athlete in perfect trim—a state for which I cannot find the exact, only word.

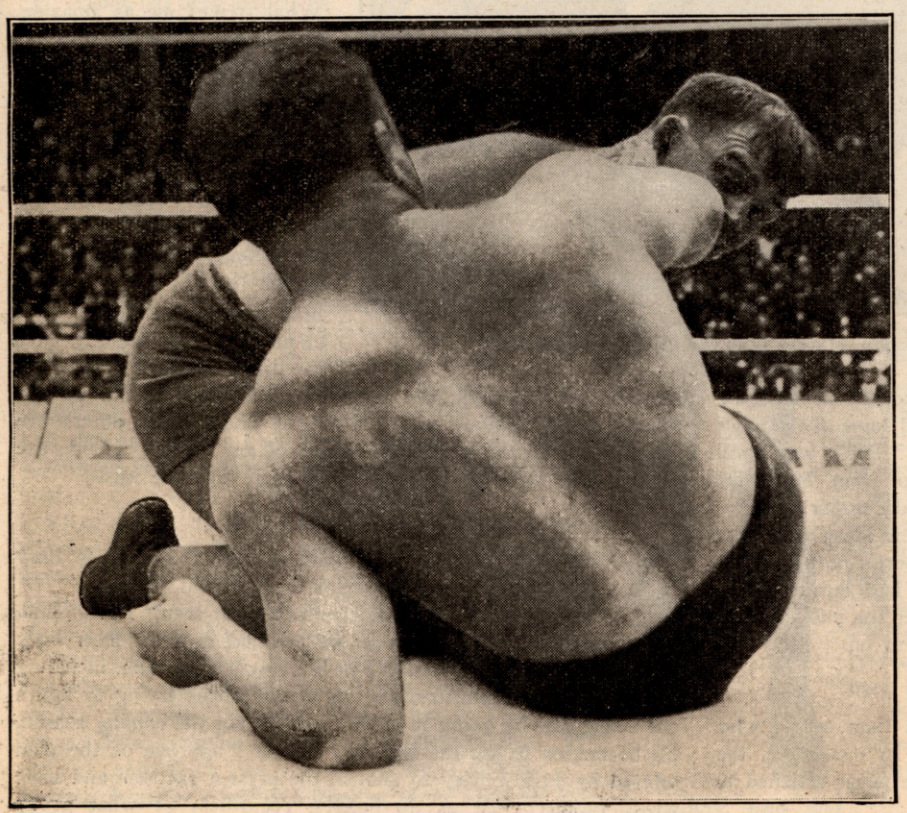
"When the time for my appearance in Chicago was drawing near, Curley and Dr. Roller went over first, the arrangement being that I should follow with Koch as my companion and attendant. By that time I was in wonderful, magnificent condition. When I arrived in Chicago, I found that Curley had not only secured for me quarters that were almost ideal, he had actually had a gymnasium specially added to them for my exclusive use. I still think of the good night's rest I had there on my arrival. How different it would have been had I known that, although there was still a fortnight to wait for the match, I was actually going to lose it the very next day! That within twenty-four hours I should know the end of my wrestling career!

"After breakfast on the following morning, I prepared myself, quietly and comfortably, to go to the gymnasium for my day's work. First of all, I wrestled Americus, who had come from Baltimore to assist in my preparation.

"As I have said before, Americus was one of the very toughest men any wrestler could wish to meet. I am sure I am not far wrong if I say he was very little, if at all, inferior to Gotch himself.



George Hackenschmidt (right) in training with the late Dr. Roller just before the match with Gotch.



Gotch getting a toe-hold on Hack whose massive back is to the canvas. Hack didn't like it.

* * *

"IN my training, no matter who was against me, I always meant business, and the moment we had shaken hands, Americus and I were at it for all we were worth. In less than two minutes, he was on his back. I don't think any man in the world has ever been more astonished than he was!

"I immediately took on the second man—Dr. Roller. He was down and out in seven minutes! Almost without pausing, I got to grips with Koch, who occupied me no longer than the doctor had done.

"Then Roller said to me: 'George, you have done enough for today. Don't do any more.' I replied: 'Roller, come and let us have another try. I am going down to the knees. You try to hold me down. Don't let me get up.' Down I went, and the doctor got into the position I desired. In a second I was on my legs again and free.

"'Let's do it once more,' I said, and down I went again, with the doctor behind me. I jumped up to try to free myself, and this time he did not try to hold me. He went up with me. As we (*Continued on page* 31)

MONGOLIANS

JACK PFEFER, associated with Jack Curley in the grappling profession, has returned to New York, after spending nearly two months in foreign lands in search of new pachyderms. He visited Europe, Africa and Mongolia—and the easy-going, good-natured chap promises to spring some new stuff that will startle the wrestling fans when the indoor season is at its height.

Every now and then, whenever there's a lull, it's Pfefer's problem to go out and dig up new talent. He usually seeks the boys from among all tribes, and because of his ability to converse in eleven languages he finds little difficulty in landing his quarry.

We tried to get Pfefer, who still struts around with a cane twice his height, and his wavy hair flying in the breeze, to give us an inside tip on whom he had garnered, but Jack declared that that was a secret.

"Don't rush me," jocularly remarked Pfefer. "That's the trouble. All you fellows want me to do is spill the beans. You know I'm a student of wrestlers and when I tell you I've got something big up my sleeve—and it's not going to be a Houdini either—you know very well I'm not kidding you. Wait and see for yourself. My new foreign stars will arrive here next month."

Pfefer, who has brought over many showmen from the other side—among them the bearded Sergei Kalmikoff, known as the Siberian Gorilla; Sandor Szabo, Hungarian Adonis; the great Ivan Padoubny; Matros Kirilenko, the terrible Cossack; Ferenc Holuban, the neckless Hungarian; Fritz Kley and Sol Slagel, the contortionists; Vanka Zelezniak of Russia; Alexander the Great Garkawienco and the Polish Gorilla Man, long-armed Leo Pinetzki.

"You'd be surprised how much you can find out when you start traveling," Pfefer remarked; twirling his cane very much like a band leader twists his baton. Incidentally, Pfefer is a wonderful musician. "Remember Kalmikoff, Padoubny, Holuban and some of the other foreigners who were such riots around here? Well, wait until you see the new finds I've discovered—two from Mongolia. They'll make the wrestling fans sit up and take notice.

"I also have brought back with me some new ideas which we are going to try out this Fall and Winter. There's no use in my tipping off my mitt right now, because it's bad business. My rivals would steal them. It's a lot better to keep the public guessing until the proper time arrives to put them on.

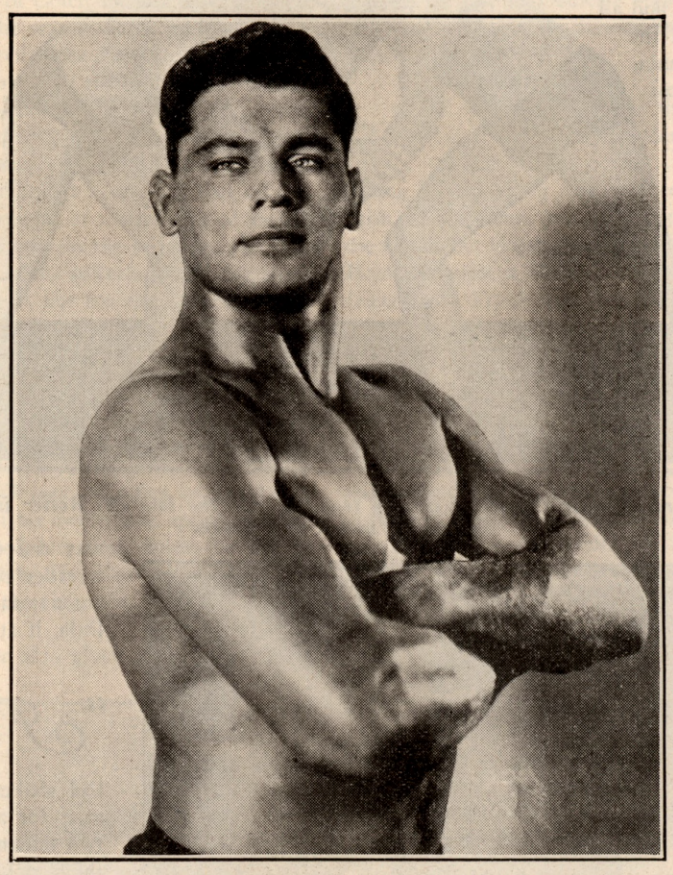
* * *

"WRESTLING fans are a lot different than sports who follow baseball, boxing and football. In our game, the public always expects something new. They're never satisfied to see the performers just strut their stuff.

"The great American wrestlers like Jim Browning, Don George, Ed 'Strangler' Lewis and others, are noted for their specialties. They're all great showmen, with their especial holds. But it's the foreign crowd that put the unique touch—as you call it—into our profession. Men like Zbyszko, Londos, Shikat, Steinke, Patoubny, Pinetzki, Holuban—each have their following because they are showmen who possess something lacking in the American school of wrestlers.

"While wrestling is a wearing and tearing proposition on one's system, there are times when they get a chance to do a bit of clowning. It's here that the boys from foreign shores come in for a big hand. They are natural-born comedians, as well as grapplers.

"I'm not putting them on top of the American mat men, who are about as tough as can be found, but because of the experience most of the foreigners have had in carnivals and sideshows in their little hometowns, they get that peculiar twist in their work that causes them to become a riot with the public. That's why they make good here."



Sandor Szabo, Hungarian Adonis, who made good in U. S.

There's no questioning the fact but that the diminutive little promoter, who can tell you the life history of all of our modern grunters, is one of the smartest fellows in his profession. Jack Curley discovered that fact several years back and he has found Pfefer tireless in his efforts.

"That man is just full of pep," was the way Curley put it. "He never tires. He has a greater knowledge of the mat sport than any man I know. What strikes me as amazing, is how such a small figure, as Jack possesses, can exude so much energy. He does, though.

"And the best part of it, is that he seldom flares up. You might annoy Pfefer, but you can't get him mad. The nearest he comes to flying off the handle, is when people come to him with stories about rival cliques. He immediately ends the discussion with jocular remarks. And he's right. We have enough business of our own to worry about, without giving a whoop about what others are doing. You can never make a success of any business if you are continuously thinking of what the other fellows are up to."

* * *

NOW that he's back in harness again, Pfefer is busy mapping out programs for the Fall and Winter.

"What's the use of overtaxing our men," Pfefer said. "We have more clubs now than we can take care of. Everybody wants to use our wrestlers. We have many a good man, including the cream of the industry, and we are at a loss trying to figure out where they're going to work next. As for the coming season, I'll be tickled to see the mat war ended. I approve of the plan offered by Jack Curley to abolish the present factions and have wrestlers meet just as do boxers, regardless of what group they are members.

Coming to U.S.

Jack Pfefer, Importer of Foreign Pachyderms, to Spring Surprise in Coming Season

By SAM TAUB

"In baseball, the bosses get together once a year and fix up a schedule, which lets them out. The colleges do the same in football. Hockey has its season, with the laying out of where the teams are to play, the main problem. Everything works out smoothly in boxing, where a champion, or near-champion is booked to function, but we have such a tremendous demand, with jumps anywhere from New York to California, that we have to do a lot of hard work trying to satisfy everybody, especially when such conditions exist as we have in our midst today."

The Curley-Pfefer-Mondt combination, incidentally, is enthusiastic over the prospects for the coming year. The group expects to see business pick up considerably.

Among the American wrestling stars who are now in the front line, who were discovered by Jack Pfefer, are Sammy Stein, the Jewish Idol, Sid Westrich, the Hungarian Strong Boy and Paul Boesch, the Brooklyn Adonis. These three youngsters were all trained under his personal direction.

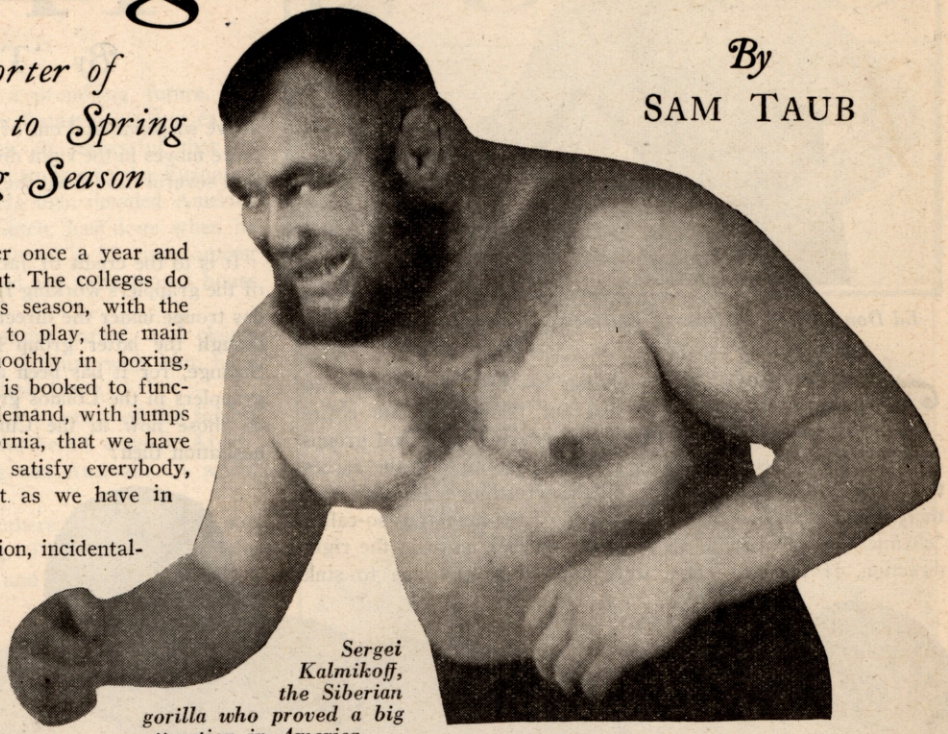
* * *

PFEFER, the son of a rabbi, has been associated with the wrestling game for more than fifteen years. Originally a native of Russia, but now an American citizen, he was general manager of the Russian Grand Opera Company for ten years and, in that capacity, he travelled over almost every civilized country in the world.

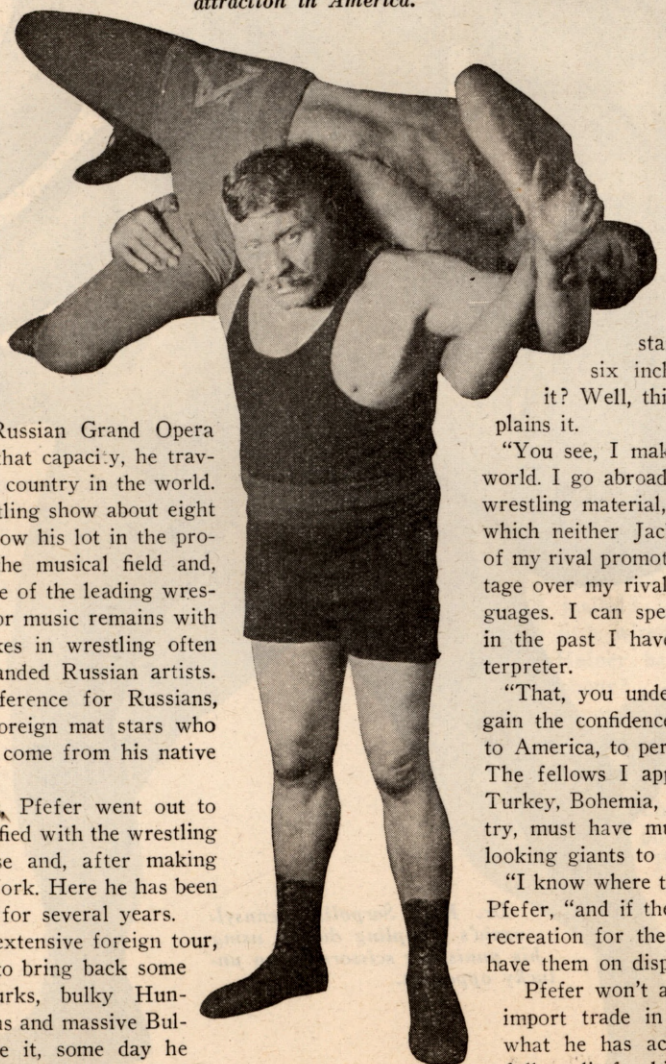
It was while attending a wrestling show about eight years ago that he decided to throw his lot in the promotorial field. He abandoned the musical field and, within a year, he had become one of the leading wrestling promoters. Still, his love for music remains with him. The money which he makes in wrestling often is spent by him in helping stranded Russian artists. Naturally, Pfefer shows a preference for Russians, and that is why most of the foreign mat stars who have been brought here by him come from his native land.

After coming to this country, Pfefer went out to Chicago, where he became identified with the wrestling game at great personal expense and, after making good there, he shifted to New York. Here he has been staging matches almost nightly for several years.

He is soon to make another extensive foreign tour, and when he returns, he hopes to bring back some mighty Magyars, colossal Turks, bulky Hungarians, bone-crushing Bohemians and massive Bulgarians, and, if he can arrange it, some day he hopes to bring to America a member of the original Jewish tribe, the Lost Tribe of Israel, now living chiefly in Northern Africa.



Sergei Kalmikoff, the Siberian gorilla who proved a big attraction in America.



Ivan Padoubny, who had tremendous strength

* * *

JACK PFEFER admits that he is an outstanding example of mind over matter, because with his 135 pounds and five feet five inches, he has been able to capture, import, instruct and browbeat grapplers weighing from 200 to 280 pounds and standing from six feet to six feet six inches in height. How does he do it? Well, this is the way in which Pfefer explains it.

"You see, I make many trips to all parts of the world. I go abroad at least once a year in search of wrestling material, and invariably I select places to which neither Jack Curley, my associate, nor any of my rival promoters have visited. I have an advantage over my rivals, because I am a student of languages. I can speak fluently eleven languages and in the past I have often been used as a court interpreter.

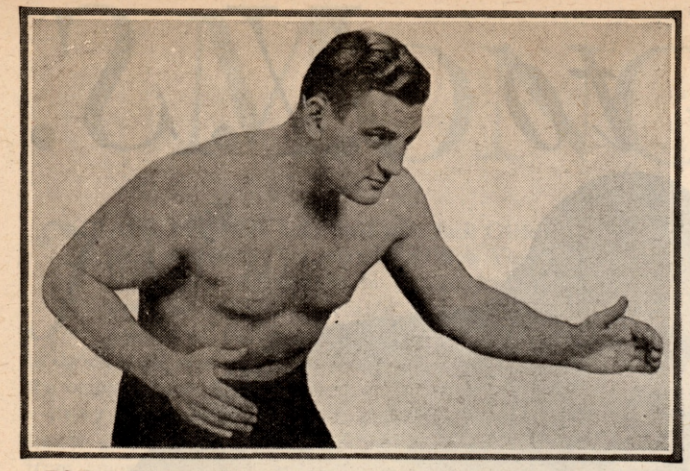
"That, you understand, makes it easy for me to gain the confidence of those whom I seek to bring to America, to perform under Jack Curley's banner. The fellows I approach, whether it be in Siberia, Turkey, Bohemia, Bulgaria, India or any other country, must have muscle. They must be big, brawny looking giants to attract my attention.

"I know where the human pachyderms grow," says Pfefer, "and if they can be brought here to furnish recreation for the American wrestling fans, I will have them on display next winter."

Pfefer won't admit that he is the genius of the import trade in wrestlers, but those who know what he has accomplished in the past give him full credit for his skill in exploring the regions of the "wild men."

NEWS *of*

By "TEX" AUSTIN



Ed Don George, the star of Postmaster General Farley's show.

THE New York commission has finally made a move which should be carried out throughout the entire country. It has declared that grapplers of rival groups must meet each other instead of continuing the farces they have so long been foisting on the wrestling public and that there must be but one champion instead of the numerous so-called "champs" now cluttering up the game. It is a move in the right direction. If the mat game were allowed to continue to sink deeper and deeper in the mire, as has been the case in recent months, it would not be long before the sport would be banned in many localities and would settle into another long sleep such as it did until three years ago.

Now is the time for vigorous action to protect the game and the public that pays out thousands each year in good faith. The promoters and wrestlers alike have everything to gain by helping to put the sport above suspicion and out of the class of mere acrobatics. Let's have more moves in the right direction by other state commissions, now that several have fired the offensive.

* * *

It is to the credit of Jack Curley, that he agreed to allow any of the grapplers working for him to meet the matsters of the Londos troupe under the direction of the Johnstons in New York, although the latter group has requested time to think it over. Strange, for it has been an almost unanimous opinion that the grapplers in the Londos group as a whole seem to have the edge on those now in the Curley fold. Why should there be any hesitation then?

Better get together boys, before it's too late.

* * *

Bill Brown, a former associate of George Bothner, the ex-world's lightweight champion and one of the finest mat referees in the business, will see that the abuses are removed in the Empire state, now that he is on the commission.

* * *

We note where Gama, India's famous matman, lays claim to the world title. He has the solid backing of India in that respect.

Gama, now 55, has been champion of India for thirty years. He is only five feet seven inches tall, but weighs 260 pounds.

Many years ago, Stanislaus Zbyszko, then at his peak, met Gama for a purse of $10,000. Gama, who is a Jew converted to Mohammedanism, handled Zibby like a child and pinned him in exactly eight seconds.

* * *

We received a welcome visit from a veteran grappler who is still very much on the go,—none other than the famous Henry Irslinger. Henry is now in South Africa with Eddie Brink, a young

Dr. Karl Sarpolis, Pennsylvania's grappling doctor, using his punishing scissors on an unlucky opponent.

the MAT WORLD

boxer from Pennsylvania. Brink has a promising future.

Henry was born in London in 1892 and started his mat career with Hackenschmidt in 1912. He was so successful that he cleaned up all available talent in Europe to garner the European light-heavyweight crown for himself. He then invaded America only to stumble as others, including Gotch, had done when he met Fred Beell. He met many great matmen in his time, among them, George Bothner, whom he wrestled for more than 3 hours 45 minutes for the middleweight title.

He lost only nine matches in his entire career, and claims that Bothner and a Hindu, who went 4 hours with him, have the distinction of giving him his toughest bouts.

Henry was the missionary of wrestling in many of the far-off lands, having introduced the sport or furthered same in Africa, India, Canada, South America, Europe and Australia. A world traveler is Irslinger.

During his career he beat among others, the following mat greats:—Martin Ludecke, Fritz Kley, Pinkie Gardner, John Kilonis, Ted Thye, Jack Herbertson and Paul Farber.

* * *

"DIXIE DOINGS"—Didja Know . . . . that Lou Daro is a first night inveterate? . . . . that Johnny Katan was born at Swift Current, Canada? . . . . that there is a startling resemblance between Ernie Dusek and George O'Brien, the cinema cowboy? . . . . that Sun Jennings, the Indian grappler usta was a lifeguard at a Dallas, Texas, swimming pool? . . . . that Hugh Nichols, light-heavyweight champ, while driving along an Oklahoma highway, hit and killed a five-year-old girl? . . . . that the girl's father is suing Nichols for $25,000? . . . . that Jack Dempsey refereed the Marshall Blackstock-Billy Edwards match in Dallas? . . . . that Ray Steele and Jimmy Londos, they who were never to meet again, (if one were foolish enough to believe their misleading publicity), met in the small village of Paris, Tennessee, of all places? . . . . that Paul Jones, recently in that auto smash-up, visited his mother in Lincoln, Nebraska, and then took in the World's Fair at Chicago? . . . . that Paul has a new car? . . . . that Chief Chewacki claims he is a gypsy prince? . . . . that Marshall Blackstock used to labor under the name of Charlie Sonnenberg? . . . . that Dr. Stanley Lurich has a mat academy in Chicago, not to mention a string of drug stores? . . . . that Joe Cox, an ardent fishing enthusiast when off the mat, headed all the way from Texas to Minnesota to enjoy his favorite sport between matches? . . . . that Joe Muhl, favorite referee of Houston, Texas, is a former sparring partner of Max Schmeling? . . . . that the car in which George Kotsonaros and Paul Jones were riding when the former was killed and the latter badly injured, was wrecked a second time when the driver who was hired to take same from the scene of the fatal accident, smashed it up again to the extent of $750 worth of damage? . . . . that Pat O'Shocker ran for game commissioner in his native Missouri, but didn't get the job? . . . that Paul Jones can speak German fluently? . . . . that many of the big bruisers are bridge hounds, of all things? . . . . that Ray Steele won't give his autographed photo to girls for fear of being blackmailed? . . . . that Ray has two of the cutest little wire-haired terriers? . . . . that Dutch Hefner has a light-heavy brother named Johnny? . . . . that some femme is going to promote in Galveston? . . . . that Art and Mrs. Mondt promote in Beaumont, Texas? . . . .

Chief Chewacki, the Gypsy, lives up to his name.

Henry Irslinger, the missionary of wrestling who is now appearing in African rings.

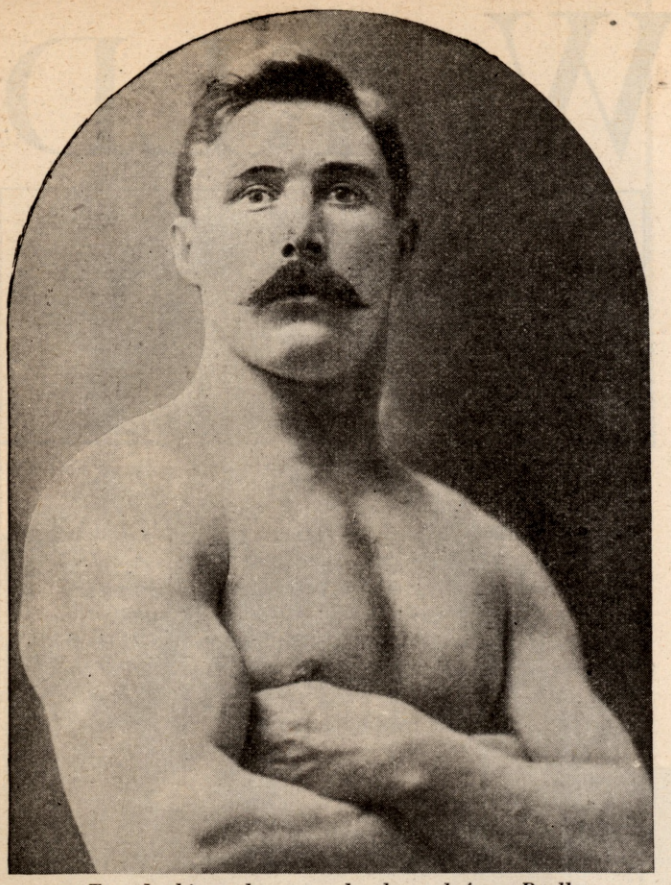
* * *

The latest mix-up in the local grappling circles is the switch of Jack Pfefer, from assistant to Jack Curley to his present post with the Londos troupe. This will be of particular interest to those who follow the sports, in that matters will be further complicated now that the New York Commission has made a ruling that rival grapplers MUST meet.

Famous Wrestler Passes

Fred Beell, the Wisconsin Giant Killer Called the Bob Fitzsimmons of the Mat Sport, Once Beat Gotch

By "TEX AUSTIN"



Tom Jenkins, who won a hard match from Beell.

NO one ever questioned Fred Beell's courage when that worthy was the stumbling block of many of the greatest heavyweight grapplers of his time, nor can anyone say that he was any the less courageous after his mat career was over. Strange, then, that this same courage should eventually cost Beell his life, but that is exactly what happened.

After retiring from mat competition, Beell became a special policeman in Marshfield, Wisconsin, and was a thorn in the side to toughs and gunmen, until only a few weeks ago, when, in attempting to prevent a robbery at the local brewery, Fred was shot and killed. His courage finally proved his undoing!

Beell had a most interesting wrestling career and an excellent record on the mat, having had the distinction of beating Frank Gotch at one time. The most amazing thing, however, is the fact that Fred never weighed more than 165 pounds in his prime, yet tossed many of the good heavies.

In his day, Beell was acknowledged the greatest wrestler of his weight in the world, and it is probable that there never has been a grappler to compare with him at 165 pounds.

Beell held the middleweight championship, and failing to get the competition he desired at his own weight, he invaded the heavyweight class and climaxed his new venture with a victory over Frank Gotch, regarded as the greatest wrestler of all time. In fact, he was the only grappler who was able to defeat Gotch from 1904 until the latter's death in 1918. That victory in New Orleans on December 1, 1906, was Beell's crowning achievement, although Gotch defeated the Wisconsin star in a return match in Kansas City exactly sixteen days later. Gotch never lost a match, nor even a fall, from the time of Beell's win until his sudden death in 1918.

* * *

THE Wisconsin "Giant Killer" perhaps wrestled more "money matches" than any other grappler, with the probable exception of Farmer Burns. Fred was always willing to meet any wrestler, regardless of weight, for a side bet. He frequently backed himself to the extent of $1,000, the match being held in a barn, gymnasium or a town hall with only a handful of spectators in attendance. That is the sort of confidence Beell had in his own ability as a grappler.

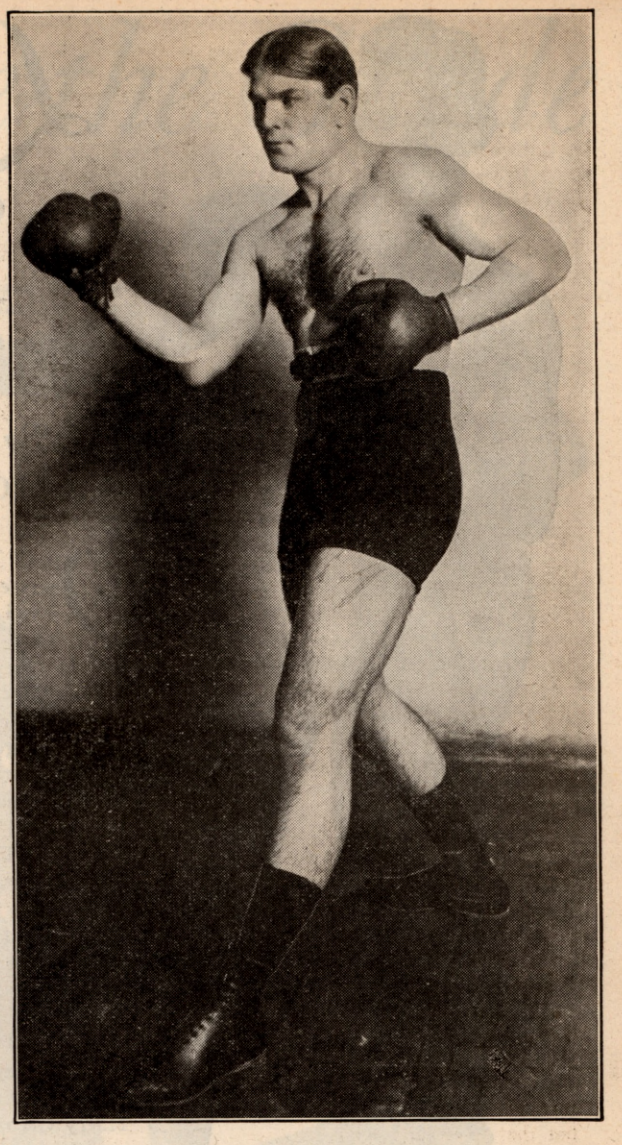
In 1903, Beell wagered $1,000 on himself against Tom Jenkins, holder of the American heavyweight title at the time, and the pair wrestled it out in a New York gymnasium. Imagine Beell, standing only five feet six inches tall, opposing a giant like Jenkins, who stood six feet tall and weighed 220 pounds. Yet Beell held his own with Jenkins for the best part of two hours, until Tom, enraged, picked Fred up and hurled him against the cement wall of the gym, knocking him unconscious. The match was a thriller and brought Fred considerable prestige. Several years later, Henry Irslinger, the great Austrian grappler, now competing in South Africa, came to America in quest of matches. He had cleaned up all the available opposition on the other side and annexed the European light-heavyweight title and looked to the New World for new fields to conquer. He *(Continued on page 29)*

Fred Beell (right) with a wrist lock on an opponent in training.

Wrestlers as Boxers

Generally They Have Proved "Busts" In Their Attempted Ring Careers

By EDWARD MERRILL



Frank Gotch, rated world's greatest wrestler, who proved a "bust" when he attempted to turn boxer.

WHY is it that a boxer who turns to wrestling usually makes good, but a matman who turns boxer invariably is a failure?

That question was asked the editor of THE RING recently in a letter received from a reader in Cincinnati. It is a query that often has been asked by others, but to date no one has been able to solve the riddle satisfactorily.

Some say that a wrestler is muscle-bound and therefore cannot coördinate his muscles as is necessary in fighting. Others, those who are students of muscle-building, declare there is no such a thing as a muscle-bound condition, hence such an answer is out of order. Of all the wrestlers who turned to boxing, only one, Paul Berlenbach, ever reached the heights, and he was not, strictly speaking, a wrestler, as he was only an amateur and only recently, in an attempt to regain part of a lost fortune, turned to the professional field. It has become a ring tradition that a wrestler cannot be made into a boxer.

On the other hand, many good fighters have shown remarkable skill in the wrestling field. There was Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey, for example. Each could have entered the professional wrestling game and made good. Wrestling was part of their regular training workouts and they were good.

Wrestlers have tried boxing often enough and have failed.

Frank Gotch, a great wrestler, thought he could step into Jim Jeffries' shoes when Jim retired from the ring. He had a couple of bouts and was beaten so easily that he gave up all idea of becoming a boxer. Big Joe Rogers, called the "American Apollo," a huge wrestler, well over six feet tall and weighing nearly three hundred pounds, tried boxing, but he flivvered after half a dozen starts and went back to wrestling.

"Strangler" Ed Lewis, heavyweight wrestling champion, thought he'd take up boxing and go after Dempsey's crown. A session with the gloves on showed Lewis that, as a box fighter, he was a very good wrestler.

Georges Hackenschmidt, the greatest heavyweight wrestler in the world in his prime, wanted to become a boxer and fight Jeffries. Georges thought he was stronger than Jeff, and faster, because he could turn a back somersault on a handkerchief and move around a mat faster than any other wrestler he ever met.

Hack was a physical marvel—no doubt of it—and amazingly fast for a wrestler and strong man. He boxed a few months with Gunner Moir, an English wrestler who took up boxing and became English heavyweight champion. Hack told me that he could handle Moir without much trouble, and he thought Moir about in Jeffries' class. Then little Tommy Burns went to England and knocked Moir out easily, and Hack revised his opinion and stayed in his own game.

But here's a fact that isn't generally known. Jack Dempsey started his career as a wrestler.

Before he began boxing, he traveled around through Colorado, Montana and Utah towns and camps, taking on wrestling bouts with local champions. He was a pretty good wrestler, and Walter Miller, who trained a little with Dempsey in Los Angeles and saw how Jack could slip on a half-Nelson instead of using a left uppercut, said Jack could make a good showing against any wrestler even now.

Dempsey was lucky enough to become interested in boxing and to start as a professional boxer when he was only nineteen. He never did any more wrestling. At that time he was slenderly built and, except for his wide shoulders and powerful arms, was not near his full development. He hadn't developed a wrestler's muscle-bound torso. A couple of years later, Dempsey couldn't have become a great fighter, for wrestling would have tied up the great speed that was Jack's chief fighting asset.

* * *

CASUALLY considered, there would appear no sensible reason why mat champions should not become leaders in the ring. They have, obviously, everything needed to meet opponents of their weight.

There is, first of all, the punch. Then they unquestionably can claim the grit to take punishment. They are alert in the matter of getting out of a bad position. They, taken generally, have more intelligence than those who are continually trying to climb the rough path to pugilistic eminence. They, in fact, have everything—but they can't fight.

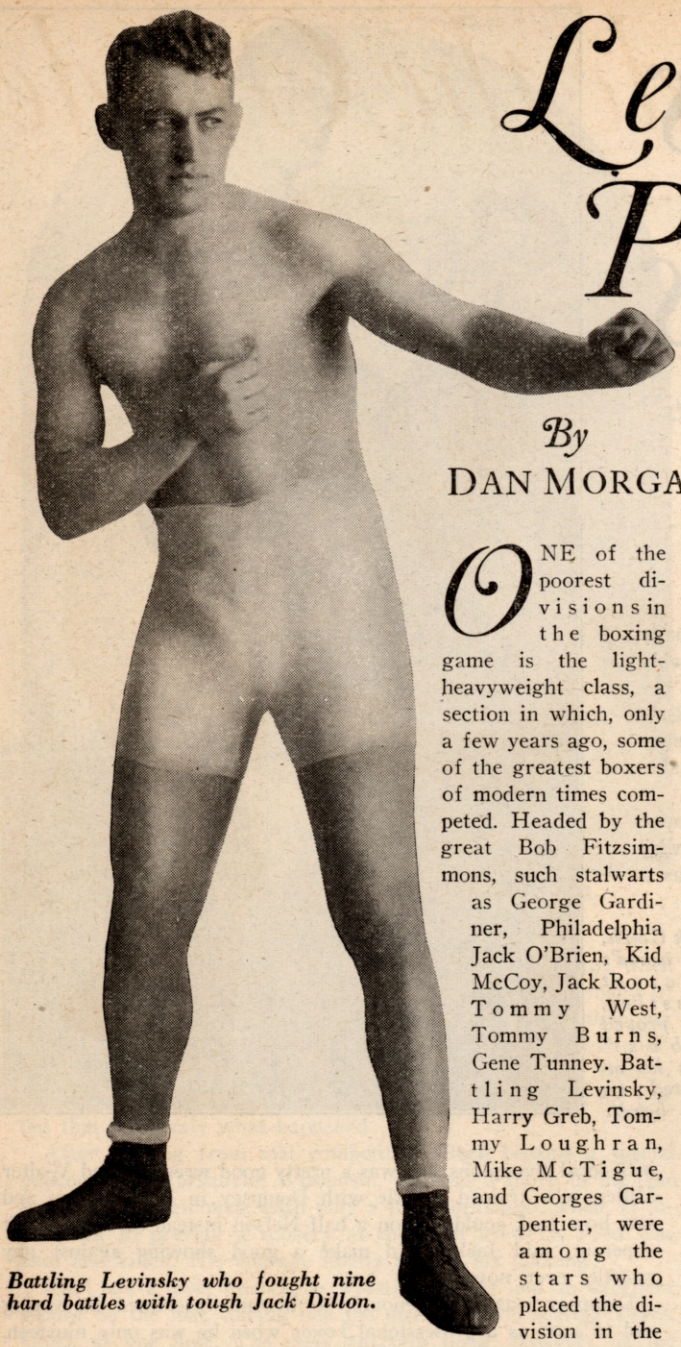
That there may be no treading on sensitive toes of the present day, no mention shall be made of the failures of comparatively recent times. Just a rough glance over the history of these games is quite sufficient to bear out these statements.

It is true that of the many wrestling men, aside from Berlenbach, who were seriously bitten by the fighting bug, there were two who, in those old times, made some (*Continued on page 29*)

Levinsky's Persistency

"Battler" Undaunted, Fought Jack Dillon Nine Times Before He Landed Light-Heavyweight Crown

By DAN MORGAN



Battling Levinsky who fought nine hard battles with tough Jack Dillon.

ONE of the poorest divisions in the boxing game is the light-heavyweight class, a section in which, only a few years ago, some of the greatest boxers of modern times competed. Headed by the great Bob Fitzsimmons, such stalwarts as George Gardiner, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Kid McCoy, Jack Root, Tommy West, Tommy Burns, Gene Tunney. Battling Levinsky, Harry Greb, Tommy Loughran, Mike McTigue, and Georges Carpentier, were among the stars who placed the division in the limelight. Today, there are less than a handful of good light-heavyweights in the entire world, with the champion, Maxie, having but little opposition. John Henry Lewis, the heavy hitting western Negro, Tony Shucco and Joe Knight, are the only fighters worth while in the section, besides Rosie.

In 1915, Jack Dillon, the Hoosier Man-Killer, who had been cleaning 'em up, left and right, decided that he was entitled to the light-heavyweight crown and he immediately went about to claim it. But at the same time, another battler, a Philadelphia Hebrew known as Barney Williams, but whose ring name was Battling Levinsky, took exception to Dillon's action and challenged him to the right. Between those two ambitious light heavyweights, a merry contest started to see who would gain international recognition and finally a bout was arranged between the pair and on October 24, 1916, Levinsky outpointed Dillon in Boston and gained the laurels.

Dillon and Levinsky fought each other nine times in contests for the title. Six of their battles were fought within one year and of the total, five were no-decisions, one was a draw, Levinsky lost two and won one.

While Dillon's most serious movement toward claiming the title occurred in 1915, there is little doubt but that both he and Levinsky had had their eyes on the neglected crown for some time, but in that year the American Boxing Association in session at Cleveland, Ohio, declared Dillon the champion. That gave his claim an official O. K., and at the same time whetted the appetite of Levinsky.

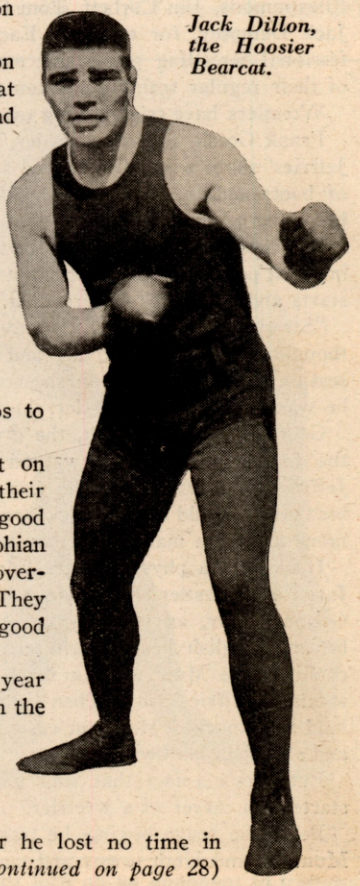
If Tommy Burns had only accepted the title, Dillon and Levinsky would have been saved a lot of mutual pounding. Burns had gotten the right to the honor by defeating "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien back in 1907. O'Brien had won it from Bob Fitzsimmons who in turn had won it from George Gardiner, the first champion.

* * *

DILLON and Levinsky staged their first fight with each other on April 17, 1913, at the Olympia Athletic Club, Rochester, N. Y., two years before the boxing association had hailed Dillon as champion.

In that match, which was an eight-rounder with no decision, Dillon proved himself a hard fighter and Levinsky a clever boxer. Dillon, of course, was also clever, but Levinsky had the edge on him in that respect. Neither man was marked by the punching on that occasion.

In their second meeting, which took place at Butte, Mont., on April 14, 1914, Dillon, fighting like a bulldog and smashing Levinsky with trip-hammer blows, had the Philadelphian gasping for breath in the twelfth, which was the final round. Dillon won the decision.



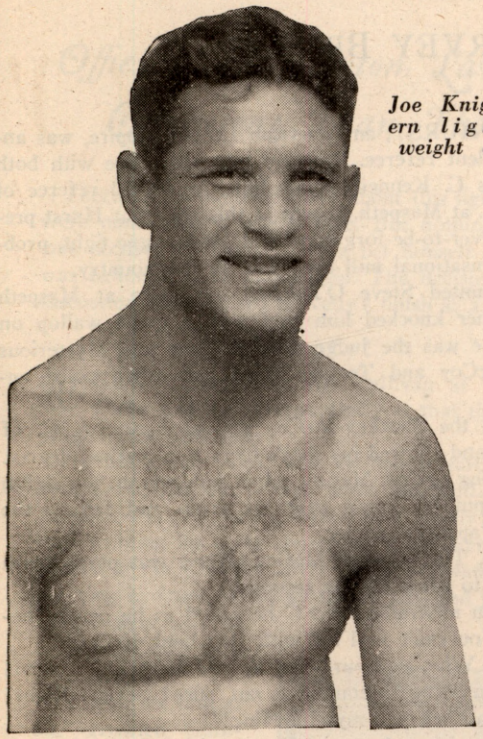
Jack Dillon, the Hoosier Bearcat.

Then they got together on May 29 of that same year, at the Indianapolis Speedway, and while it was a ten-rounder and labeled "no-decision," Dillon got an early lead by cracking the Battler on the smeller in the first round and then pasted him from pillar to post with other hard blows to that same spot. Levinsky rallied in the ninth; the tenth was even, but Dillon had the other eight cantos to his credit.

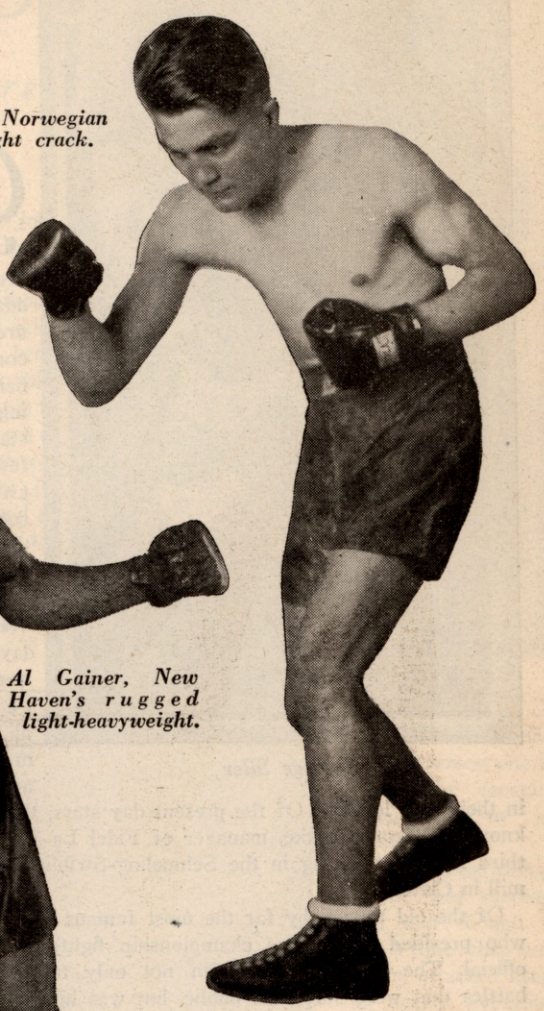
Levinsky was always great on the rally toward the close of their contest. Dillon would get a good lead and then the Philadelphian would fight like a wildcat to overcome the lead, but did not. They always gave their customers a good show for the money.

Just why they let a whole year go by without meeting again in the ring is not a matter of record. But, no doubt, the action of the boxing association in naming Dillon the champion, stirred Levinsky to action for he lost no time in arranging for an early (*Continued on page* 28)

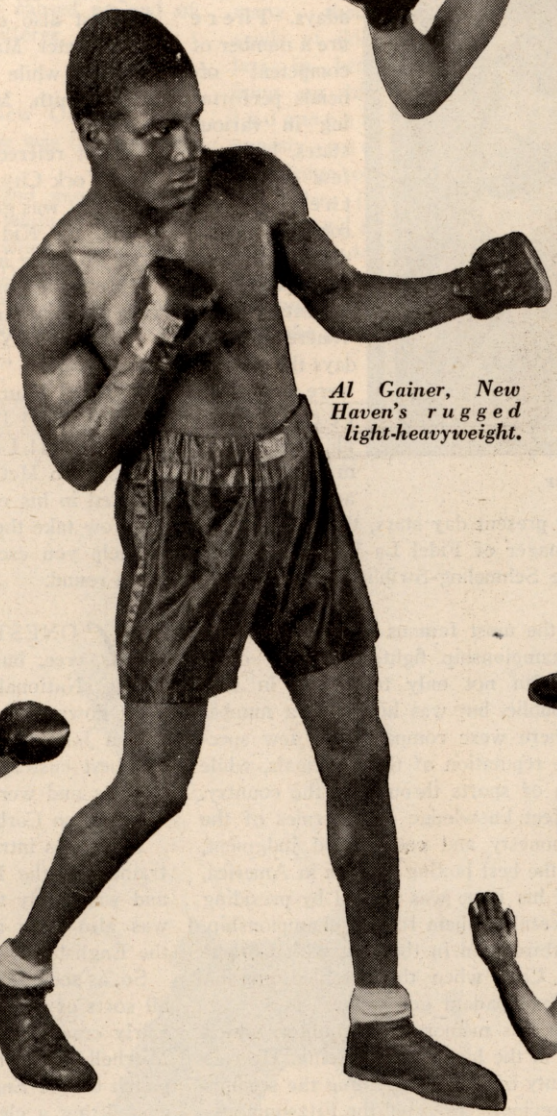
They've Made the Grade



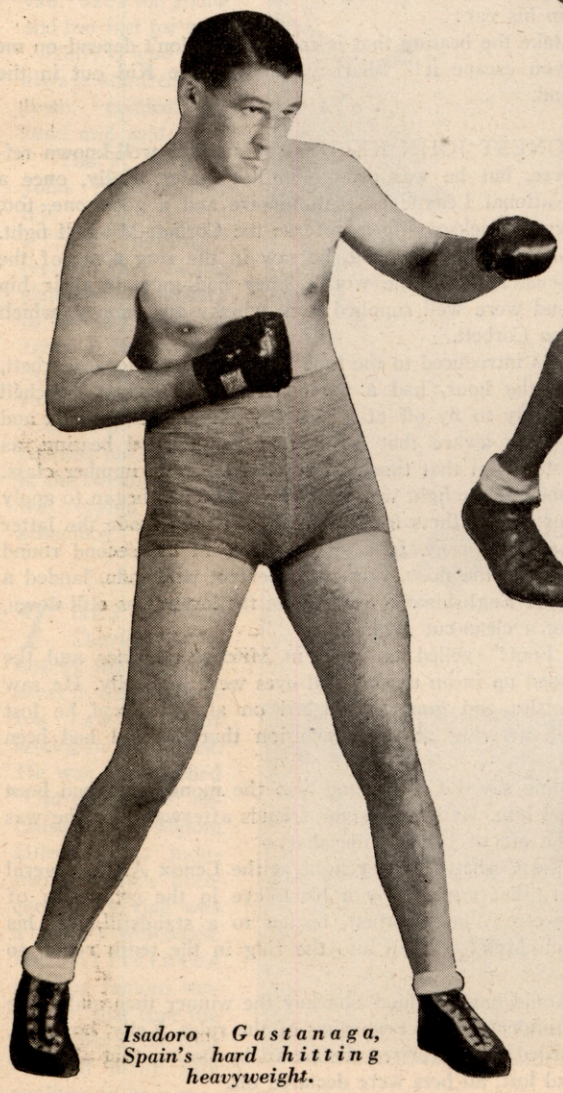
Joe Knight, Southern light-heavyweight contender.



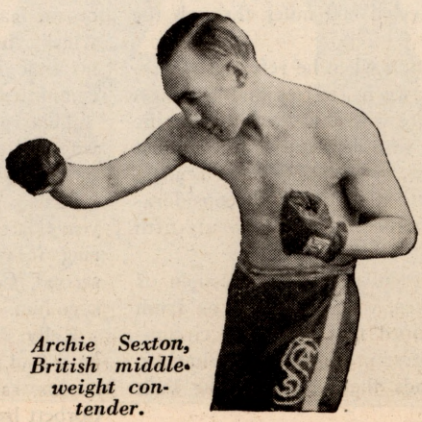
Pete Sanstol, Norwegian bantamweight crack.



Al Gainer, New Haven's rugged light-heavyweight.



Isadoro Gastanaga, Spain's hard hitting heavyweight.

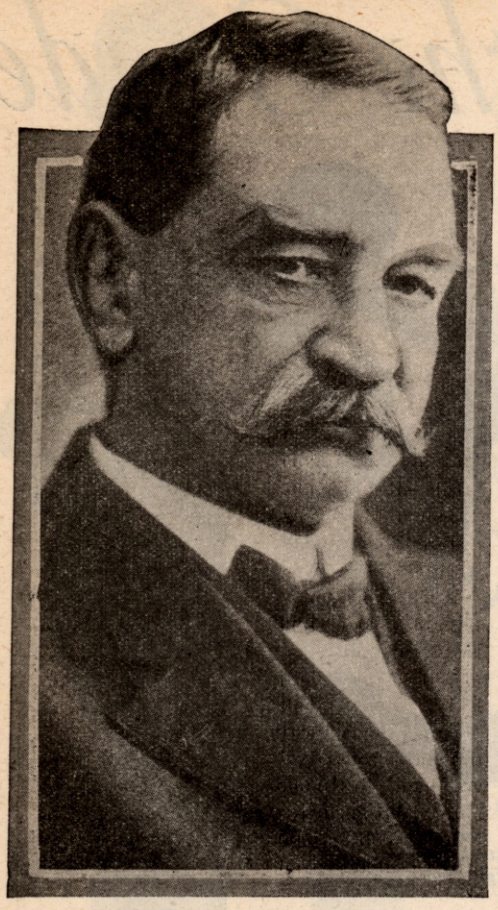


Archie Sexton, British middleweight contender.

Don McCorkindale, South African heavyweight aspirant.

NOTABLE

By HARVEY BRIGHT



George Siler

GOOD, competent referees are scarce nowadays. There are a number of competent officials performing in various states, but with few exceptions, they do not compare with the great men of a quarter of a century ago. Where in those days the officials were men of international fame, today, most referees are known only in their own locality. Of the present day stars, the most widely known is George Blake, manager of Fidel La Barba, who was third man in the ring in the Schmeling-Stribling championship mill in Cleveland.

Of the old timers, by far the most famous was George Siler who presided over more championship fights than any other official. The Chicago sportsman not only took part in ring battles that were staged in public, but was hired for a number of private bouts at which there were comparatively few spectators because of the obscure reputation of the principals, while others attracted the attention of sports throughout the country.

Because of an almost perfect knowledge of the rules of the ring, coupled with rugged honesty and cool-headed judgment, Siler came to be regarded as the best boxing referee in America, if not in the world. Much of his fame was earned by presiding over heavyweight contests, several of them for the championship.

It was Siler who was the third man in the ring with Corbett and Fitzsimmons at Carson City, when the freckled pugilist knocked the spots out of the "pompadour gentleman."

Siler never lost his head in this memorable encounter, which was one of the most exciting in the history of the ring. He was fair to both men and took plenty of time in counting the seconds after knockdowns. Siler had previously refereed the Fitzsimmons-Maher fight at Langtry, Tex., which lasted only a few moments after a trainload of sports had traveled 600 miles through the alkali desert to see the mill.

Eastern fight fans saw Siler in action when he refereed the remarkable twenty-five-round fight between Jeffries and Sharkey. His decision favored Jeffries and there was immediately a terrific howl from the men behind Sharkey, who declared that the worst the big sailor should have received was a draw. Siler in rendering his decision said that he was forced to take into consideration the condition of the two men at the end of the twenty-fifth round.

As Sharkey was on the verge of collapse with a couple of broken ribs and other painful injuries, while Jeff was as fresh as the proverbial daisy, Siler explained that under no circumstances could he show even the slightest preference for Sharkey, although for the first sixteen rounds the latter did the bulk of the work.

TIMOTHY HURST, an American League umpire, was another excellent referee. Tim got into the game with both feet when James C. Kennedy made him the official referee of the Empire A. C. at Maspeth. It was at this club that Hurst presided over the never-to-be-forgotten Walcott-Lavigne fight, probably the most sensational mill ever seen in this country.

Hurst also counted Steve O'Donnell out twice at Maspeth when Peter Maher knocked him cold with a quick wallop on the jaw, while he was the judge over Walcott and Mysterious Billy Smith, McCoy and Tommy Ryan and other noted encounters.

Hurst refereed the Sharkey-McCoy mill at Lenox A. C. of New York City, and showed his shrewdness to a marked degree. The fight was going against McCoy, when suddenly, in the eighth round, the Kid put his hands over his groin and fell to the floor groaning in apparent agony.

"He fouled me, Tim," wailed McCoy. Hurst was purple with rage as he began to count off the seconds.

"One, two! You miserable faker!" he yelled as he paused between counts. "You can't fool me with that bunk business!

"Three! Four! Why, you cur! Get up and fight like a man! "Five! Six! I'm going to count you out, sure! Seven! Eight! You coward! I can lick you myself! Nine!"

Just then McCoy jumped up and Hurst, with a look of relief, shouted in his ear:

"Now take the beating that is coming and don't depend on me to help you escape it!" Sharkey knocked the Kid out in the tenth round.

* * *

HONEST JOHN KELLY was another well-known referee, but he was always in hot water. Kelly, once a National League baseball umpire and a good one, too, went down to Jacksonville to referee the Corbett-Mitchell fight. When John got into the ring, he saw in the ring some of the toughest customers in the world. They had guns in their hip pockets and were well supplied with whisky and money, which they bet on Corbett.

Kelly was introduced to the mob and looked nervous. Corbett, trained to the hour, had a personal grudge against Mitchell and was ready to fly off at a tangent. Mitchell knew this and was also fully aware that he was in for a good beating, as the Englishman at that time had entered the back number class.

So, as soon as the fight was under way, Mitchell began to apply all sorts of vile epithets to Corbett, which soon made the latter fairly crazy with rage. In a sharp mixup in the second round Mitchell fell to the floor. Corbett, a perfect wild man, landed a punch on the Englishman's head while the latter was still down, committing a clean-cut foul.

"Foul! Foul!" yelled the man in Mitchell's corner and the crowd leaped up in an uproar. All eyes were on Kelly. He saw whisky bottles and guns brandished on all sides and he lost no time in arriving at the conclusion that no foul had been committed.

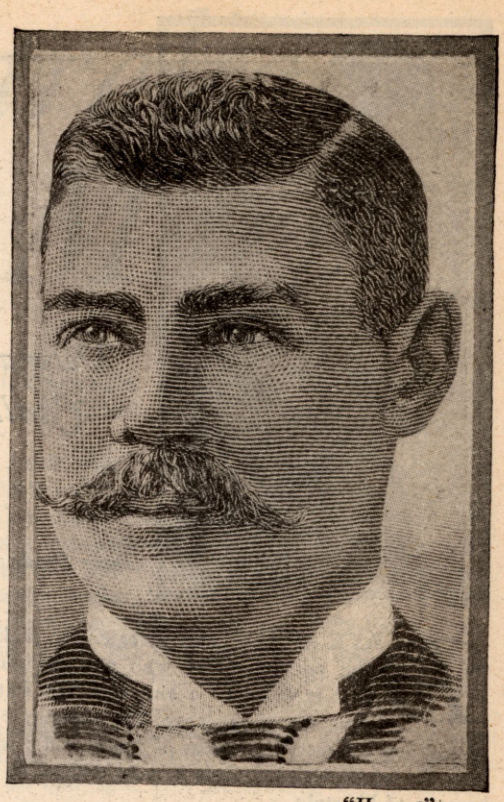
This ruling saved Corbett and also the money that had been wagered on him. Kelly told some friends afterward that he was lucky to get out of Jacksonville alive.

It was the Corbett-Sharkey fight at the Lenox A. C., several years later, that gave Kelly a black eye in the estimation of ring followers. When Corbett, beaten to a standstill, had his second, Con McVey, jump into the ring in the tenth round to save him.

Kelly should have decided Sharkey the winner then and there on a foul, under the strict wording of the rules. Kelly, however, became rattled and surprised the crowd by stating that although Corbett had lost, all bets were declared off.

REFEREES

Officials of Horton Law Days Far More Competent Than Those of Present Era



"Honest" John Kelly

There was something queer about this fight and direct charges were made that it was a fake. But nothing was proved. Kelly was accused of having had a bet himself on Corbett, but this was believed to be idle gossip. The decision caused no end of discussion and resulted in Kelly's finish as a referee.

* * *

WHEN Corbett beat old Sullivan at New Orleans, John Duffy was the referee. Duffy at that time was the best ring judge in the profession.

He knew the rules, was eminently fair and unquestionably honest. He was the referee when McAuliffe whipped Myer, the Streator Cyclone; when Dixon beat Skelly; when Fitzsimmons, then winning his early spurs, put it all over Dempsey, Hall and Maher in the Crescent City. When Sullivan was reeling around the ring in front of the storm of jabs and punches that Corbett rained upon him, he turned to Duffy with a fierce glare.

"I can't see him at all," growled Sullivan. "He's too young and too fast for me."

Duffy, who had always admired Sullivan, nodded his head and said:

"That's right, John. Shall I stop it?"

"Stop nothing!" replied the fading champion. "I'm here to get my medicine from a better man. So you live up to the rules."

When Duffy counted out Sullivan in the twenty-first he was crying like a schoolboy.

* * *

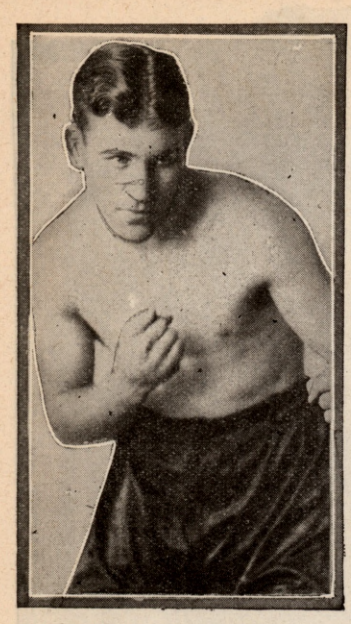
THEY called Charley White one of the best referees in the old Horton Law days of boxing in New York. He was also dubbed "Old Eagle Eye" because he seldom failed in his judgment. White's presence in the ring was always welcomed. He officiated in many famous battles. At that time the third man in the ring required many rare qualities to be a success at his job. Often a championship and many thousands of dollars in bets hung on his judgment, honesty and knowledge of the rules. It required a game man to stick to his opinion despite the yells of a partisan crowd, and an honest one to resist the constant temptation to go wrong.

"Old Eagle Eye" Charley White

In all these things White was successful, and though it was a time when suspicion attached itself to nearly everyone connected with the sport, he came through with an unblemished reputation.

White was the referee when Jeffries and Corbett fought their memorable battle at Coney Island. For twenty-two rounds he saw the light tapping Corbett, though ever on the retreat, score so many points that the decision in his favor seemed assured. But in the next round Jeffries saved White the painful duty of ruling away his title by stopping Corbett with one lucky punch.

A few of the other great battles in which White officiated were the Ruhlin-Fitzsimmons affair, the Fitz-Tom Sharkey and the McGovern - Young Corbett mill at Tuckahoe.



Dave Shade

Dave Shade Protests

Veteran Fighter Who Defies Father Time, Out With Challenge to Brouillard, Yarosz and Marcel Thil

By JOHNNY MURRAY

DAVE SHADE who threatens to make things hot for the middleweights who are shunning him, declares that it will take a long time for Father Time to put him out of business. The veteran of fourteen years of fighting against the cream of the world's welterweights and later the middleweights, finds it most difficult to obtain any work because of his style.

"I see where Lou Brouillard lays claim to the middleweight crown because he stopped Beny Jeby," said Shade in an interview. "Well, I beat Jeby in 1931 and thereafter I found myself out in the cold. I would like nothing better than to get Brouillard, Thil and Yarosz, one after the other into the ring, just to prove my right to the title. I have demanded that those who seek international recognition as world champions first put me out of the way, but you don't see any one of the boys accepting my challenge," continued Dave.

"I even brought the matter to the attention of the Boxing Commission, but I received no satisfaction. No, you can tell the world through THE RING that Dave Shade is still in the field despite his many years of ring activity, and he still believes that he is the ranking middleweight."

Dave comes from a fighting family. His father was an exceptionally good amateur boxer and Dave's brothers, George and Billy, made good as professionals. In an interview some five or six years ago, Dave explained that he used to box with his brothers from the time he was eleven years old, and the brothers, through their earnings in the ring were able to dress nattily. Since Dave had a weakness for smart clothes, he also decided to doll up.

"I eloped and was married at seventeen," said Dave in discussing his early life. "My wife and I had been schoolmates. While I had to borrow $10 to pay for the license and church fees, my wife, who gave up a position as office manager with an oil corporation which paid her $50 a week, had saved $1,800, and was making more money than I was at that time.

"One year later young Billy was born, and what proud parents we were when he won first prize in a baby show at Portland, Ore., just a year after his birth!

"He's a great kid, and both he and his mother almost went wild when they heard me announce my victory over Slattery over the radio. My wife has never seen me fight, and never will.

"I intend to give Billy a college education, and though he wants to be a cop or fireman right now, I hope he becomes a doctor or a lawyer. He'll never enter the ring while I live.

* * *

"THE fame of my brothers spread to the East, and Leo P. Flynn sought out my dad, who handled all of us, and asked him if he would sign an agreement which would permit Flynn to bring Billy and George East. He did not want me, because I did not strike him as being a good prospect, and my brother's fame left me in the shadows.

"Father told Flynn that he would have to take the three of us or none, and Leo rather testily assented. I was no bargain to him then.

"When we arrived in New York, Flynn tried to sell my contract to Dan Morgan for $100. Dan looked at my protruding chin, and allowed as how little Billy would have no trouble hitting it, and passed me up.

"Leo, to get rid of me, matched me up with Georgie Ward, then the best of the welters. He thought Ward would give me such a fine beating that I would run home a chastened and wiser boy. However, I walloped the daylights out of George, and Leo decided that I might amount to something after all.

"Every fighter has some queer experience. The most striking one to me was the time I fought a semi-final to a pair of roosters.

"It happened in Mexico. The featured event was a cock fight, and I fought an ex-bull fighter in the semi-windup. The gamecocks got a bigger hand than we did, but then one of the star bouters was killed.

"One thing most fans seem to forget when deriding my poor knockout record in that I was the first boxer to K. O. Pinkey Mitchell.

"Morrie Schlaiffer gave me my toughest fight, and it will be recalled that Morrie fought Mickey Walker and dropped him three times, Mickey putting the Omaha boy away in the final session of a ten-rounder.

"Another tough rumpus was the bout with Joe Simonitch, the first fifteen-rounder I ever fought. My father had $500 bet on me, and, though I broke my right hand in the fifth round, and would have liked to quit, dad would have been wild over losing that money, so I stuck it out, fighting with one hand and held Joe to a draw and saved father's dough."

Golf is the greatest game in the world, outside of boxing, in Dave's opinion. When training he frequently substitutes golf for road work.

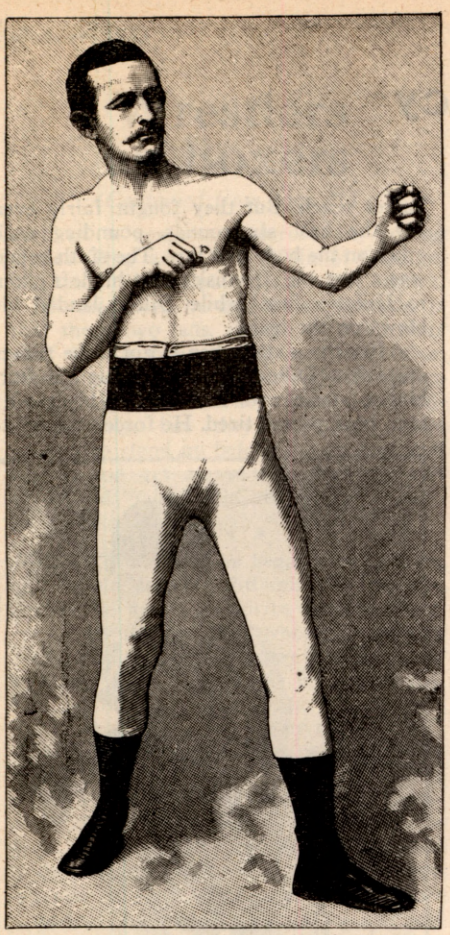
Shade, back in 1925, astounded the world by K. O.'ing Jimmy Slattery. It was one of the ring's most astonishing reversals of the year.

* * *

DAVE SHADE did all of his early boxing in and about San Francisco, but failed to get beyond the admission of his friends that he was a good boy with the gloves. After two years of boxing in the local ranks, during which time he met Frankie Farren, Joe Miller and Jimmy Duffy among others, Dave decided to give up boxing because there seemed to be no future in it for him, and he entered business, but some time later, he was persuaded to reënter the sport and he made good with a vengeance.

Dave engaged in a few fights and made such a hit with his aggressive style that he had no difficulty thereafter getting paid above the average for his appearance. His rapid rise on the Atlantic Coast followed his knockdown of Jack Britton, then welterweight champion, in their mill out West.

Shade plans to take a trip to Australia this winter, unless he is able to get the topnotchers here to meet him.



Australian Billy Murphy

Australian Billy Murphy

By GEORGE F NOCK

RECENTLY there arrived from Australia several letters in response to a query in this magazine asking for information on the whereabouts of some of the old-time stars; and included in the list, was one from Australian Billy Murphy in which he informed us that he is now living in Auckland, New Zealand, where he is engaged as a cleaner in a tailor shop. In that same batch of letters were three which gave us the same information and then asked why such a great fighter as Australian Billy has had so little said of him in THE RING. "Don't you think that Billy deserves a story all for himself?" asks one of our Australian readers. "How about a special yarn on our great little fighter of bygone days?" asks another.

So THE RING Editor has decided to oblige and herewith presents a review of some of the successes of the game featherweight from Kangaroo Land who fought our best boys in this country some forty years ago. His record is one that speaks for itself. He was among the influx of Australian fighters to this country in the early nineties, warriors who included such names as Bob Fitzsimmons, Dan Creedon, Jem Hall, Young Griffo, Paddy Slavin and others.

Although he, like others who arrived in the *Land of Milk and Honey,* failed to take back with them the fortune they had sought, Billy gave an excellent account of himself and endeared himself to the Americans by his splendid performances. His best, probably, was that against Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, whom he knocked out in fourteen rounds at the California Athletic Club of San Francisco, Cal., on January 13, 1890. He also knocked out Jack Grace, the famous Globe Trotter, Jack Wood, Johnny Griffin and others less noted.

* * *

MURPHY had been fighting for a few years in that land where even the animal for which it is known, the kangaroo, boxes, when he was attracted by the financial success of pugilists in this country. Accordingly he arrived at San Francisco on June 7, 1889, on the steamer *Zelandia.*

After looking the situation over, and proving his ability to the promoters on the West Coast, he was successful in getting a match with that crack featherweight, Johnny Griffin, at the California Athletic Club on July 12, 1889. Billy knocked the American out in three rounds.

Next came his battle with Frank Murphy of England, an all-Murphy fight which ended in the twenty-seventh round when Referee Hiram Cook called it a draw after the contestants each had claimed he was incapacitated. Billy was featherweight king of Australia at the time and Frank headed the list in England. In the twenty-seventh session, both declared they had a broken arm and upon examination, it was found that Billy had a fracture of the radius of the left arm and Frank had suffered a severe sprain on the left arm that caused it to swell twice its normal size.

Probably "Australian Billy's" greatest feat in ring history was when he knocked out Ike Weir. Billy's victory over so formidable an opponent set him right with the sporting world, particularly of America.

He next defeated Tommy Warren at the Occidental Athletic Club, San Francisco, in four rounds. This battle took place on March 14, 1890.

Then came a four-round fight with Tommy White at Chicago on April 21, in which Billy is officially recorded with a victory.

Murphy then returned to New Zealand where he encountered the renowned Griffo at Sydney and was defeated by him in fifteen rounds for a purse of $1,500. This scrap took place on September 3, 1890.

It was the first of three fights that "Australian Billy" had with the clever Griffo, and he lost all of them. The other two encounters ended in the twenty-second and in the eighth rounds.

"Dummy" Mace was Murphy's next victim in eight rounds at Melbourne, Australia, November 10, 1890.

After defeating Pat Carroll in four rounds the following month, he met Jim Burge at Broken Hill, Australia, and Billy received the first knockout of his career. It happened after thirty rounds of sensational fighting in which the referee was knocked out in the fifteenth round by an excited and disappointed onlooker who dashed into the ring. It was quite evident that Billy wasn't up to his mark that evening, for he had a hard time of it from the twenty-fifth round until the close of the fight.

His second go with Griffo, in which Murphy was defeated in the twenty-second round, was the next event on his pugilistic program. July 21, 1891, was the date and the place was Sydney.

Griffo will be remembered as unquestionably one of the cleverest fighters that ever stepped into a ring, and for that reason it is no disgrace to Murphy that he was beaten by him.

* * *

ANOTHER gruelling, twenty-nine-round contest with Jim Burge on November 23, 1891, at Sydney is registered as "no contest," and as the details of fights in those days in far off Australia were often lacking, no explanation of this decision can be made to our readers now.

Griffo and Murphy were supposed to meet on January 23, 1892, but Griffo had imbibed so freely just prior to the bout with "fire-water" that he was unable to fight.

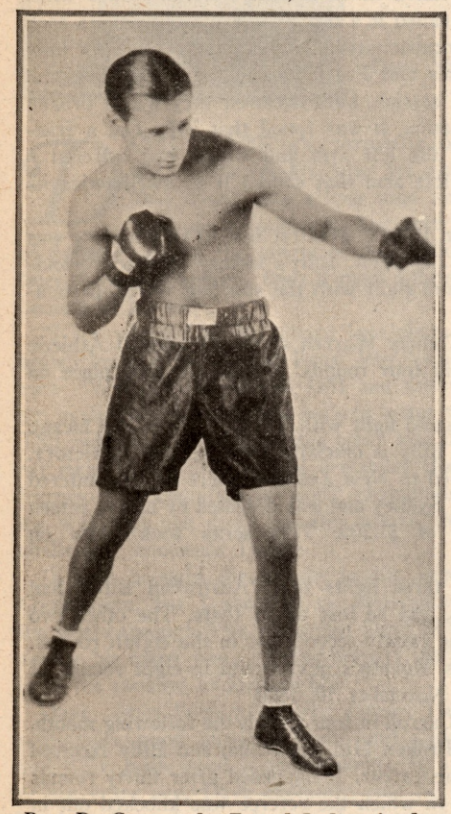
Things in general were unsatisfactory in his home country for the pugilists and as Billy liked this country from his previous visit, he decided to return and arrived in San Francisco the early part of May, 1892. His first bout after his return here, was with Johnny Murphy, the boxing instructor at Harvard, at the Pacific Club in the Golden Gate. After forty *(Continued on page 32)*

Levinsky's Persistency

(Continued from page 22)

match, and so they found themselves face to face in the Broadway Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., engaging in a ten-round, no-decision match on February 8, 1916. Dillon was the aggressor. He had the better of it and helped Levinsky to stage a whirlwind finish.

The next month, on March 28, they met in the same arena, and had another ten-round, no-decision engagement in which a straight left to the face and a hard right to the jaw sent Levinsky down on one knee in the seventh. But Dillon, anxious to finish his rival, got wild and in missing Levinsky, he also missed the chance for landing a K. O.



Pete De Grasse, the French-Indian featherweight flash, has a fine record.

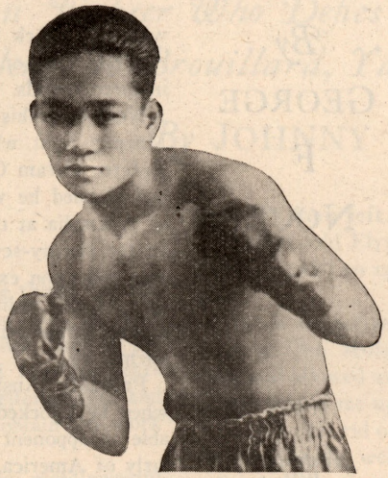
April 25, or just about one month later, found them doing battle against each other out in Kansas City, Mo. It was for fifteen rounds and Levinsky lost the decision. In fact, he came near losing consciousness also and for a time it looked as though he was on the verge of a knockout. He rallied in the thirteenth and rocked Dillon with two straight lefts to the chin and slugged his way through a terrific fifteenth round. But that failed to overcome the Hoosier's earlier lead.

* * *

WITH all that Levinsky stuff and a lot of other victories interspersed, Dillon got chesty and issued a universal defi to the fighting world. He stood only 5 feet 7 inches in height and had a hard time making the light-heavyweight poundage, but he challenged "any man in the world."

That challenge made Levinsky all the more ambitious and three months had not slipped by before he was again crossing swords with his old rival, Dillon, at Oriole Park, Baltimore, Md., on July 13. That was a rather tame ten-rounder with no decision. Dillon tried hard to land a K. O. in the fifth, but Levinsky was too speedy for him.

Perhaps both battlers felt remorseful for their failure to put up a stiffer fight at Baltimore, for they staged another one which took place at Memphis, Tenn., and went for eight rounds that ended in a draw. It cannot be said they did not do some fast boxing and footwork that time. Dillon was so industrious and determined, he knocked Levinsky clear through the ropes in the second round, but Levinsky returned for more. And got it. So did Dillon. That was a good fight.



Speedy Dado, the California Filipino bantam, rates high.

Then came the Boston set-to that ended with the persistent Levinsky gaining the decision. That Levinsky's victory was received with all due regard for its worthiness, could be detected in the fact that, whereas, prior to that, he had been referred to as "Barney Williams of Philadelphia," he now became "Battling Levinsky of New York," a fighter of the great metropolis.

Levinsky's refusal to give up trying was undoubtedly the big factor in his ultimate success. But Dillon could also blame his own defeat on his failure to train as well as he might have done. Dillon was the favorite in the ringside betting, although it was known his hands were not in the best condition for one thing.

As a matter of fact, it is not known exactly what either man weighed. They did not weigh in on the afternoon of the fight and it was "taken for granted" they were within the 175-pound limit of the division.

* * *

SOME ringside observers were of the opinion that each fighter weighed about 180 pounds. For the first six rounds of the twelve they fought, Dillon showed himself the good boxer he was credited with being, but after that, he seemed to go to pieces and looked as though he did not care a hang which way the decision went.

Levinsky, with his 5 feet 11 inches, had the advantage in height and he also had a longer reach. But they fought fairly even for the first six rounds, pounding each other on the body and jaw. The sixth round was a fast one. Levinsky sent his left often to Dillon's face, while Dillon landed his blows on the body.

After the sixth, when it got to be rather one-sided, Dillon acted as though it hurt him to strike with the back of his glove; also, he appeared tired. He forced the fighting, but Levinsky hit him time and again on the face, jaw and body. When Dillon did land a right or left occasionally, it was not done as though he were trying to win.

Johnny Pena, the slugging Spanish bantam, who is going like a house afire.

The fans were somewhat disappointed that the two who had generally given such spectacular performances when fighting each other in the past, did not give a fiercer battle that time, but they unanimously approved the decision of Larry Conly, referee, in declaring Levinsky the winner.

That, of course, was followed by a formal claim of the title, a claim which was made on behalf of Levinsky by his manager, Dan Morgan. Morgan proved to be not only a capable manager, but an excellent all-around business man, and he saw to it that he and his battler made some money out of Levinsky's victory.

In fact, Morgan may be said to have been the person who caused the public to look with a greater interest on the light-heavyweight division as one through which many of the coming heavyweight champions could be expected to pass on their way up to the top.

Wrestlers as Boxers

(Continued from page 21)

sort of a temporary furore in boxing circles. They were John Willie of Chicago, Ill., and "Philadelphia Jack" McCormick.

All that need be said in explanation is that these two lads, though they did their stuff in the boxing ring not more than twenty years ago, are virtually forgotten by the fight fans. They were good, unquestionably, but they were not good enough to stand up before the professional boxers and get away with the long end of the old "jack." McCormick did it once, by a fluke.

* * *

THE Philadelphian began as a matman, but, seeing the difference in receipts, decided he would switch to the fight ring. He went to Chicago, where Promoters Summerfield and Essig were desperately seeking a challenger to play up against Kid McCoy, the heavyweight star of the moment, whom they held under contract.

Jack was engaged, and when McCoy heard the name of his opponent, he at once wired a demand in the terms of his agreement, his terms being fifty per cent of the gross receipts, to be split ninety per cent to the winner. The promoters, having nothing else in sight, agreed to this cocksure demand. They knew McCoy of old and were satisfied he would get the lion's share in any event. He was particularly adept at this.

This battle took place at the Fort Dearborn Club on the night of August 18, 1890, and before McCoy climbed through the ropes, in an interview with a reporter from the Chicago *Tribune*, he said:

"This fellow needs a cleaning for his gall in signing up to meet a fellow like me. A wrestler? The next thing they will be signing up preachers or Y. M. C. A. secretaries to meet champions. There will be no knockout punch until the final round. I'm going to make this fellow look like zinc money first and then put him away."

The bell rang and the two stepped out, McCormick towering over his opponent. Tommy Ryan was McCormick's manager and Ryan and McCoy loved each other just like a beagle hound loves a rabbit. Ryan, from the ringside, began hurling insults, all of which McCoy smiled at. He stepped to the middle of the ring and neatly shot over a stiff right to the nose of the wrestler. The blood shot out as though McCormick had been stuck in the neck with a knife.

McCoy laughed, stepped back and nodded to Ryan. Mac rubbed his nose, looked at his glove and then went berserk. He ran across the ring, swinging both arms like flails, and one of these blows, by an act of Providence, caught McCoy right on the chin.

There was enough force in that punch to fell an ox. McCoy's eyes instantly took on a far-off expression and then he turned and fell heavily. The referee, knowing that all the money was on McCoy, took his time in starting the count, and at that, delayed it after he had started. He might have counted for a year had not the seconds come to the rescue of McCoy. He was through. He was as near dead as a man can be and still be alive.

Ryan, himself a former pugilist and one of the many who had been double-crossed by McCoy, raised a pean of joy which carried above the tumult of the herd. It was, in truth, one sweet revenge—and it was the first and last real victory the giant McCormick won in the ring.

McCormick, had he accomplished a thing of the sort today, could, under clever management, have toured the United States in harmless exhibition bouts and collected a half-million dollars. What he really earned from this and subsequent ring bouts was less than three thousand dollars. Then he returned to the wrestling game.

* * *

WILLIE starred as a wrestler some three years before he turned scrapper. He whipped Larry Temple and Young Peter Jackson and a few "white hopes" in Canada. Then he was knocked cuckoo a few times by Sam Langford. But anyway, he, aside from "Oom Paul," had the best luck of the grapplers in the fight ring.

Charley Cutler reversed the usual order of things. He abandoned the fight game for the wrestling sport and achieved distinction. Nor did he quit boxing because of any serious defeats. He was going strong when he decided the mat held the most interest.

Even Frank Gotch, the greatest wrestler of the century, felt the urge to get into the fighting game. He had the crazy idea he could whip Jim Jeffries, who at the time was champion. In preparation for this, he took on Steve O'Donnell, the Australian heavyweight. Steve smacked him so hard in the third round that Frank forgot to take any interest at all in the subsequent proceedings.

Undaunted, Gotch challenged Frank Slavin at a time when he and Slavin were in the Klondyke region of Alaska. Slavin hit him so fiercely in the second round that he was knocked entirely through the ropes and thereafter refused to come back to continue the dispute.

"I'm through," Gotch told the fans upon whose laps he had landed, when he came to his senses. "I don't know this game and I don't want to learn it. I'll henceforth stick to wrestling."

These few experiences of the really great wrestling men in the boxing ring would appear sufficient to prove that it is best for a man to stick to his own game. In other words, the best wrestlers seem to make the rottenest boxers. But if you're a rather cheesy grappler, you have a chance in the fighting end of sport.

Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 11)

of the country to advocate the study of the book by its official judges and referees. In fact, four states have already done so, and I have an assurance of three others that they likewise will recommend such study.

Without appearing as a braggart, I feel that every fight manager, boxer, second, referee and judge, and the various members of the boxing boards throughout the country, would do well to read and digest the contents of my book. If that were done, I feel confident there would soon be less dissatisfaction with the decisions rendered.

The book should be part of every boxing writer's library.

Smoketown Hits

(Continued from page 12)

sult, their charge is forced to remain idle more than is good for him.

Only a few days ago, Massare offered to meet Patsy Perroni and Ray Impelletiere, the six-foot seven-inch giant, but both declined. Ray's manager has repeatedly insisted that all the good boys are ducking his man, yet here, when he had an opportunity to pit Ray against Charley in what undoubtedly would be a real test of his boy's ability, he turned a deaf ear to the offer. Likewise Eddie Mead, manager of Perroni.

Massare's victories over Abie Feldman, Bob Olin, Joe Barlow, Tony Cancela, Juanito Olaguibel and knockouts over Arthur Huttick, Eddie Mader and Barney Baker indicate his class. All those lads are good fighters—not a set-up among them. Massare and Perroni stand out at this writing as the two outstanding heavyweight prospects in the country. Charley has two good hands, is a combination boxer and fighter and is a fearless battler.

Beell Passes

(Continued from page 20)

looked like a world-beater to Chicago promoters until he met Beell. Fred tossed him so quickly in two straight falls, that the Austrian was in a daze.

Then came John Lemm, a powerful grappler from Switzerland. Lemm was built like Beell, but had an advantage of twenty-five pounds in weight. Lemm made the fatal error of trying roughhouse tactics on the little Wisconsin wrestler, who picked him up and pitched him headfirst against a ring post with such force that the spectators were well on their way home before Lemm regained consciousness.

* * *

BEELL ranked with Gotch, and Farmer Burns for speed, skill and wrestling intelligence. He was amazingly strong for a little man and had the science of leverage down to an uncanny degree.

It was Beell, and not Strangler Lewis, who originated the headlock. Fred perfected what is known as the front headlock, or front chancery, obtained from a standing position while facing his opponent. He would clamp his right arm around his opponent's head and face, lock it with his left arm and then proceed to twist his adversary's head and neck until the latter gave up.

Many humorous stories have been told of how Beell used to blow into small towns, dressed as a "hick" and toting a carpet bag, allowing how he could "rassle" and beat the biggest and strongest men for side bets.

During his active career on the mat, Beell met and defeated such good men and noted wrestlers as Farmer Burns, Dan McLeod, Jim Parr, Ed Atherton, Gus Schoenlein, better known as "Americus," Charley Olsen, Henry Ordeman, Jess Westergaard, Dr. Roller, Charley Cutler, George Turner, Leo Pardello, John Rooney, the Chicago Gripman, Harvey Parker, Henry Irslinger, John Lemm, and last and of course, most important, Frank Gotch.

New York's New Rule

(*Continued from page 3*)

That ended the round (aside from ending the fight) in 2 minutes 20 seconds. Instantly, the house was in a great commotion. Some believed Choynski had won while others didn't know what had occurred. The referee rushed over to the timekeeper and demanded to know why the gong had been sounded. Dunn explained that according to his watch, McCoy had been down twelve seconds, and he rang the gong to announce that the fight was over.

White argued that it was his function to say whether or not a man was out and he insisted that Dunn ring the bell again, at the same time calling the timekeeper's attention to the fact that McCoy had risen at the count of ten. Dunn balked at ringing the gong again but did so after further argument and the men were ordered to continue fighting.

* * *

CHOYNSKI'S seconds were not by any means idle nor silent during the wrangle between referee and timekeeper. They were hurling charges about the place with such loudness only those at the elbows of the disputing officials could hear what the latter said.

When the battlers got to going again for the third round, Choynski sailed in to put the finishing touches on his man. They fought fast and furiously, reeling like drunken men as they lunged out at each other or staggered back under the impact of a blow. The crowd was in a fight lust frenzy.

First one and then the other of the pair went down and each time it looked to the spectators like the fallen man had taken his last trip to the boards. The spectacle continued until the gong sounded faintly, but clearly.

Simultaneously with the sound of the gong, McCoy shot a right hook to the jaw. The blow did not travel more than six inches, but it struck its mark with the trueness and force of a bullet from a gun. Choynski measured his length on the floor. The blow had come with the bell, but to many it looked as though it had followed the bell.

Cries of "foul" were heard from the ranks of the Choynski backers and the prevailing excitement was intense. McCoy, blood streaming from nose and mouth, had walked to his corner. Choynski had been picked up apparently unconscious and carried to his corner.

The shouts of the spectators, many of whom poured maledictions on the head of the referee, were continuing at full blast, but White remained unmoved and coolly stood through the ordeal.

One of Choynski's seconds rushed over to White as the latter stood leaning against the ropes.

"Choynski wins!" shouted the second.

"Choynski nothing!" retorted White. "Get him ready."

"But McCoy fouled him," the second persisted.

"There was no foul, that thing happens in every fight," returned White with calm decisiveness.

* * *

WHITE, accompanying the second to Choynski's corner where the battler lay seemingly unconscious, declared Joe would have to get up and fight or the decision would be given McCoy. The gong sounded for the fourth round. McCoy walked quickly to the center of the ring, while Choynski remained in his corner as though insensible to all that was going on about him.

Then the referee shouted to Choynski's seconds to send their man up. For answer, they threw in the sponge. That was the signal for a fresh outburst of yells. Every spectator in the house was on his feet—except one fan, a resident of New York City. He had died in his seat, the victim of heart disease.

A temporary lull in the tumult was brought about when I, as official announcer, let it be known McCoy had been declared winner.

So that was the cause which led to adoption of the judges for ring fights.

The plan under which the two additional ringside officials were to work was exactly what has just been adopted by the New York Commission. John Considine, who had charge of both the fights, introduced the change. The judges, appointed for the Smith-McConnell match, were to give a decision at the end of twenty-five rounds, which the bout was scheduled to go. In event of their disagreeing as to the winner, the referee was to give the decision.

That was the first time on record in New York or elsewhere in this country that a bout was to be decided by three men. As a matter of fact, the referee still continued to remain supreme so far as the handling of the mill was concerned within the squared ropes, but he was shorn of much of his power when the delivery of the verdict was removed from him unless the judges failed to agree. And that is the very system that has now returned to New York, a system, which from my long observation in the boxing game, has proved most satisfactory in the past and should be of tremendous help now in reviving interest in our grand old pastime.

George Considine let it be known through me, that he had adopted the new plan in deference to the wishes of many of his patrons who were dissatisfied with the previous decision, and that he had absolutely no fault to find with the rulings of White, the referee. For his experiment, he appointed as judges and aides to the referee, Sam C. Austin, then Sports Editor of the *Police Gazette* and John C. Boden, Sports Editor of the New York *Press*. The man for whom I am dictating this story, Nat Fleischer, later succeeded to the post vacated by Boden's successor, Jim Price, on the old Press, and now, in addition to publishing and editing THE RING, has taken over the same job held by Austin, Sports Editor of the new *Police Gazette*. Austin today is a judge of boxing in New York State.

* * *

THE first experiment, however, didn't turn out so good, because there was no need for the judges. The game Californian, McConnell, was knocked out in the twenty-second round, in one of the cleanest delivered haymakers I've ever seen, one that came thirty-seven seconds after the start of the round.

For that matter, the fight was a clean, well-fought battle from start to finish, in marked contrast to the hectic one of two weeks earlier in that same club. Both men sparred with skill, but Smith saw an opportune opening and being quick to take advantage of it, brought the scrap to a sudden end. Once or twice Smith resorted to tactics that caused murmurs of disapproval.

In the early betting, McConnell was a 10 to 8 favorite, but before they had gone four rounds, the odds were reversed and Smith followers were offering 10 to 8 that their man would win. Smith came in for a panning from the fans at several stages of the contest when he caught McConnell's hand while the Californian was hitting him with body blows. Smith seemed to do that instinctively rather than by conscious effort.

Only once did he hold and strike. On that occasion, he was warned by the referee. On the other hand, several times while he was holding McConnell's left, the Californian swung a hard right upon him. While Smith's clutching did his opponent no harm, it prejudiced the fans against Smith. In other respects, Smith fought a clean, hard and fast battle and showed he was equally proficient at long-range or short-arm fighting.

He took the lead from the start and held it until the end of the match. In the first round he had McConnell bleeding and in the fourth the Californian did little else than run around the ring with Smith in hot pursuit. The fifth round was an especially bad one for McConnell, but clever footwork and guarding saved him from several vicious blows and enabled him to get in a few left jabs and right swings.

* * *

IN the tenth round, McConnell went down in one of the corners, from contact with a stiff right to the jaw. He got up quickly and, rushing to one side of the referee, was on top of Smith before the latter knew he had regained his feet. Smith quickly shook him off and for the remainder of that session. McConnell was kept busy dodging blows.

In the fifteenth Smith again sent McConnell down, but, as before, McConnell was up in a trice and gamely fighting back. In the sixteenth he came up strong and appeared fresher than he had at the start of the fight. He cut the bridge of Smith's nose with a straight left and Smith breathed laboriously for the remainder of the round.

The eighteenth was one of the fastest rounds of the contest. A few seconds after the opening of that canto, Smith staggered the Californian with a right hook to the jaw. The blow, however, seemed to give fresh vigor to McConnell rather than weaken him, for he sprang at Smith and caught him with a straight right to the jaw that shook the "Mysterious" one from stem to stern. That had the effect of making Smith fight cautiously to the end of the round.

From the beginning of the nineteenth and until the knockdown, Smith played for the body of his adversary, and it was that constant battering to that section that resulted in McConnell bringing his guard down momentarily. It laid him open for the knockout.

At the time the latter blow was delivered, they were boxing in McConnell's corner; he on the defensive as he had been most of the time. He was fighting fast and carefully and it looked as though he was good to stay the twenty-five-round limit.

Then all of a sudden, McConnell's guard dropped just a trifle lower than he had been carrying it. Time and again Smith had shot a right to the jaw, only to have McConnell's guard block it or swerve it off its true course. But this time the hook got over the guard that was only a fraction of an inch lower.

McConnell dropped. White waved Smith to the latter's corner. The seconds of McConnell carried their man to his corner and by dint of brisk rubbing, brought him back to his senses more than ten seconds later.

Except for an abrasion on the nose, Smith showed no effects of his fight. McConnell's nose and lips were cut; an eye was badly discolored, and there was a large lump on his right temple, caused when his head hit the boards with a hard bang at the finish.

From Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page* 15)

got on our legs, his right foot struck my right knee.

"I heard three distinct little pops, like small corks being drawn, and I dropped to the floor, to lie there like a log. And there I had to remain for nearly six hours.

* * *

"MY friends could do nothing for me. In order to keep the mishap a secret, the only thing we could do was to stay in the gymnasium until night fell. Then they lifted me up, they put a long cloak belonging to Americus around me, and, when it was dark, two of them practically carried me home. I was hanging between them from their shoulders. They put me straight to bed.

"In the morning they took me to a surgeon—the one, I believe, who abstracted the bullet which killed President McKinley. He examined my knee, he X-rayed it, he bandaged it, and I was taken home again.

"The doctor visited me daily—sometimes he came twice a day—but my knee was dreadfully swollen. I had to put it into water almost too hot to bear, it was massaged, and every day it was bandaged, bound up, that is, with sticking plaster.

"But I felt I could not, must not, give up without a struggle. That much, at least, I owed to Jack Curley and to myself.

"So I faced newspapermen, I was photographed again and again, without any of my visitors suspecting what a state I was in, although my knee was so tightly bound that it was almost impossible for me to bend it.

"Not until the match was only a few days off did I venture into the gymnasium again. I wanted to make myself absolutely sure as to the condition of my knee. I asked Americus to go down on his knees.

"The moment I put any strain upon the knee, it was seized by pain a thousand times worse than toothache. It was hopeless. I got up and went back to my quarters.

"It was on the very day before the match that I found out what a really wonderful and great man Jack Curley was. He said: 'George, let us go for a drive.' We drove to a German beer garden, where we sat down.

"Remember that, in cash, Curley had more at stake in the match than either Gotch or myself. Then try to judge how my sympathy overflowed towards him when he actually advised me not to go on with it!

"'George, do as you like,' he said, 'but this means a lot to you. You have been put to a great deal of expense. One never knows what might happen if you get all right again. Even if you couldn't meet Gotch, you might meet another man and prove yourself as good as ever.

"'I don't wish to influence you in any way, but if you don't think it right to go on with the match, don't do it. Whatever you decide, my opinion of you will always be just the same.'

* * *

"ALL these things, with recollections of the man's unfailing kindness to me, his unhesitating belief in me as a wrestler, passed through my mind before I answered.

"Perhaps I gave the wrong reply. Perhaps I ought to have tried to avoid defeat by saying: 'Call it off.'

"The morning of the second encounter with Gotch, I was attended to by all my friends and helpers. Four lengths of sticking plaster were stretched all along my leg from almost the hip to the ankle. Four lengths of sticking plaster were stretched crosswise. The knee joint was then bound in twenty feet of rubber bandage, three inches wide. I had intended to wrestle bare-legged, but I could not reveal my state to my opponent and the public, so I put on a pair of long, green drawers which Dr. Roller lent me. So far as I knew, not a whisper of my accident had reached the Gotch crowd.

"In that state I arrived at the dressing-room and waited for the signal to enter the ring. What my thoughts were then I can hardly tell you, but I know they dwelt for a long time upon Jack Curley.

"Suddenly the door opened, and Jack came in. He said, 'George, according to our contract, I have to pay you your money beforehand, and here it is.' He handed me a great wad of notes, which I passed to Koch to hold for me.

"Koch said, 'George, you have no right to go on. I can't take the money. I refuse to do so. You must postpone the match until another time.'

"But there was not a voice within me that would have persuaded me to withdraw and let Curley down. So I handed the money back to Curley and asked him to give it to me after the match was over.

"Then someone came and whispered to me that the Gotch crowd knew all about my condition, and that they and their friends were betting heavily to make easy money. This was very unpleasant to me.

"The signal came. I went towards the ring, hiding my condition as well as I could. I stepped on to a chair, and then pulled my damaged limb on to the platform after me. It was quite a job to climb into the ring. Then I sat down in my corner, with Gotch in his, and the referee in the center.

"Next I stood up and said to the referee, 'Please call all the bets off.' The referee refused to do so. I said, 'If you don't do it, I walk out of the ring.' When he saw that I was determined, he did as I wished.

"Then I gave Gotch his satisfaction. I don't think there is much to be said about the wrestling. I stood on one foot and we got to grips.

"Even then, crippled though I was, he could not get me down to the knees by himself. But my state was such that I could only end the whole dreary business myself. I went down twice, but not as the result of any effort by Frank Gotch, though I tried not to let the people see what was happening. I lost two falls, and went back to my dressing-room."

Thus we have Hackenschmidt's own story of how he lost the match. Hackenschmidt is now living in London, where he is the physical culture director to members of Parliament.

Happy Days Are On Their Way

(*Continued from page* 5)

lost his title to Tunney in the Sesquicentennial Bowl in Philadelphia on the night of September 23, 1926, the figure being $1,895,733. That was a new high, but it was not to stand for long.

After knocking out Jack Sharkey in New York on July 21, 1927, before a gathering that represented $1,083,530 at the box office, Dempsey moved on to Chicago for another brawl with Tunney on September 22 of the same year. The records put the attendance for that fight at 104,923, with the receipts amounting to $2,658,660.

No, even with the complete success of the N.R.A. drive we are not likely to have such gates in boxing again, but we can have the sport in a healthy and prosperous state if only all those in it will tear a leaf from the national program and earn the right to share in the prosperity that is coming to the country in general.

At the present writing, Jack Dempsey stands out as the foremost figure in boxing. His presence in the field as a promoter would give the sport the showman necessary to lift the sock market out of the doldrums with the aid of the "N.R.A." Next to Jack, stands Col. Kilpatrick, the new Garden leader. The Colonel is a fine chap, a man of great personality, and with him at the helm in the House That Tex Built, it looks like the Garden will again be on the map in a big way fistically. All hands are voting for his success.

WANTED

Old boxing relics—particularly woven portraits of famous fighters and the colors of fighters (silk handkerchiefs), other than those of Sullivan and Kilrain.

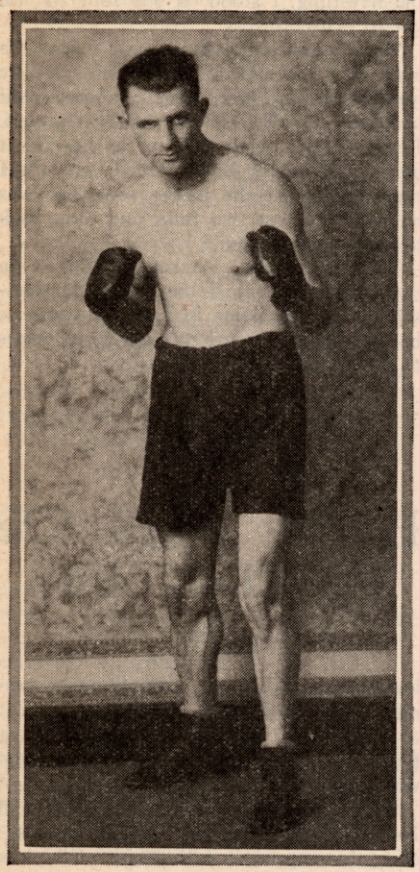
NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING
Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City

Australian Billy Murphy

(Continued from page 27)

rounds, of which the first fifteen were real old-time fighting, the bout was decided a draw, and the contestants split the purse of $1,250.

At the close of the fifteenth round, up



Joe Coffman, Buffalo welterweight, now fighting in the Northwest.

to which time the fighting had been of the most desperate kind, it was found that Billy had broken his right hand. After that, the scrapping was little and resembled a marathon more than a boxing bout. At the close of the fortieth period, it was decided that the bout should be stopped and continued when Billy's hand was in better condition.

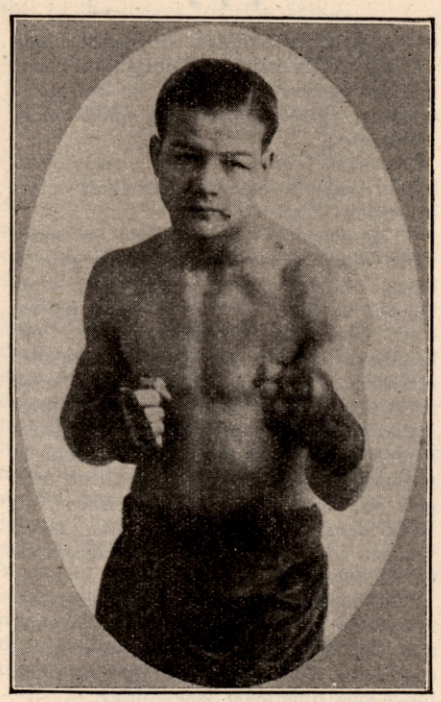
Murphy met Tommy White, the old-time lightweight, who had more long draws than any other fighter who ever lived, at the California Athletic Club on December 28, 1892, and true to Tommy's luck, his battle with the Australian ended in a draw—or rather, no contest after thirty-two rounds.

Murphy, as usual, went after his man at a great clip, bringing his right around in the manner of a wood-chopper. He missed the mark over and over again, and when he lunged out at White's ribs with his right, he accompanied each assault with a grunt that might have been heard a block away. Tommy seemed nervous, and tried hard to keep away from the hot-headed Antipodean.

In the second round, White caught Billy with a swinging right hander on the back of the neck, and our hero went to the floor. There were cheers for White, and they increased when Billy hung his head and listened to the referee count nine. He appeared to be seriously hurt. However, he was only feigning grogginess, which was an old trick of his, so there were a few jeers when he rushed to his feet at the count of ten and started in like a tornado. He landed on Tommy's cheek with his right, but took a left to the wind in return. Murphy followed with a couple other left hooks, and White went to his knees to avoid them. The round closed.

At the beginning of the third round, the referee raised his hand and said that he had decided to call all bets off. Just where he got the idea that he could do any such thing is, like many strange happenings in Murphy's career, unexplainable.

Murphy gazed at the referee stupidly for a few minutes, and then tore into Tommy as though he intended to wipe him off the face of the earth. He went at it in windmill fashion, and White fled like a startled deer. Murphy kept up this assault with little



Freddie Miller, the N.B.A. featherweight king, who has been winning with regularity.

check until the thirteenth round when White kicked through with a hard smash to the nose that started that organ bleeding and disconcerted the Australian.

Tommy tried to finish the fight in the fourteenth round. He reached Murphy's face a good many times and Billy clinched. Then suddenly White desisted and Murphy began to swing viciously and aimlessly. Finding he could not reach White's head in a manner that would hurt, he turned his attack to the stomach, and from then on until the twenty-eighth the fighting was of the same nature. It was then that the referee announced that he would allow but four more rounds. True to his word, at the close of the thirty-second period, he stopped the mill and declared it no contest.

Then came a furious seven-round bout with Johnny Griffin, whom the Australian had knocked out in three rounds four years previous. But the dope took the proverbial "flop" and Billy was finished in the seventh. The fight took place at the California Athletic Club in San Francisco on February 6, 1893.

Murphy then came East and beat up a few set-ups who were procured for him. In his bout with Jack Grace, who was a fighter of the better class, the police interfered in the third round and stopped the bout.

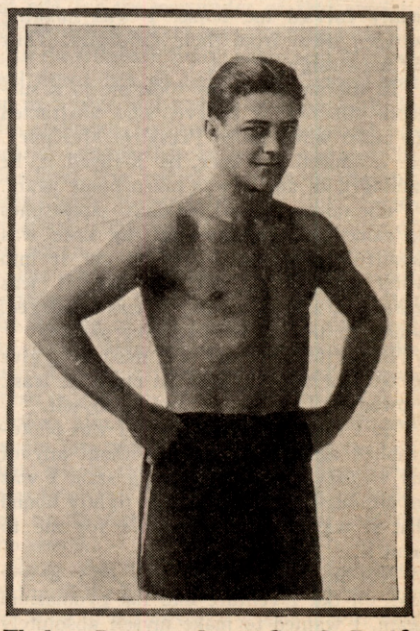
The following December, Murphy met Ike Weir whom he had knocked out on his previous visit to this country, in Boston, Mass., and again the tables were turned, for the "Belfast Spider" trimmed the Australian in five rounds. Ike had the fight all the way from the start, getting in blows to Murphy so fast and so frequently that he was bewildered.

Billy resorted to rushing tactics in the fourth round and gave the "Spider" one straight left, and a right to the body made Weir hesitate. The fifth and last round was full of rushes and vicious infighting. Near the close, Weir got Murphy going to the ropes, and as the latter ducked and sidestepped, he received an awful right-hand uppercut to the jaw that sent him through the ropes to the floor. Billy was out.

George Dixon took his measure on December 15, 1893, at Paterson, N. J., in three rounds, when the police again stopped the party. Although Murphy didn't have much of an opportunity to prove he was second to "Little Chocolate," owing to the brevity of the bout, the chances were against him.

On May 7, 1894, he lost the third time to Griffo in eight rounds at Boston, Mass.

Three more years saw the Australian in the rings of America, but he never did anything more of much importance, and finally, near the close of 1897, he dropped out of sight.



Wesley Ramey, clever Grand Rapids lightweight, conqueror of Tony Canzoneri, who is campaigning in the East.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

George Hoyle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Would Steinke stand a chance against Sonnenberg, Savoldi, George, McMillen and Sherry?

A.—Yes, very much so. He is one of the seven ranking wrestlers of the world.

A Reader, Brooklyn

Q.—Was there ever a heavyweight contender named Eddie Civil?

A.—He was not a contender, but a fair heavyweight, who lived in Pittsburgh only a few years ago.

Q.—Where should I write for a copy of the New York boxing rules?

A.—Write to Bert Stand, New York Boxing Board, Worth and Lafayette Streets, New York City.

Leonard Evans, Portland, Ore.

Q.—What is meant by the seven-point scoring system?

A.—Candidly, I don't know. I never heard of it. It probably refers to points awarded for clean hitting, aggressiveness, defensiveness, ring generalship. Perhaps someone reading this will write and tell us exactly what the system is.

A Reader, Leicester, Eng.

Q.—What are the measurements of Vince Dundee and Jackie Fields?

A.—Dundee: Weight, 159; height, 5 feet 9 inches; waist, 31; chest, 38; expanded, 41; biceps, 13; forearm, 12; wrist, 7¼; neck, 15; ankle, 10, and thigh, 21. Fields: Weight, 147; height, 5 feet 9 inches; reach, 70; chest, 37; expanded, 40; waist, 29½; thigh, 19; calf, 13; forearm, 10½; neck, 15; wrist, 6½; ankle, 9½; biceps, 12.

Tatsuo Matsumato, Honolulu, T. H.

Q.—Which is the better course, the Jowett or Atlas? Is the Dowell course a strengthening one? How about the Keller course?

A.—Both are good. I cannot decide for you. You must make your own choice. Why not take both? The Dowell physical training course is a good one. His exercises are well arranged. The Keller muscle-building course is also a good one. He is a former Jowett pupil and knows his business.

J. McGarrity, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Could Wolcott have beaten Lavigne at his natural weight? Is it true that Wolcott was weak in making the weight? What other fighters beat Wolcott?

A.—Wolcott would have undoubtedly whipped Lavigne, with both fighting at their natural weights. Wolcott was handicapped greatly in weight-making. During his career he was beaten by Teddy Kelly, Mike Harris, Tommy West, George Lavigne, Billy Smith, Tommy West, George Gardner, Sandy Ferguson, Dixie Kid, Honey Mellody (twice), Mike Donovan, Jimmy Gardner, Charley Hitte, Bartley Connelly, Bill McKinnon, Kyle Whitney, Tom Sawyer, and was kayoed by Kid Broad and Young Peter Jackson.

Inquisitive

Q.—I am sixteen years old and weigh 135 pounds. I am 5 feet 10½ inches tall. What will my weight and height be at the age of 20? How can I gain weight? How would you rate these wrestlers: Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Londos, Lewis and Browning? Is it better to have a short, stocky arm with plenty of punch or long arms?

A.—You will be well over the six-foot mark and will probably hit the scales at 175 pounds. Steady exercise and watching your food will put on weight. Hackenschmidt, Gotch, Lewis, Londos and Browning. It all depends whether you want to be a wrestler or fighter. Wrestlers are better developed with short, stocky arms, and boxers enjoy the reach with their long arms.

Victor Vogt, New York City

Q.—My measurements are: Chest, 37 inches; neck, 14¾; biceps, 11¾; calf, 13½; height, 5 feet 7½; ankle, 10; thigh, 20½; forearm, 11, and waist, 29 inches. Am I well built for a fighter? I like the game but don't know how to get started.

A.—Your measurements are well proportioned. Join an amateur boxing club and get "How to Box" and "Training for Boxers" from "The Ring" Book Shop.

Constant Reader, Jamaica, N. Y.

Q.—I am a young man, 23 years of age. I have an exceptionally fine body build, but a very fat face. Can you tell me how to reduce this, and the cause of it?

A.—Steady facial massaging will reduce it. This is caused from excessive fat glands.

Notice to Our Readers

Readers of "The Ring" from foreign lands requesting an answer to their queries, should send with their letter an international postage coupon. These will be exchanged in this country for the postage required. American readers must enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for an answer.

Harry Trenckman, Jersey City

Q.—Is there a good gymnasium in New York where wrestling is taught?

A.—Yes, Bothner's Gymnasium at 226 West 42nd Street. He is by far the best teacher of wrestling in America.

Wilbur Atkinson, Demopolis, Ala.

Q.—What did Bob Fitzsimmons weigh at his best?

A.—About 157 pounds.

Q.—I am 15 years old and weigh 115 pounds. What should my chest development and waist be?

A.—33 inches. 27½ inches.

Q.—Was there a fighter named V. Heath?

A.—Never heard of him.

A reader from E. Orange, N. J.

Q.—How did Battling Siki rate as a fighter?

A.—He must have been very good to win the championship in the light-heavyweight division from Georges Carpentier.

Q.—Does he rate a writeup?

A.—Yes. Some day we will get to him.

Thomas Maloney, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Q.—Where should a referee place himself during the intermission in a fight?

A.—He should go to a neutral corner.

Q.—Is there any harm in a referee greeting a friend at the ringside during intermission in a bout?

A.—There certainly is. A referee should absolutely refrain from doing any talking to anyone during a contest other than to the chief seconds or the boxers.

A Steady Reader

Q.—In your opinion who would win a fight, both being in the prime, between Bob Fitzsimmons and Sam Langford; between Packy McFarland and Benny Leonard?

A.—Such questions are matters of opinion. Some persons judge a fighter's ability according to cleverness, others according to aggressiveness and still others according to the slugging ability. Then again a fighter may be judged on a combination of these assets. Therefore, you will see how a variation of opinion affects the choice. In my opinion I would select Fitzsimmons and Leonard.

Annette Johnson, Akron, Ohio

Q.—Are there any Amateur Athletic Union wrestling tournaments for women? If so, where and when?

A.—No, Annette, I am sorry but as I have told other of my girl readers in the past, the A.A.U. does not sanction girl events in wrestling nor in boxing. Why not organize a little club of your own and stage wrestling among yourselves?

S. F. Monayhan, Charlestown, P.E.D., Canada

Q.—What were the chief victories and defeats of Harry Wills?

A.—I am sorry but there are so many that I would have to name, that space will not permit. Suffice it to say that his greatest defeat was at the hands of Jack Sharkey to whom he lost on a foul. He was knocked out by Sam Langford in 14 and in 19 rounds and he beat Sam McVey in 12, Sam Langford in 20 and knocked out Sam McVey in 5, Sam Langford in 6 and Jeff Clark in 5.

Q.—Who is the Canadian wrestling champion?

A.—Henri De Glane.

Q.—How would he figure against Londos and Browning?

A.—Close matches, with Londos and Browning probable winners.

Q.—Was there ever a fighter named Gus Martel? Was he the knockout artist he claims to be?

A.—Yes, there is such a fellow. He runs a boxing course by mail. He was the amateur champion of Chicago many years ago and rolled up a big knockout list.

Q.—Was Stanley Poreda ever a sparring partner of Max Schmeling?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Does chinning the bar affect the heart?

A.—No.

Q.—What exercises would you recommend for developing a mighty chest?

A.—Take chest exercises. See "Training for Boxers" and Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing course.

Q.—Could a person become a good fighter who has acquired bulky muscles?

A.—Yes.

Helen Tremont, Binghamton, N. Y.

Q.—How can I develop the muscles of my calves?

A.—You can develop them by means of bending exercises, rowing, swimming, and general leg exercises.

J. Smith, Manhattan

Q.—How can a person obtain a wrestler's or boxer's license in New York?

A.—Apply to the State Athletic Commission, State Building, Centre Street, New York City.

Q.—How old was Bob Fitzsimmons when he won the title?

A.—37 years old.

Q.—If a person has been an inmate of a state hospital where he was sent for excessive drinking, but has now been discharged, can he obtain such a license?

A.—Yes, the law only places a ban upon persons who have been sentenced for a felony.

Letters from Our Readers

One hundred letters per day on an average are received by THE RING *editor from all parts of the world. Each month he will select those carrying the greatest amount of public interest and they will be published on these pages. Send me your opinion. Your criticism is invited.—Editor's note.*

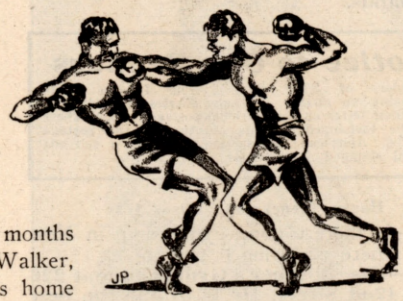
As a constant reader of THE RING, allow me to offer you my best wishes for its continued success and the hope that it will always live up to the high standard it has set in the past. It is a great pleasure to see how worthily you have taken on the Herculean task of keeping and always keeping before the public the point that, "Sport must be kept clean for Sport's sake." Every boxing and wrestling fan who has its good at heart will fully understand your commendable efforts in this direction.

Again wishing THE RING every success in its every effort,

W. GORDON WARREN,
Newfoundland.

Though we are not well supplied with your publication in this country, the members that do come in here are quickly snapped up. THE RING is considered a splendid magazine by the sports of New Zealand. Boxing has been at a fairly low ebb for some time here, but whenever a good fight is staged, there is always a good house. A good feather- or lightweight is always sure of making money here.

Some years ago Pete Sarron was in this country and he certainly had no cause to regret his trip. He would be very welcome in either Australia or New Zealand at present. Young Stribling passed through here on his way to Australia and gave a training-sparring exhibition in Auckland.



Jack Renault, who was in Australia some months ago, stayed in this country with George Walker, the Canadian wrestler, who has made his home in Auckland. Renault, on his return from Australia, stayed in Auckland for a few months and had one fight in New Zealand. He was beaten on points in fifteen rounds by our heavyweight champion, Alan Campbell.

Wrestling goes very big here during the winter, and invariably draws good houses. George Walker of Canada is wonderfully popular down this way, and it is a great pity we are not visited by matmen sufficiently good to extend him.

Sports in America might be interested to learn that Billy Murphy, once featherweight champion of the world, is a resident here in Auckland and doesn't carry any more weight than he did in the days when he was the king of all featherweight punchers. Every good wish for your continued success,

SYD. BARCLAY,
Auckland, New Zealand.

I am sending this little item in regard to the dangers of fighting with the head down, which, if published, I think would aid young boxers. I have often seen fighters who are mentally deficient or punch-drunk, the dread of every boxer, yet have never seen an article anywhere on how best to avoid getting into such condition. It is my opinion, from my own experience, that the present style of fighting, with the head down, an imitation of the Jack Dempsey weave-in style, is responsible for the many punch-drunk cases on view today.

It is that imitation, for that is all it is, that causes novices to be banged over the head and neck until they lose their senses. When a boxer weaves or fights in a crouching position, with his head down, he leaves no opening for an opponent's blow other than on the top of the head or the back of the neck. Now any boxer knows that he cannot knock an opponent out with a blow over the head. His chances of breaking his own hands are too great, hence he doesn't attempt it. That is why he invariably turns to the use of the rabbit punch to straighten his rival's head.

Those continued punches on the neck, base of skull or behind the ears are what bring on the punch-drunk condition. Of course, there are exceptions, as in the case of Dempsey, a naturally weaving fighter, but how many can copy Jack's style and get away with it, without suffering the consequences? I venture to say, very few.

Now the way for a beginner to avoid getting into a punch-drunk condition, is to take up the Jim Corbett or Loughran style of fighting. He should learn to box in an upright position first, and stick to that style until he has mastered the technique of boxing and the science to such an extent that he can then adapt himself to the change of style without endangering his health by inviting clouts that he should be able to avoid. He should avoid hard punches by the use of his feet and the clever manipulations of his hands.

He should learn how to feint his opponent off balance. Too many boys today do not even know the meaning of the word feint. If boxers would follow this advice there would be less butting and eye cuts. It is only the weaving, ducking boxer, the crude stylist, who butts his opponent with the head and brings on severe cuts that often result in the halting of a bout.

In my twenty-five years of experience I have seldom seen a boxer cut over the eye from a punch. Most have come from butting. Avoid the head-down come-on style and you will avoid injury to yourself.

GEORGE "KID" ROSS,
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Permit a Britisher to throw a bouquet.

I have been a regular reader of THE RING for some two years and I enjoy it immensely. From beginning to end, it is full of interest, humor and intelligence, while the "Question Box" is in a class by itself—the photographs are exceptionally good.

By the way, how the science of wrestling has decayed since the days of the great George Hackenschmidt. Almost coincidental with Gotch's toe hold, which never was nor will be a proper hold to my mind—so wrestling began to decline from its high estate.

Incidentally, Bob Fitzsimmons, who is so often described as of Australia, went to New Zealand from Cornwall and this country is no more like Australia than Canada is like the U. S. A.

Here's dipping the beak,

H. M. AUESFIELD,
London, England.

I read your account of the Baer-Schmeling fight and I beg to differ with you on your opinion of Baer, according to your write-up.

I cannot understand why you, of all the boxing experts, should try to take any credit away from Baer, by making alibis for Schmeling. What is your object? Even though you picked Schmeling to win, you were not alone in your selection, but you are alone in your writeup.

You attribute Schmeling's downfall to his physical condition inside. How do you know anything about his physical condition inside? Did he tell you?

Do you mean to say that you based your writing on this one point, which you do not know to be a fact?

You write that Baer is nothing but a crude slugger. Was Dempsey nothing but a crude slugger? Don't you realize that Baer did not have to use any boxing tactics when he fought Schmeling?

Max Baer has fought the best of the heavyweights of today, not including Carnera—*the superman*. He won his fights. He has not been knocked off of his feet in four years. Yet you write this

article, telling what kind of a fighter Baer is, when practically the whole "fighting" world knows.

But Carnera, the physical freak, the man who was defeated by Poreda, and others, the man who has not won a decent fight in his whole career, except Sharkey, is a superman. Why? Because he defeated the late Ernie Schaaf by a K. O., and he later died! That is why he is a superman! Schaaf, as you know and everyone else knows, who is acquainted with boxing, never got over the licking he took from Baer.

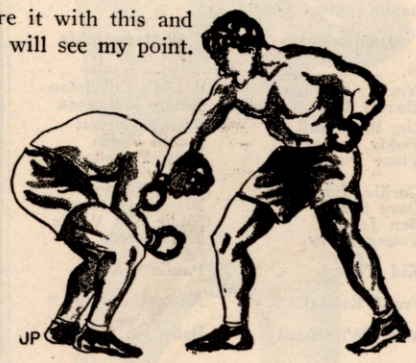
Baer is an ordinary fighter although he has defeated the best of the present heavyweights, but Carnera who is so muscle-bound that the only way he can put any steam into his punch is to get next to the man he is fighting, and who hasn't defeated anyone except Sharkey and Schaaf, is a superman. (Of course, Carnera has defeated more men than these two, but they were fourth and fifth raters. They did not class with the men Baer beat to gain his shot at Schmeling.) Also you predicted Carnera would be champion two years ago, in this month's issue, and in last month's issue, you picked Sharkey to win because of his experience.

You wrote in last month's issue that the Jews would not support the Baer-Schmeling fight on account of the trouble in Germany. Are you also a Hitlerite?

Please read this over carefully and compare it with this and last month's issues of The Ring! I hope you will see my point.

I hope to hear from you at once in regards to this.

Nathan Poliakoff,
Lancaster, S. C.



Have just read your August issue and note that Dick Griffin of Ft. Worth has thanked you for your cooperation in helping us to get over the boxing bill in this state. I think that you can consider Dick's letter an expression from hundreds of others who also appreciated your efforts. Plans for establishment of boxing in Texas are under way in every center. Our commissioner, Jack Flynn, is a real "regular guy" and we believe his administration of the sport will be satisfactory to all.

I am enclosing a picture of a big boy that came to town from a cotton farm last year, feeling that he had what it takes to be a contender. His name is Malish. He has worked faithfully under the tutelage of Bill Davee and "Speedy" Davis and has had no difficulty in taking care of himself during the first six fights he had. His longest bout ended in the middle of the third round—he occupied the neutral corner during the counts in all of his fights. I realize that he has not met any boys who have really put him to the test, but he has been kept out of the spotlight and trained carefully until now and we hope to have an opportunity to give him a chance to do his stuff. You'll hear from him, mark my words.

Maybe I am all hopped up but I really believe you will hear from this boy through the sports columns within the next few months. In the meantime keep up the good work in The Ring. It has the place of honor right next to my medical journals—sometimes I think maybe I should let it rest for a while and pay a little more attention to the latter.

Trusting that I have not worried you with too much palaver and that we shall have occasion for correspondence in the future, I am,

Yours for clean ring sports,

C. D. Henry, M. D.,
2924 W. Commerce St.,
San Antonio, Texas.

Ever since January I have bought The Ring and want to tell you now that it is the most interesting magazine on the market. Besides being interesting it contains clean and wholesome reading matter.

At the first of the year I started a sports' scrapbook and all articles of The Ring went into this book and it has settled numerous arguments about various boxers and wrestlers.

A group of amateurs could put on a much squarer and fairer wrestling match, than the Columbus promoter, Al Haft, does when he presents his cards in our city.

Both Ed Beardsley and Jack Tibbats who call themselves referees, could well invest $1 in your book of the duties of a referee and judge. They remind you of Rip Van Winkle still in his twenty years of sleep.

The N. W. A. should have a good house cleaning in our city and suspend the two mentioned referees, and promoters and all the crooked wrestlers.

All the good, clean wrestlers don't get a chance to show what they can do when they go in to meet John Pesek, because they have their instructions before they go into the ring and they must let Pesek win.

Why must they always frame these matches? Why not let Pesek win on the level? I'm quite sure there are quite a few capable of beating him if they were permitted to do so.

I hope the persons mentioned above see this and change their tactics.

Edna B. Breitenstein,
2115 Fulton Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

I am writing you a few lines to compliment you on your commendable work in carrying The Ring through the last few trying years. You have worked hard to give the fans a reliable publication, and your efforts have resulted in noteworthy success. Other sporting pamphlets have appeared at various times, but not one has attained the heights of popularity that The Ring now possesses. Never an issue late; never one suspended. That's a record of which you may well feel proud.

I am going to take the liberty to offer two suggestions that I feel might benefit your magazine. One is that you run a page of action photos of current fights. In almost every issue you have a photo of some recent match, but if you could take, perhaps, the three foremost matches of the month, and print them on a separate page I think the fans would find a great deal of enjoyment in this section of the magazine. You might also include a brief résumé of the matches, stating the location, attendance, receipts, etc.

My other suggestion is that you dedicate a page each month to the month's foremost prospect. You could give a bit of the lad's history, his style, his most important bouts, and other information that might enable the fans to gain a more thorough knowledge of the fighter's ability.

Wishing you the best of luck, and hoping that these suggestions might prove helpful, I remain,

James Boerst,
Jamestown, N. Y.

I am a most ardent admirer and follower of The Ring. The stand which it takes in upholding professional boxing is merely a throwback of your bulldog determination for a cleaner and improved boxing. It praises the good; it attempts to avoid the bad. It takes a real deep interest in boxing, more so than any other magazine that covers any one particular branch of sports. That is why I admire The Ring.

However, I am a follower of amateur boxing, more so than with the professional, and since I have familiarized myself with The Ring, I have never seen an article in it pertaining to amateur boxing. The thing that hurts, is that although amateur boxing is the only true relation to professional boxing, it is curtailed for wrestling. This gives an impression that The Ring is only for professionals. Come, let's have a page or two on the amateurs.

Ralph Weinstein,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

IT looked like an old-time revival during the month of August, with the return of the headliners in action. Plenty of surprises were sprung and everything augured well for the art of boxing. Patsy Perroni captured the headlines in the heavyweight group by stepping into New York and giving Isadoro Gastanaga a lesson in the art of boxing. Perroni looks like a great prospect. Johnny Risko came through with another of his surprises when he hammered out a clean-cut victory over Tommy Loughran. John Henry Lewis repeated his victory over Maxey Rosenbloom, but the light-heavyweight title was not at stake. Lou Brouillard and Teddy Yarosz established themselves as serious menaces in the middleweight division through their sterling feats. Brouillard disposed of Ben Jeby in seven rounds to win the New York crown, and Yarosz cleanly outpointed Vince Dundee, New Jersey's leading contender. Young Casanova scored a five-round knockout over Young Tommy, while Midget Wolgast whipped Pete Sanstol among the outstanding battles of the month.

In the heavyweight division, Perroni's feat of whipping Gastanaga and Loughran's defeat at the hands of Risko were the chief items of interest. Young Stribling scored over George Neron. Unknown Winston kayoed Marty Fox in six rounds. Hans Birkie scored over Frankie Edgren but was beaten by Abie Feldman. Paul Cavalier whipped Les Kennedy. Tiger Jack Fox outpointed Humberto Arce.

Eddie Simms disposed of Billy Owens in the first round, and defeated Joe Doctor. Arturo Godoy kayoed Mateo Osa in seven rounds. Dewey Kimrey disposed of Ted Sandwina in the seventh session. Charley Belanger won over Buck Everett and Sunny Jim McVey. Tony Galento drew with Don Petrin. Tony Cancela defeated Harry English. K. O. Christner was beaten by Benny Miller and Tom Patrick. Arthur Huttick won from Tommy De Stefano. Corn Griffin defeated Battling Bozo. Tuffy Griffiths kayoed Al Keegan in eight and Dynamite Jackson finished Andy Mitchell in seven rounds.

Maxey Rosenbloom, aside from the defeat at the hands of Lewis, disposed of K. O. Christner in six rounds. Joe Knight scored over Joe Banovic, Banovic whipped Jack Charvez. Tony Shucco whipped Lee Ramage. Bob Olin won from Sam Portney and drew with Al Gainer. Gordon Fortenberry kayoed Martin Levandowski in the first session. Young Firpo kayoed Dave Humes in two rounds. Al Stillman scored over Pietro Corri while Trader Horn won from Eddie Carr.

Brouillard's kayo over Jeby and Yarosz's defeat of Dundee present the middleweight division with two welcome additions to the class. Yarosz also whipped Al Rossi and disposed of Freddy Polo in five rounds. Dundee kayoed Danny Devlin in the sixth round. Gorilla Jones was disqualified in the tenth round of his bout with Vearl Whitehead and then drew with him in another engagement. Kid Tunero whipped Francois Besneux.

Sammy Slaughter kayoed Soldier Ketchell in three rounds, Jack King in six and was beaten by Roy Williams. Norman Conrad won from Marty Sampson. Johnny Nelson kayoed George Courtney in the first round. Paul Pirrone kayoed Johnny Burns in one round and was beaten by Tony Dominquez. Rene De Vos whipped Ben Tahar. Vincent Sereci won from Bucky Lawless. Solly Krieger scored over Al Diamond. Kid Leonard whipped Freddy Heinz and Henry Firpo. Firpo defeated Bud Saltis.

Kid Azteca, Mexican aspirant, made some strides to gain entrance into the front line of welterweight contenders. He kayoed Meyer Grace in four rounds and Cerefino Garcia in eight. Paulie Walker whipped Lew Halper. Andy Callahan scored over Nap Proulx. Baby Joe Gans whipped Jackie Aldare. Frankie Petrolle was beaten by Billy Hogan and kayoed by Freddy Steele in three rounds. King Tut disposed of Eddie Ran in four sessions. Tracey Cox defeated Lou Avery and kayoed Rudy Mendezes in four rounds and Emory Lance in one.

Billy Wallace defeated Eddie Shapiro, Paola Villa and kayoed Lew Raymond in three rounds. Raymond drew with Harry Carlton. Ray Kiser whipped Battling Shaw and Eddie Flynn. Battling Battalino kayoed Benny Whittler in two rounds but was beaten by Phil Rafferty. Phil also defeated Mickey White. Rufus Miles kayoed Tug Phillips in six rounds and lost to Frankie Hughes. Sammy Mandell was beaten by Tommy Bland and scored a kayo over Bud Jennings in four rounds. Manuel Quintero won over Eddie McKenna. Buster Brown whipped Young Firpo and drew with Frankie Carlton. Ronnie Headley disposed of Pete Petrolle in seven rounds. Carmen Knapp drew with Jimmy McNamara. Joey Goodman whipped Toots Bashara.

Barney Ross, newly crowned lightweight leader, disposed of Johnny Farr in the sixth round of an overweight match. Jack Portney defeated Eddie Shapiro and Emil Rossi and was kayoed by Benny Bass in two rounds. Steve Haliako whipped Cocoa Kid and Wesley Ramey. Ramey drew with Jimmy Leto, while Cocoa Kid whipped Young Firpo. Young Peter Jackson defeated Billy Townsend and kayoed Ah Wing Lee in four rounds. Harry Dublinsky kayoed Frank Bojorski in seven rounds and Charley Baxter in four. Baxter disposed of Jimmy Reilly in nine sessions.

Kid Chocolate is still parading around Europe with his featherweight title. He defeated Francois Machtens in Spain in an overweight match. Seaman Watson scored over Benny Sharkey. Jackie Wilson whipped Ernie Ratner. Georgie Hansford, a newcomer from the Pacific Coast, stepped into the elite circle by whipping Little Sison, scoring a seven-round knockout over Vidal Gregario and beating Andy Bundy. Gregario whipped Al Greenfield. Johnny Pena defeated Claude Varner and stopped Bobby Gray in eight rounds. Varias Milling was beaten by Pete De Grasse and Vernon Cormier and the latter two drew in their battle. Petey Sarron drew with Eddie Burl.

Lew Feldman scored over Jerry Mazza but was beaten by Charley Bedami. Maurice Holtzer won on a foul in three rounds from Vittorio Tamagnini. Petey Hayes stopped Frankie Covelli in five rounds and won over Danny Rosen. Albert Ladou and Roger Bernard split two decisions. Mike Belloise whipped Al Gillette and drew with Lew Farber. Jackie Sharkey won from Bobby Jahrend and Johnny Fitzpatrick. Paul Dazzo scored over Art Donovan.

Casanova turned in the most important bantamweight victory with his five-round kayo over Young Tommy. Tommy disposed of Rudolfo Teglia in two rounds. Speedy Dado won over Johnny Yasui. Pete Sanstol whipped Pete De Grasse. Lew Farber won over Jimmy Martin. Little Pancho drew with Gene Bianca and Harry Fierro. Fierro was beaten by Little Dempsey. Tommy Rogers stopped Tommy Hyams in five rounds and drew with Arly Hollingsworth. Joe Tieken drew with Billy McLeod. Ernie Maurer disposed of Lloyd Bennett in three rounds. Mose Butch kayoed Eddie Pucci in six rounds and whipped Tony Tassi. Jimmy Thomas scored over Johnny Mitchell.

Bobby Wolgast turned in a great victory in whipping Pete Sanstol. Fred Bebbington was beaten by Ginger Foran and Percy Dexter. Dexter also whipped Bert Kirby. Jackie Brown lost on a foul to Mickey McGuire in seven rounds. Bert Kirby lost on a foul to Herbie Hill in nine rounds and defeated Willie Smith. Valentin Anglemann kayoed Aubry in six rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Small Montano, Philippine Islands.
Bantamweight—Tony Passaro, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Featherweight—Johnny Keller, Montreal, Canada.
Lightweight—Davey Day, Chicago, Ill.
Welterweight—Izzy Jannazzo, New York City.
Middleweight—Johnny Nelson, Syracuse, N. Y.
Light-Heavyweight—Harry Boidy, Baltimore, Md.
Heavyweight—Frank Wolanski, Utica, N. Y.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

These are my ratings for the month ending August 23:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion	World's Champion	World's Champion	World's Champion
Primo Carnera	Maxey Rosenbloom	Marcel Thil	Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	John Henry Lewis	Lou Brouillard	Young Corbett
2—Jack Sharkey	Joe Knight	Teddy Yarosz	Jackie Fields
3—Max Schmeling	Tony Shucco	Vince Dundee	Billy Petrolle
4—King Levinsky	Bob Godwin	Gorilla Jones	Tony Herrera
5—Patsy Perroni	Fred Lenhart	Dave Shade	Bep Van Klaveren
6—Johnny Risko	Lew Scozza	Ben Jeby	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Tommy Loughran	Adolf Heuser	Young Terry	Kid Azteca
8—Paulino Uzcudun	Al Gainer	Kid Tunero	Paulie Walker
9—Don McCorkindale	Bob Olin	Frank Battaglia	Andy Callahan
10—Isadoro Gastanaga	Gordon Fortenberry	Vearl Whitehead	Baby Joe Gans

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion	World's Champion	World's Champion	Title Vacant
Barney Ross	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Seaman Watson	Speedy Dado	Ginger Foran
3—Benny Bass	Jackie Wilson	Young Tommy	Mickey McGuire
4—Steve Haliako	George Hansford	Pete Sanstol	Jackie Brown
5—Wesley Ramey	Clever Sison	Lew Farber	Valentin Anglemann
6—Harry Dublinsky	Baby Arizmendi	Joe Tieken	Maurice Huguenin
7—Eddie Cool	Johnny Pena	Little Pancho	Lucien Popesco
8—Lew Massey	Petey Sarron	Newsboy Brown	Mariano Arilla
9—Jackie Kid Berg	Vernon Cormier	Tommy Rogers	Praxille Gyde
10—Cocoa Kid	Pete De Grasse	Ernie Maurer	Percy Dexter

In Limited Quantity

We have just received from our foreign representative 100 copies of "How to Second a Boxer." These books are now out of print, but when we had them, we sold 2000 copies to an Australian firm and because of the many requests for this book, we have paid a premium to have 100 returned to us.

These have now arrived and will be sold starting September 20. When these are gone, there will be no more available until December 30.

Fill out and mail to

THE RING
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Ave. and 49th St., New York City

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

WITH the approach of the indoor boxing season, interest in the ring sport is beginning to perk up a bit. Not that there is an exceptional opportunity for promoters to stage boxing successfully, but an occasional show will probably draw fairly good and get things started, at least. Boxers didn't get a chance to box in the open-air at all and no one around here had a bank roll big enough to take a gamble. Talent is scarce and few good prospects are in sight.

Two clubs are licensed here now. The Queensberry Club is managed by the veteran promoter, Charlie Murray, and the comparatively new Buffalo Sporting Club has Ed. Delivuk, an ex-wrestler, as matchmaker. Both clubs are staging wrestling when they operate and steer clear of boxing.

A new club here this fall is practically a certainty. And if the information your correspondent gets is as good as he believes it to be, the new promoters will stick to boxing alone and attempt to develop some new fighters. Something is sure to pop into the news this fall.

Despite the fact that Buffalo boxers have not had an opportunity to show in their home city, some of them have been active in the ring out of town. Steve Halaiko has been winning all his bouts, including one with Wesley Ramey at West Springfield, Mass. Steve, if he keeps on improving, is going to make plenty of money when conditions in boxing are better.

Tommy Paul has not done much boxing since Jackie Wilson stopped him at Pittsburgh. His cut eye is reported healed, but Tommy is not going twice a month like he formerly was.

George Nichols won a K.O. victory over Martin Levanowsky at Muskegon, Mich., stopping the Michigan light-heavy in one round. Southpaw George can still hit, even though he can't step along as he used to. Quite dangerous for young fighters coming up.

Sammy Mandell, former world's lightweight champion, who is boxing under the management of the writer, has been showing snappy boxing form since entering the welter ranks. Sammy knocked out Buck Jennings in three rounds at London, Ont., and beat Frankie Hayes in ten at Ottawa. He is booked solid through September and will be ready for a tough game in October and November.

Snowflake Wright, the clouting Negro light-heavy, is open for all comers . . . . Tommy Howells, star amateur featherweight, is going to turn pro . . . . Good welterweight prospect here in Johnny Dulin, former Niagara district champion . . . . Billy Celebron of Rockford, Ill., will fight professionally around here this fall . . . . Jimmy Slattery is reported training at Speculator, N. Y., for a comeback . . . . Lou Scozza expects to fight Joe Gainor at Binghamton, N. Y. . . . . The wrestlers still draw here, if Ed Don George heads the card . . . . Otherwise, they do not . . . . English promoters want Sammy Mandell for five matches this fall.

Good boxers, who have records, and desire to place themselves under a live manager, should write to Hugh Shannon, 739 Gerrans Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

OXFORD, KANS.—Oxford Athletic Club amateur bouts: Harold Wickersham beat Billy Canney. Bill Nevitt beat John Howey. Jack Sykes knocked out George Miller in one. Charley Patrick beat Amos Livers. Harry Potter beat Manuel Ledesma. Clare Patterson beat Al Locke. Al Lindsey beat Jim Abasolo. Johnny Holmes knocked out Carl Gill in three. Polo Viyra beat Jim Rodden. George Glava beat Herschel Giles.

Manhattan, Kans.—Bus Breese, featherweight, who participated in more than one hundred amateur contests, winning more than one-third of them by the K.O. route, has turned pro and has been a decided hit in Kansas City. C. K. (Shorty) Miller, who started him in the boxing game, is still his manager.

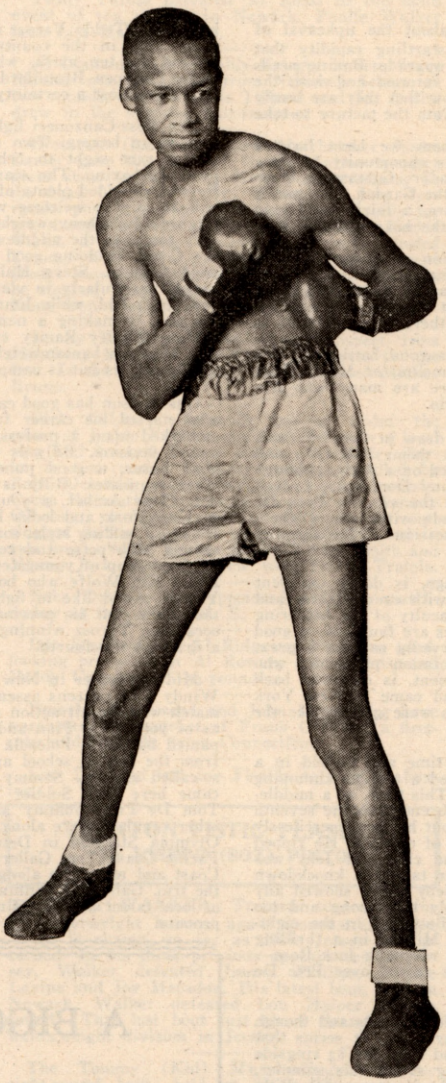
Bob Capocy, 1413 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill., is managing Bob La Monte, welter; Sam La Monte, feather; Ed Mileski, junior welter; Lou Jordon, lightweight, and Otto Fishle, middle. All are amateur boxers with good records. Capocy is eager to hear from promoters.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Francis Sayres beat Al Locke. Loris Harrel knocked out Al Lindsey in two. Tony Maldinado beat Gayle Patterson. Mal Branson beat Al Logan. Billy Moyer beat Bill Langford. Vergil Slaughter beat Don Seaton.

Florence, Kans.—Kid Robison won by a T.K.O. in four rounds from Milt Schooley. Frank Kelly knocked Kid Boughen of Clay Center in six. Red King knocked out K. O. Golt in one round.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Spud Malone beat Keith Cockrell. Dick Meiers beat Cap Harding. Dale Potter beat Sammy Roth. Felix Richardson beat Lee Brooks. Vogle Kranichfield beat Don Mossberg. Gilbert Hotchkiss beat Al Blancart. Tommy Miller knocked out Jimmy O'Reilly in three. Lewis Mears knocked out Slavko Barkovich in one round.

Newkirk, Okla.—Amateur bouts: Pud Carlson beat Mark Perez. Phil Chacon beat Mickey Shannon. Ira Krueger knocked out Jack Slattery in three. Sutro Pearl stopped Vic Bickley in one. Joe Kelly beat Jack Bohn. Charley Boyce beat Pat Burke. Eddie Owens beat Cliff McCabe.



Jackie Vaquero, who is going like a house afire on the Pacific Coast, and is certain of winning the Coast title in his division before the end of the year. Jackie is a clever, two-fisted fighter with a pleasing style.

Kansas City, Mo.—Barney Ross knocked out Frank Farr in the sixth. Joe Banovic beat Jackie Charvez in eight. Pat Kissinger beat Steve Ketchell in six. Joey Alcanter beat Bus Breese in six. Tommy Corbett beat Chief Paris in six. Jerry Jenkins knocked out Duke Hamilton in two rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Tommy Corbett won an unpopular decision over Frankie Graham in ten rounds. Frankie Karr won over Johnny Nickols by a T.K.O. in four. Joe Dragon and Glen Nute drew in six. Dragon should have been given the decision. Marvin Yockey knocked out Hi Jacobs in five. Johnny Hull knocked out Bill Chatfield in four. Carlos Brown won an unpopular decision over Rural Sharpenstien in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bus Breese beat Peewee Wilson in six. Jackie Fell beat Steve Ketchell in six. Eddie Boughen knocked out Davey Jones in five. Chuck Reinhart beat Joe (Red) Haas in six. Gorilla Stevens knocked out Rickey Bass in one round.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

TOMMY O'LAUGHLIN, popular matchmaker of the Elks Club at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, staged some dandy shows last month. O'Laughlin is a hard worker, has a host of friends, and knows the boxing game from A to Z.

Bobby O'Dowd, local bantam menace, upset the dope bucket when he held Young Rightmeier to a draw. Both boys are local favorites.

The writer wants it understood right now that this column is run for the benefit of THE RING readers, and not for promoters, fighters, or managers, regardless of friendship, creed or politics.

Some fine bouts were staged at Riverview Park under the guiding hand of Harry Jones. There were plenty of upsets and a variety of new faces were uncovered. Kenny Kent of Portland, Ore., knocked out Ray Mann, local welter, in three rounds. Tommy Corbett of Omaha outpointed Midget Mexico in 6; Keith Weaver beat Howard Ryan in 4; Glen Lee beat Jose Morales in 4; Johnny Rave beat Joe Arnold in 4.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Bobby O'Dowd and Ollie Bartlett drew. Ray Cosette beat Al Pahl. Johnny Stanton beat Jimmy Thompson. Howard Ryan beat Keith Weaver. Larry Udell, Aberdeen, So. Dak., beat Jack Charvez, Topeka, Kan., light-heavyweight, in 6. Millio Millitti licked Kenny Kent in 6. Frankie Kelly of Topeka beat Kid Hargrave in 6. Kid Miller knocked out Swede Barrett of Kansas City in 2. Buddy Short beat Red Stanley in 4. Terry Griffith beat Johnny Rave.

Sailor Burke, boxing promoter at Arnolds Park, Iowa, has given the fans some big bouts at the Iowa summer resort. Rev. Herbert Marsh of Spirit Lake, Ia., is the referee for all the bouts, and gets plenty of work out of the boys. Some of the best fights of the month were: Jack Phillip knocked out Don King in 4; Fred Kreutzkampf knocked out Jack Manning in 3; Wayne Ogle beat Tommy Jackman in 4; Kid Hargrave knocked out Young Kid Britton in 5; Billy Bennett and Shirley Kunz drew in 4.

Readers, don't forget my free list of boxing promoters from this section. It is a good, active list and is free to all readers of THE RING. All I ask is that you pay the postage. Address 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa. If you have good fighters let the promoters know about them.

Riverview Park Arena—Battling Nelson won from Johnny Martin on a foul in 6; Ray Mann defeated Irish McKenna in 6; Jimmy Thompson jumped into the front ranks of the lightweights here by beating Kid Rippato in 4; Keith Weaver and Don Rhymer drew in 4; Young Miller beat Red Stanley; Young Tuffy Griffiths won over Lloyd Rawson in 4.

Arnolds Park, Iowa—Kid Hargrave knocked out Young Kid Sharkey in 5; George Lorenz beat Pat Owens in 4; Wayne Ogle beat Young Huber in 4; Kenny McCrea knocked out Buddy Mohr in 4; Ronnie Boyer beat Fred Kreutzkampf in 4.

Des Moines, Iowa—Jimmy Le Grone, Des Moines lightweight, outpointed Buzz Smith of Omaha in a fast sixer.

In another good card staged at Riverview Park Arena, Billy Vaughn of Torrington, Wyo., handed Bert Visconi of Davenport a licking in 8; Young Rightmeier beat Dave Nemo of Des Moines in 6; Don Rhymer shaded Arlo Van Buskirk in 4; Frankie Pollock knocked out Art Johnson in 2; Al Pahl looked real good when he beat Tuffy Martin in 4; Lou Taylor knocked out Johnny Lorenz in 2.

Des Moines, Iowa—Sammy Musco beat Kid Swezey in 6; Jess Ackerman beat Billy Love; Steve Cronin beat Jimmy Constance.

Paul Anthony of Quincy, Ill., is keeping his welterweight, Clem Reed, busy. Reed is a good boy and has a fine record. He has beaten such men as Eddie Berke, Pat Murphy, Eddie Manning, Austin Behymer, George Daw and others.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Johnny Stanton, lightweight, of Minneapolis, is making Sioux Falls, So. Dak., his headquarters . . . . Mike Ferrozzo, St. Paul boxing manager, was in Sioux City looking for good talent . . . . Andy Anderson has two good youngsters in Don Rhymer and Bud Lymer . . . . Clarinda, Iowa, is on the boxing map as a fairly good town . . . . New Hampton also has joined the list . . . . Don't forget that when you write promoters, to say, "I saw it in THE RING" . . . . Russ Kelly is promoting weekly shows at Mason City, Ia. . . . . Boxing out here is at its best right now . . . . Ernie North, Waterloo lightweight, is making Sioux City his headquarters . . . . We had a hot tip, that some big indoor shows would be staged here . . . . Boxers without managers would do well to get in touch with the writer . . . . Mickey Slater, a little featherweight, looks like a comer . . . . See you next month.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

FOLLOWING up our contention of last month about the upheaval of interest in boxing circles, events occurred with startling rapidity that confirms our suspicion that boxing is really on the upgrade. Boxing needs new thrills, fads and fancies to maintain the public interest and with the passing of Carnera and Baer from the fistic prints, now that they are busily engaged in the movie industry, new faces have crept into the picture to take their place.

Patsy Perroni, young Cleveland heavyweight, whom we have boosted steadily for the past eighteen months, finally got his opportunity to show his wares in a New York ring. He was paired with Isadoro Gastanaga, hard-hitting Spaniard, in a special summer show staged at the Garden. The match drew in the neighborhood of sixty-two hundred dollars, a fairly good sum for these times, but it firmly established Perroni in the hearts of the New York fans.

Patsy thrilled the New Yorkers with an exhibition of classy fighting ability. Forcing the pace from the start, he took command and by the sheer force of sustained fury, maintained the lead from start to finish and made an altogether favorable impression. Gastanaga's hardest punches only spurred Perroni to fight harder and never at any time was there any doubt as to the outcome.

The victory will pave the way for many advantageous battles in this vicinity for the Clevelander. Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling or Maxie Baer would prove acceptable opponents for Patsy and there are many who like the Clevelander's chances against any of the above trio.

Mike Belloise and Lew Farber went to a six-round draw in the semi-final. It was a speedy battle with little to choose between them. Bob Olin and Al Gainer also fought six rounds and the officials decided on a draw, although it was the popular opinion that Olin had the edge. Tony Dominquez proved too strong and persistent for Paul Pirrone and won the verdict. Pete De Grasse and Vernon Cormier went six corking rounds with honors even. Leonard Del Genio stopped Joe Regis in the first session of the opening four-rounder.

Pete Hartley, good lightweight of twelve years ago, is doing excellent work as a referee and his work seems to find favor with every fighter and manager without any axe to grind—Hartley has the faculty of not bothering the fighters while engaged in their task and his manners are faultless—a good referee today is a rare treasure and Hartley is deservedly earning a great reputation for himself—Dr. Alexander Schiff, Commission physician, who went to the Coast to recuperate from a serious ailment, is expected back shortly, fully recovered from his illness—Eddie Mead came to New York with Perroni and many New York friends of Mead's were glad to see the rotund one finally get a break.

Lou Brouillard entered New York for the second time and turned in a surprise as shocking as the first when he administered a terrible thumping to Jimmy McLarnin while fighting as a welterweight. This time, as a middleweight, he treated Ben Jeby to a cruel whipping which ended in the seventh round. Brouillard, a strong, sturdy southpaw, went about his task mercilessly and finally cut the courageous Jeby down into a state of collapse. He ripped away with left- and right-hand smashes to body and chin and Jeby was finally banged into submission in seven rounds, after taking a knockdown for the count of nine—it was a one-sided fight and Jeby never showed any spark or attempt to fight back. Brouillard was simply too strong and too busy—Phil Rafferty won the verdict over Battling Battalino in the eight-round semi-final—Pete De Grasse outpointed Varias Milling in a thrilling six-round skirmish—Lew Amber showed great form in whipping Jack Rose—Danny Rosen won over Tony Albano and Julie Katz scored over Pete De Gati.

Al Weill staged the Brouillard-Jeby bout at the Polo Grounds and though it received great publicity the show failed to make any profit. It seems that ball parks are too immense for ordinary attractions and even the $3 ringside failed to entice them. Weill has staged some corking shows this summer, but as yet has failed to produce a winning show. Billy Newman took Billy Donahue to the Coast as a middleweight, but now the West Sider has developed into a light-heavyweight and is doing great work on the Coast. He will more than likely be matched with John Henry Lewis who just finished giving Maxey Rosenbloom another good whipping, scoring three knockdowns. Charley Miller sends word along from Bangor, Maine, that he had nothing to do with the promotion of the Carnera exhibition bout which took place there, and the promoter skipped off with the receipts. Charley is laying low until he can give the patrons some good attractions.

Hans Birkie proved too strong for Frankie Edgren at the Coney Island Stadium. Hans came back two weeks later but was beaten by Abie Feldman. On another Coney Island program, Midget Wolgast gave a skillful exhibition in whipping Pete Sanstol, one of the leading bantams. Wolgast is the speediest thing on two feet and is wasting time in this country. Wolgast, abroad, would prove a sensation. Flyweights are there in abundance and he could fight every week with the best of competition without exerting himself. There isn't one good flyweight in this country today, aside from Wolgast, but there are plenty of midgets in Europe. Jackie Brown is the recognized British champion. Wolgast and Brown would definitely decide the true world's flyweight leader. Lew Feldman recovered his lost form when he outpointed Jerry Mazza in a dazzling scrap on the Wolgast-Sanstol program. Petey Hayes stopped Frank Covelli in five rounds.

Now that boxing has been legalized in Texas, the migration of boxers towards that point is in evidence daily. Tracey Cox is making his headquarters there; Billy Wallace left to engage in a bout there and Benny Bass, Davey Abad and Johnny Farr are a few of the others to beat the others to the punch. There are thirty-two licensed boxing promoters on record at this moment, but they will probably dwindle down by the process of elimination and the class will remain. Galveston, Houston, Fort Worth and Dallas are the four favorite points at this particular moment. The $21,000 house that Teddy Yarosz and Vince Dundee drew in Pittsburgh should make every city in the country blush with shame. Jeby and Brouillard drew around the ten mark, while Pirrone and Gastanaga hit six. The expected match between Brouillard and Yarosz should take place in the Smoky City and it's almost a certainty that they will go over the $30,000 mark.

The Ross-Canzoneri lightweight title match did its part in restoring public interest in boxing. Two skillful, brilliant foemen pitted against each other was a rare sight to behold. Regardless of the winner, they are both a credit to boxing. The scarcity of talent isn't so noticeable these days. Patsy Perroni provided plenty of color in the heavyweight ranks. John Henry Lewis will be mighty welcome when he hits these parts and competes against the reigning light-heavyweights. Lou Brouillard and Teddy Yarosz are necessary tonics to the middleweight class. Kid Azteca, a Mexican, competing on the Coast, is doing good work and seems to have the stuff so essential to good fighters. Steve Haliako is coming around nicely in the lightweight ranks, particularly in view of his two recent victories over Wesley Ramey and Cocoa Kid, while Jimmy Leto, although a trifle heavy for the lightweight division, is making a name for himself in New England. He surprised by holding Wesley Ramey even and winning over Haliako. Young Casanova is a Mexican bantamweight with a real punch. Ginger Foran is the best of the flyweights but is campaigning in England.

Gus Wilson has good cause to be proud of his latest protege—Billy Hogan, who started his career from the very lowest rung of the fistic ladder, is embarked upon a professional career and looks like the class of the 140-pound division. Billy is only a youngster, but has class in abundance, a good boxer, a good puncher, and has the necessary courage to back the other requisites. Billy is certain to get somewhere and it won't be very long. Lew Amber, a youngster from Herkimer, N.Y., is a recent arrival in New York and looks like the best of the local preliminary lightweights. He has a baffling style, somewhat reminiscent of Bushy Graham's, and moves around with poise and certainty. Hogan and Amber are about the best of the local crop of youngsters, as far as individuality and ability is concerned. Eddie Kid Wolfe who boasts of the only decision rendered against Teddy Yarosz would like to fight him again at the middleweight limit and show the public that his previous victory was no fluke. They have mixed on four occasions, Yarosz winning the first, draw in the second, Wolfe the third and a draw in the fourth.

Mid-September in New York looked like a composite of Metropolitan and Windy City citizens assembled promiscuously. The lightweight championship match was the attraction and it was comforting to see the masses assembled as of yore. Sam Pian and Art Winch, managers of Ross, were here accompanied by Tony Polozola and Izzy Kline. Polozola is a veteran who hails from the Boston school and has knowledge of fisticuffs unequalled by many so-called experts. Sammy Wolff, who promoted the Sharkey-Levinsky fray, came here with Soldier Boy (Mickey Farr) as bodyguard. Babe Barron, Tom De Pino, Johnny McDonald, Jimmy Emory, Matty Clark and many other regulars were along. Rumor has it that Nate Lewis will take over the Olympia Stadium in Detroit. Leo Levitt is handling Johnny Pena on the Pacific Coast. Tom Gallery is dickering for Lou Brouillard's services on the Coast and may take along Eddie Kid Wolfe and Lew Feldman to conclude the trio. Gallery is running the Olympic in Los Angeles, but is falling short of local talent and is trying to import the best eastern talent that money can procure.

A BIGGER and BETTER RING

BEGINNING with the November issue, THE RING will go back to the days of prosperity and give its readers a bigger and better magazine.

Because of the increased cost of production, due to the advanced prices in printing and in the paper market, THE RING is compelled to increase its price to its readers. But, rather than to advance the price alone, the Publisher, always with the welfare of his readers uppermost in his mind, has decided to add sixteen pages to the present form of THE RING and, starting with the next issue, this magazine will consist of sixty-four pages of interesting reading matter as in the past, and a special picture section, as an added feature.

During the depression, despite conditions that caused the Publisher to lose heavily in his investment, he carried on because of his love for the sports embodied in this magazine. Now he feels confident that the readers of THE RING will continue to offer their whole-hearted support at the new price of 25 cents, the price for which this magazine sold prior to last year.

▼

THE RING *in November will cost* 25 *cents*

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

AL BROWN, the Panama boxer, who holds the world's bantamweight title, has been suspended for twelve months, dating from June 30, by the French Boxing Federation. Brown's suspension is a sequel to his refusal to accept M. Rene Scheman, the French official, as the referee for his contest with Johnny King, the British champion, at Manchester on July 3.

Frank Jacobs, the American manager of Jack (Kid) Berg, who has been on a holiday over here, has not been idle while he has been on this side, and he tells me that he has formed a very high opinion of several English youngsters whom he has seen in the ring. If he finds that boxing prospects have improved in the States on his return—things have been very quiet over there—he proposes to make arrangements for these lads to cross the Atlantic.

Boxing on the Continent is beginning to brighten up after the close season. Kid Tunero, the undefeated Cuban, who holds a decision over Marcel Thil, who claims the world's middleweight title, is back in training, his injured hand having mended. Tunero and Thil were matched three times for the world's title, but the fight was called off each time owing to injuries to one or both of them. With such good men as Thil, Tunero and Erich Seelig, the German, now in Paris, Jeff Dickson appears to hold the solution to the middleweight problem on the Continent.

Franta Nekolny, the Czech fighter whose ring cognomen once was "machine-gun" but recently has been changed to "air rifle," has broken with his manager, Dr. Hruban. The split is deplored generally in Prague and Nekolny is being censured for his action.

The Italians will probably have the opportunity to see their idol, Primo Carnera, in the ring against the South African champion, Don McCorkindale, in Rome on October 22. Jeff Dickson passed a few days in the Holy City, looking over the situation there for the contest and he was greatly pleased with the outlook.

Kid Chocolate, the Cuban boxer, who is generally recognized as the world featherweight champion, beat Machtens, the Belgian champion, on points over ten rounds at Barcelona, Spain. The bout was not impressive and the champion was booed. Negotiations were opened in May, following Chocolate's point victory over Seaman Watson, the British champion, in New York, for a further title bout in London later in the year. These will be concluded in the near future.

Maurice Griselle, heavyweight champion of France, scored a four-round knockout over Demeglio in a one-sided fight at the Casino de Bourbon-Lancy. Tiger Humery, veteran French lightweight, also scored a four-round kayo over Sammy Murray, while Roger Cadot won on points from Degieux.

At Deauville, Valentin Angelmann, flyweight champion of France, who is to meet Jackie Brown in a return fight for the world's championship, showed perfect form when he knocked out Aubry, military champion of France, in the sixth round with a left to the stomach in the Casino Hall. Aubry was down for eight in the fourth, and two in the fifth, but was always aggressive until the end. A brilliant and fashionable crowd witnessed the bout.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

By BABE ORLANDO

THE sport around these parts is on the up-level, with several clubs running weekly and semi-monthly.

Joey Ferrando repeated his triumph over Pete Gulotta, scored over the Brooklyn Italian a few weeks ago, when he received the referee's decision in the feature ten-round bout staged at the Oakland A. A. In the semi-final six, Lee Cash of Orlando, Florida, stopped Alky Dawson in the second. Billy Burkett of Roanoke, Va., did likewise to Walter Massefski in two, Lew Marino lost to Earl Lester in four, Willie Perry lost by a T.K.O. in the third of a four-rounder to Marvin Hart.

Harry Carlton was held to a ten-round draw by Lew Raymond in Atlantic City, while brother Frank beat Buster Brown in the semi-final.

At Englewood, Stanley Krannenburg decisioned Patsy Bernandella in eight rounds. In another eight, Jack Stanley subdued Ernie Todisco; Joe Young shaded Nick Acusa in four; Billy Jones beat Young Rudy in four, and Johnny Morrow, an up-and-coming bantamweight, put the crusher on Tony Cal in the first.

At Newark, Teddy Yarosz kayoed Freddie Polo in the fifth of a ten-round feature bout. George Forrester defeated Abie Bain in ten. Joe Kaminsky won over Al Diamond in eight. Jack Rose finished Frankie Cabana in the first and Al Capone did likewise to Newsboy Schone in the third.

In the star bout of eight rounds in Englewood, Dom Rizzo drew with Paddy Creedon, George Marshall stopped Pete Higgins in the third, Steve Dudas finished Sonny Mays in the fourth, Al Rowan stopped Mickey Juliano in two, Jim Conroy did likewise with Nat Dor, while Johnny Martin kayoed Joe Clothespins in the third.

Lew Lombardi stopped Harry Blitman in the first round of the feature ten at the Oakland A. A. In the semi-final, Buckey Taylor, a good-looking fighter from Baltimore, disposed of George Bush in the sixth, Gene Mickens beat Bat Nelson in four, Phil Franco finished Kid Steppe in three, and Lee Cash shaded Henny Di Carlo in four.

Teddy Yarosz defeated Al Rossi in the main event of ten rounds in Newark. Paulie Walker beat Lou Halper in ten.

Al Diamond lost to Sollie Krieger in ten, Steve Slaviak won on a foul from Newsboy Schone in two rounds, while Mannie Tillman and Joe Ardito drew in the opening four-rounder.

Promoter Guasteferro and Matchmaker James Carter gave the fans of North Hudson another great show at the West New York Stadium. In the final, Carman Roman, subbing for Joey Ferrando, put up a great battle with Joe Ghnouly for ten rounds, only to lose a close decision. Rockie Vigna, a newcomer around these parts, shaded Tommy Dell in a gruelling six-rounder. Steve Dudas scored his second kayo of the week when he stopped Tony Capper in the second. Nick Williams won from Howie Rogers in six.

Jimmy Finizio, a good-looking prospect from Hoboken, knocked out Frank Moresca in the first. In the opener, Harry Tratola shaded Mickey Bruno.

Dick O'Leary, formerly boxing under the name of Jackie Britton, made his debut in a local ring and dropped a close decision to Buckey Taylor in ten rounds. O'Leary, who is handled by Babe Orlando, was outweighed by ten pounds. Cocoa Kid outfought Young Firpo in ten. Tommy O'Leary, younger brother of Dick, clearly outslugged Jackie Corcoran in a special six, and in two fours, Willie Gerber lost to Jimmy Smith and Young Jack Dempsey drew with Harry Tratola.

Babe Orlando was appointed assistant matchmaker at the W. N. Y. S.

Doc Stanford and Al Ridgeway have two good-looking prospects in Al Rowan, 126 pounds, and Paddy Creedon, a 154-pounder.

Frenchy Greenwood and John Duttenberg have purchased the contract of Frank O'Brien, a first-rate middleweight from Connecticut.

Lew Diamond left for Florida to promote boxing.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

PAULIE WALKER, Trenton contender for welterweight honors, again demonstrated that he is champ, so far as New Jersey is concerned. In his three previous appearances in Jersey, Walker defeated Jimmy Phillips, Bennie Lavine and Joy Mecadon. His latest bout, held in Newark, Walker defeated Lou Halper in ten rounds. That last bout just about cleans up the welterweight division in Jersey.

The Tommy (Kid) Murphy-Puggie Snyder eight-round bout, held at Point Pleasant, was called a draw by Referee Gus Waldron. To this writer, Murphy carried six of the eight rounds. It was an interesting bout and Murphy showed great improvement over his last appearance.

In his first bout as a professional, Charlie O'Donnell of Trenton scored a two-round knockout over Joe Marino of Newark. This bout was a real sensation. In the second, O'Donnell bounded from his corner and smacked Marino a beautiful right cross to the chin that abruptly ended the bout.

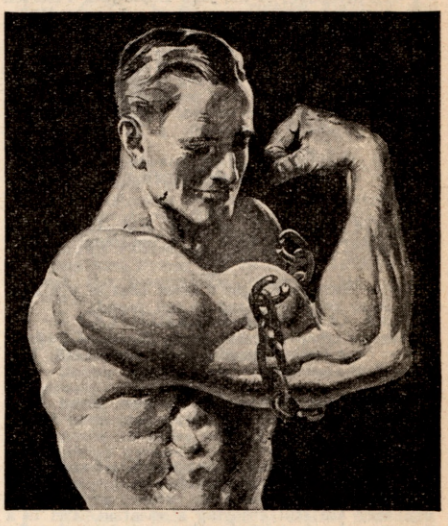
Mooch Murphy of South Trenton beat Micky Balerino of Chambersburg in a four-rounder. Balerino was game, but lacked experience.

Mickey Harvey won a close decision over Frankie Warno in four rounds. Both of these boys are of Trenton. In the first bout, Young Breg defeated Joey Hindle in a four.

Micky Balerino and Mickey Harvey both returned to Point Pleasant the following week and defeated Rusty Andrews and Joey Kelty, respectively.

Ralph Fulton of Trenton lost to Joy Mecadon in a ten-round bout at Asbury Park. Fulton proved that he was plenty game, when he arose from the mat twice after taking long counts.

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THE aftermath of the Jack Doyle-Jack Petersen contest that drew a record crowd at the White City greyhound track, was that Doyle's end of the purse, three thousand pounds, was held up by the Stewards of the British Boxing Board of Control. And at their meeting it was decided that Doyle was to receive five pounds a week for six months, and the same amount for his mother, besides a six-month suspension.

At West Hartlepool, Jack London beat Con Van Leween of Holland in the eighth of a ten-round contest.

Charlie McDonald stopped Sid Chaplin of Middlesboro in the sixth of a ten-round bout at St. James' Hall, Newcastle.

Willie Sharkey fought a great bout to win over Roy King of Sunderland in ten rounds.

Harry Corbett defeated Ernie Higley of Bethnal Green over twelve rounds at the Drill Hall, Victoria Park, London.

At the Mile End Arena, London, Evan Lane defeated Dick Stubbings of Fulham over fifteen rounds.

British boxing fans were pleased to hear of the fine reception Ted Broadribb and his charming wife received in New York, where, at this writing, they are still enjoying a vacation. Ted is a most popular boy in the States, judging by the stories received here from New York. And there is no reason why he shouldn't be, for he is a square shooter. Ted writes that his old pal, Nat Fleischer, editor of this magazine, has joined in partnership with Mrs. Merle Hersey in the republication of the *Old Police Gazette*. Mrs. Hersey is the daughter of a Methodist minister and, as such, she has received a world of publicity on her new venture. Nat is running eight pages of sports in the *Gazette*, of which three are devoted to boxing.

George Odwell stopped Selwyn Davies of Wales at the London Ring in five rounds. On the same card, Dave Finn lost to Charlie Jordan of Kingston. The third twelve rounds was between Herbert Praiss, the German-Jewish middleweight, and Jack Delaney of Greenwich, which was called a draw.

The Liverpool Stadium gave their regular fans value for their cash when they staged three twelve-round bouts. Billy Quinlen and Jimmy Walsh engaged in a peculiar mixup. In the seventh round, both stepped in to deliver a right-hand punch, both missed, and Quinlen's head caught Walsh on the jaw and knocked him unconscious. When he was revived, he discovered that his opponent had been ruled out by the referee for using his head. Tony Butcher of Liverpool defeated Peter Nolan of Walsall on points, and Alf Howard failed in his comeback against Brum Charlie Baxter, the referee stopping the bout in the fourth round.

Tommy Rogers of Willenhall and Arly Hollingsworth of Sheffield fought a furious twelve-round contest at Wolverhampton, and the decision was a draw.

At the Atherton Skating Rink, Percy Dexter of Sheffield defeated Bert Kirby of Birmingham on points in twelve rounds.

Tommy Farr defeated Ernie Simmons of West Bromwich over fifteen rounds at Merthyr, Wales.

George Daly stopped Bill Barnham in five rounds and followed this up by stopping Johnny Gudge, also in the fifth round.

At the Mile End Arena, London, Johnny Quill kayoed Carl Petersen of Ireland in the first round of a twelve-rounder.

At North Shields, Willie Sharkey of Newcastle and Paddy Docherty of Glasgow went ten rounds, with Paddy the winner.

Jim Gordon defeated Billy Hill of Manchester at the Middlesbrough National Sporting Club over the twelve-round route.

Charlie Baxter stopped Jim Clamp of Walsall in the ninth round of a twelve-round contest.

Jacky Flynn and Lud Abella of Liverpool provided the fans with plenty of excitement in their twelve-round bout. After a hard-fought battle, the decision was given in favor of Flynn.

Len (Tiger) Smith scored an easy victory over Chuck Parker of Barnsley over the twelve-round course at the Hatherton Skating Rink, Walsall.

At Wellingborough, Jackie Bishop easily defeated Tiger Ison of Leicester over ten rounds.

An attractive program was arranged at Rugby. The chief bout was between George Marsden of Nottingham and Sandy McEwan of Aberdeen, which was won by Marsden in twelve rounds.

Mr. Jim Rice, the Belfast promoter, staged an interesting show at Grosvenor Park. Frank McAlorum of Belfast whipped Spud Murphy of Manchester over eight rounds. The supporting bout was between Billy Downey of Belfast and Vic Maudsley of Preston, also over eight rounds, won by Downey.

Before a crowd of ten thousand people at The Tiger's Ground, Leicester, Jack Pettifer pulled the fight out of the bag by kayoing Reggie Meen in seven rounds after trailing most of the way. It was a surprising victory.

Harry Crossley defeated Maurice Griselle in ten rounds. Ernie Simmons stopped George Brown in the seventh round.

A big disappointment was in store for the Manchester fans when, at Belle Vue, Jackie Brown, flyweight champion, was disqualified for striking Mickey McGuire low in the seventh round. It was most unfortunate for Brown, who had shown superiority over McGuire at every angle.

George Odwell scored another quick win when he kayoed Len Wickwar of Leicester in the second round of a twelve-round contest. The bout took place at the London Ring.

George Marsden scored a good win over Nipper Fred Morris of St. George's at the Ring, London, in twelve rounds.

At the Mile End Arena, London, Wal Dinsey of Willesden and Jack Hyams of Stepney met in a scheduled twelve-rounder, but Hyams stopped his man in the tenth.

Johnny Longman outpointed Curley Merritt over twelve rounds at the Victoria Park Drill Hall.

Johnny Quill, the Stepney welterweight, defeated Steve Goldring of Portsmouth in the fifth round when the referee stopped the contest.

Gypsy Billy Daniels defeated Jack London before a big crowd at West Hartlepool.

At the Hatherton Street Rink, Walsall, Len Tiger Smith was beaten by Pat Haley.

Tommy Pardoe scored a technical kayo over Jerry O'Neil of Merthyr at the end of the sixth round, due to a bad cut.

Archie Sexton kayoed Joe Lowther in the fifth round after scoring three knockdowns.

At the Falmouth Drill Hall, Frank Harvey of Plymouth fought George Reynolds of Wolverhampton a very hard bout over ten rounds, with honors even.

Cuthbert Taylor was beaten by Evan Morris in a fifteen-round contest at Merthyr.

Mr. Jim Rice of Belfast staged a good program and drew a good gate at Grosvenor Park, Belfast. The chief bout was between Spider Kelly of Londonderry and Arthur Killeen of Bolton over eight rounds, with the verdict going to the Irish lad.

At the St. James' Hall, Newcastle, Norman Dale of Walker caused some surprise when he outpointed Jim Learoyd of Leeds over ten rounds.

Harry Mizler, the ex-amateur champion, faced a tough customer in Albert Heasman of Brighton in a ten-round contest at the London Ring, but he finally stopped him in the seventh round.

Harry Mason has taken a new lease of life and looked very good in whipping Fred Webster in a fifteen-round contest.

Johnny Longman of Bethnal Green caused a surprise at the Stadium Club, London, when he put Tommy Lye of Acton away in the first round. Longman landed two punches, both putting Lye to the floor. He failed to arise on the second knockdown.

Jimmy Vaughan of Becontree kept his winning form by whipping George Bissett of West Ham in a ten-round contest.

At the Carlton Club, Tottenham Court Road, London, Mr. Jack Lesser staged a contest between the popular flyweight, Billy Nash of Clerkenwell, and Jack Swift of Silvertown over eight rounds. Nash scored a technical knockout in four rounds.

At Wandsworth Greyhound Track, Mr. Sam Russell staged a successful show, with Archie Sexton, the Bethnal Green middleweight, scoring a kayo over Johnny Summers of Leeds in the twelfth round, when the referee stepped in to save Summers from further punishment.

Del Fontaine, the Canadian middleweight, scored a very good win at the expense of Ted Mason of Maidstone, when the referee stopped the bout in the sixth round.

Louis Botes, South African featherweight, proved himself too good for Bert Taylor of Birmingham in another ten-rounder on the same card.

Herbie Hill of Wembley defeated Bert Kirby of Birmingham on a disqualification for persistent holding in the ninth round of a ten-round contest.

Norman Baines, young heavyweight from Catford, scored a T.K.O. over Big Bill Partridge in the fourth round of a six-round bout.

Ginger Foran, the Liverpool flyweight, cleared all opposition to his chances to box Jackie Brown for the flyweight title, when he easily whipped Fred Bebbington, his outstanding rival in British flyweight circles, in fifteen rounds.

At West Bromwich, Peter Nolan fought a great bout against Jackie Flynn of Ireland and was returned the winner after twelve rounds of hectic fighting.

Jack Kirby of Birmingham beat Lud Abella of Liverpool in the eighth of a twelve-round bout, when the referee stopped the fight.

At Folkestone, Bert Kirby of Birmingham repeated his victory over Willie Smith of Margate in the chief bout of twelve rounds.

Tommy Farr, the light-heavyweight champion of Wales, met Jack O'Brien of Belfast in an eight-round contest at Grosvenor Park, Belfast. O'Brien stood up for five rounds, taking punishment without flinching, but called a halt at the end of the round.

Seaman Tommy Watson, the featherweight champion of the British Isles, whipped Benny Sharkey in his first English start since his return from New York. Sharkey gave Watson a very hard fight all the way and the champ had to fight his best.

Johnny Cuthbert stopped Little Minor of Leeds in five rounds.

Tommy Rogers of Willen Hall, who, during the last year, has made wonderful progress in the featherweight division, won the featherweight championship of the Southern Area, when he stopped Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross in five rounds.

Tommy Pardoe, the ex-amateur flyweight champion, won in convincing style when he K.O.'d Teddy Lewis of Bethnal Green in the fourth round. The bout was fought at West Bromwich and, after Lewis was holding his own for the first three rounds, he was knocked out with a right to the solar plexus in the fourth.

Norman Baines continued his winning way. He scored three wins in the last two weeks, beating Bill Partridge in four rounds, Joe Mullins in two rounds, and Ivor Malcolm in six rounds.

Another lad who should go a long way is the youngster from Ilford, George Dower. Although short for a heavyweight, he has speed and punch, and he knocked out Nipper Woodley of Tooting in the first round of a four-round bout at Crystal Palace.

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THE RING BOOK SHOP

Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

NOBODY likes a gang around as much as Sammy Wolff. He usually has ten persons gathered about him. He used to be an optician and then began promoting fights and running special trains to major boxing events, and now he is a promoter and general all-around good fellow . . . . Joe McDonough, county treasurer, bet Wolff, 12½ to 5, that Ireland whips Chicago at Soldiers' Field . . . . No person along the fight rialto is more popular than Maurice Rivkin, Marigold Gardens promoter.

One of my favorites is Arch Ward, Chicago *Tribune* sports editor . . . . Jack Britton, former welterweight title-holder, is now a physical training director in New York . . . . Nobody can look so smooth as Sol Katz, fight ticket dispenser.

Johnny Pena, New York featherweight, and his manager, Tony Palazzola, have isolated themselves in San Jose, Cal. . . . . One of Chicago's best-known gymnasiums is The Patent Leather Kid Club . . . . Here's a name suggestion for Sam Pian—gentleman . . . . What word is so descriptive as brawl, or what's so romantic as King Levinsky in the park with his fiancee, Frances Faye? . . . . I thought Henry Rothier didn't smoke—he puffs a big black cigar . . . . Mike Murphy's real name is Mike Burrise . . . . A joy to call the Hotel Morrison. The phone girls are so polite . . . . Chester Youll's wife is a ringer for a certain silent movie actress . . . . Harry Mueller and his bright red tie are quite an attraction . . . . Jimmy Gorey, former middleweight, slinging beer at Quincy and State.

Harry Dublinsky is proprietor of The Ringside Tavern at 1325 North Halstead Street . . . . Hugo Kelly lives at Antioch, Ill. . . . . It is reported that Jim Mullen is financially interested in The Frolics Cafe . . . . Jimmy Goodrich and Billy McCarney have recuperated from recent illnesses . . . . Bucky Lawless registered at the Plaza Hotel and his representative, Billy Stevens, resided at the City Hall Square while they were in town for Lawless's twice-postponed match with Vincent Sireci at Shewbridge Field.

Kid Howard has named his bar at The Patent Leather Kid Club, Howard's Famous Pugilistic bar . . . . Al Foreman holds a horse hurdling record . . . . Harold Steinman, associate of Mrs. Lena Levy, fight manager, is only twenty-eight years old . . . . Sol Katz is thirty-three years old . . . . Jeff Dickson rides an airplane like we ride street cars . . . . Ted Broadribb, pilot of his heavyweight son-in-law, Don McCorkindale, came to town with Mrs. Broadribb, smoking Philip Morris cigarettes with the English blend direct from London. Ted's a great fellow. His wife is charming. No wonder all British sportsmen like Teddy. By the way, did you know that Ted's fighting name was Young Snowball, and that he once knocked out Georges Carpentier?

Maurice Lemoine directs Champion Lou Brouillard, who operates a lunch-wagon in his home town, Worcester, Mass. . . . . Jake Jacobson of Deerfield, Ill., manages Bobby Juhrend, featherweight, and several other pleasing youngsters . . . . Virgil Bemi, West Side junior welterweight, has returned from Minnesota, where he rested for two months . . . . Lieutenant Jack Kennedy of the United States Navy, a leading California referee, is at Salt Lake City, Utah, in charge of the reforestation camp at Fort Douglas.

John Mirabel, former Chicago *Tribune* Golden Gloves novice featherweight champion, has won five professional bouts in as many starts under the management of John Bon. Bon is gaining recognition as a developer of young boxers. He also manages Frank Mirabel, bantamweight brother of John.

The boxing committee of the Central A. A. U. has voted to request the National A. A. U. to abolish in this district the rule forbidding matched bouts and allowing only interclub, intercity and tournament competition. It was pointed out that the rule has decreased interest in amateur boxing here since put into effect ten months ago.

Johnny Phagan and Solly Dukelsky, local welterweights, met for the third time at Marigold Gardens, Broadway and Grace Street . . . . At Northwest Stadium, Karl Ogren was being built up into a match with leading middleweights . . . . Marty Simmons, Saginaw, Mich., 160-pounder, gave a good account of himself against Ogren for ten rounds, although he lost the decision . . . . Young Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill., 155-pound boxer, was reprimanded for his listless contest with Willie Oster here . . . . Duke Barry still is in town . . . . Johnny Pena is going over big in California . . . . His manager, Tony Palazzola, left Pena there so that he could attend the Levinsky-Jack Sharkey bout here and the Barney Ross-Tony Canzoneri contest in New York.

Davy Day, lightweight stablemate of Barney Ross, is one of the most promising boxers in this section of the country. He has won twenty straight matches. Since he lost his last match, he has improved a thousandfold. Experts predict a championship for him within two years. His co-managers, Sam Pian and Art Winch, are confident in their ability to steer Day into a title contest the same as they did Ross and Earl Mastro.

Henry Rothier has signed to box professionally under the management of Paul Stangar . . . . Baxter Calmes was in town . . . Dick Sisk knocked out Irish Kennedy at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. . . . . Tommy Loughran lost his first match in Chicago when he was defeated by Johnny Risko at Mills Stadium . . . . Izzy Gastanaga was suspended in Illinois when he refused to box at Sparta Stadium after signing . . . . Gordon Fortenberry, Cocoa, Fla., light-heavyweight, caused a big upset here when he knocked out Marty Levandowski in a round . . . . Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight champion, is doing well, presenting shows every Tuesday at the outdoor arena at White City and on Friday at the Rainbo Fronton.

The Illinois Athletic Commission voted to recognize the following as world champions last August:

112 pounds—Jackie Brown.
118 pounds—Al Brown.
126 pounds—Freddy Miller.
135 pounds—Barney Ross.
140 pounds—Barney Ross.
147 pounds—Jimmy McLarnin.
160 pounds—Lou Brouillard.
175 pounds—Maxie Rosenbloom.
Heavyweight—Primo Carnera.

From Ted Murray, Ervington Hotel, Dallas, Tex.—*Friend Frank:* Here I am with a piece of the best fight club in Dallas, which will click under commission rule. The game is booming in Texas, with thirty-two cities preparing to present shows. This state is the logical spot for a fight manager. Am opening a gymnasium in Dallas. Where can I locate Eddie Anderson?

Ans.—Congratulations. I wish you a lot of luck. Eddie Anderson is booked by Joe Glaser at 127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Friend Frank: Your radio broadcast of Lou Brouillard, middleweight champion, and Primo Carnera, heavyweight title-holder, was the best I've ever heard.—MRS. LODA BOURQUE.

Mr. Maestro: Your radio broadcast of Champion Carnera was fair, but what were you trying to relate relative to the other title-holder, Brouillard?—BILL OTTE.

Dear Frank: After my heavyweight brother, Art Laskey, knocked out Leo Duncan at Detroit Lakes, Minn., he got a job building roads for the county. In a short time he will return to the gymnasium and he will be ready to box again in September. Have been following your stuff in THE RING and it's great. Let me know what time and on what station you broadcast and I will attempt to pick it up on my radio at Minneapolis.—MAURICE LASKEY.

Ans.—Thanks. The station is WEDC, 1210 kilocycles, 247 meters.

Hello Frank: Your selections of the probable results of the international bouts between Chicago Golden Gloves champions and a team from Ireland had my teammates worried when Ireland won the first two bouts. Lenny Cohen, 112 pounds, came in and said Maestro was right and Bud Ginter, 118, said the same. The other boys wanted to know what you had predicted for them.—FRED CASERIO, Golden Gloves middleweight champion.

Dear Friend: Will you check up old Jack Sharkey's record and the name of the fighter who knocked him out with a punch and the outcome of the return match. Also where is One-Eyed Billy O'Connell and John Willy?—A. G. ZIMMER.

Ans.—Original Jack Sharkey was a bantamweight, who boxed from 1915 to 1924. He was knocked out twice, by Joe Lynch and Roy Moore. Both bouts were held in 1920. In a return match with Lynch, Sharkey held him to a draw. Sharkey beat Moore in a rematch. One-Eyed Bill O'Connell is a boxing instructor at Dearborn and Quincy Streets, Chicago. Willy, a heavyweight twenty-five years ago, is said to be residing on the West Side.

Dear Sir: Your recent boxing program over WEDC was wonderful. As we walked along Le Claire to Madison Street, it seemed that everybody was listening to it.—MISS CATHERINE COFFEY.

Where does Pep Kerwin hold his shows?—WESTBROOK PEGLER.

Ans.—Kerwin presents a show every Tuesday at Western Stadium, Western and Devon Avenues.

How old was Malachy Hogan when he died? How old was George Siler when he died? When did these prominent Chicago referees die?—JOHN BETH.

Ans.—Hogan died in 1911 when about sixty years old. Siler died in 1908 when about seventy years old.

IT'S TRUE THAT—King Levinsky refuses to box unless he has a mouth protector . . . . The Babe Baron Boosters defeated Frankie Harmon's Logan Square softball team, 15 to 4, at Grant Park . . . . Policeman Steinway travels with Ceaser Petrillo, brother of James C. Petrillo, president of the Chicago Federation of Musicians . . . . Mickey Mouse's right name is Jack Otey . . . . Lou Gross manages Tony Canzelosi, Homewood, La., featherweight . . . . Battling Williams must undergo a sinus operation . . . . Paul Beeler's whereabouts is unknown even to his family.

Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia heavyweight, and his manager, Joe Smith, are broke, due to the collapse of their bank, the market and their realty holdings . . . . The same holds for Danny Dunn, manager of Johnny Risko, who still has the bulk of his ring earnings . . . . Billy (Mustache) Stearn, former welterweight, has a pharmacy at 1146 North State Street . . . . Roy Jacks, Kansas City, Mo., light-heavyweight, has defeated several leading boxers under the management of Charlie Foley.

William Battye, state boxing commission judge, boxed Kid Howard, proprietor of The Patent Leather Kid Club at Madison and Clark Streets . . . . Johnny Phagan eats two quarts of ice cream after a bout . . . . Kelse McClure, director of Rosy (Kid) Baker, claims Baker beat Roy Wallace at Indianapolis, Ind. So does Mollihan, who manages Wallace . . . . Sam Krakow, brother trainer of King Levinsky, is called the Alimony Kid. He has paid his wife alimony for twelve years and they're still together.

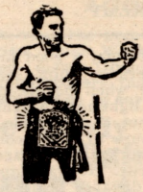
Edwin C. Hill, news commentator, is a great fight fan . . . . Pancho Dado, South American featherweight, has placed himself under the management of Sam Pian and Art Winch.

Pat Kenneally has signed to manage George Haberski. Kenneally, former trainer of Packey McFarland, former lightweight, who now is a member of the state boxing commission, also directs Leo Rodak, the Chicago *Tribune* Golden Gloves featherweight title-holder this year.

Frank Mastro has been granted a timekeeper's license by the state boxing commission . . . . Plans for a national amateur boxing tournament, to be staged by the 40 and 8 society of the American Legion during the annual convention of the Legion here, October 2 to 5, have been dropped . . . . After seventeen years, it appears that Smiling Springer is through as a boxer . . . . Bill Connell, Monmouth, Ill., welterweight, was in town with Jerry Sullivan to attend A Century of Progress.

Bill Bostelmann has bought the contract of Joey Freeman, South Side lightweight, from Joe Heniff . . . . Six clubs operated regularly during the outdoor season. They were: Marigold Gardens, Western Stadium, White City, Northwest Stadium, Shewbridge Field and Rainbo Fronton . . . . Millio Militti, Omaha, Nebr., 155-pound fighter, has requested Barney Abel to obtain bouts for him in Chicago.

Sent On Approval



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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

LEE RAMAGE of California, a good kid with seemingly a future ahead of him, met with an unexpected repulse when he encountered Tony Shucco, the Boston light-heavyweight star, in the ten-round feature bout of the Cycle A. C. at Beachmont, Mass. Because of his record and good showing in his gym workouts, Ramage went into the ring a slight favorite. He was dangerous for the greater part of the distance because of his punch and courage. As a boxer, however, he was greatly outclassed. The award went to Shucco, who had about six of the rounds.

In bouts under the feature, Johnny Dixon of Norwood, heavyweight, came through with an easy two-round win over Joe Wright of Lynn; Tony Celli of Leominster, a middleweight of ability, defeated Enio Nyholm of Maynard, and Johnny Renda of Cambridge, the former amateur champion, registered over Joey Kemp of Cambridge. The contest was their third—a "rubber." To many, Kemp looked the better performer. The show was the first for the club.

Another club soon to swing into action will be the Irish-American A. C. In past years, this organization has operated in the Boston Arena but, finding that its expenses were exceeding its receipts, it has established its own quarters at 390 West Broadway, South Boston. Here it has taken over an entire building and remodelled the same into a clubhouse. Its arena will seat about nine hundred spectators. The club plans to stage weekly tourneys—amateur and "pro" boxing, also wrestling, the idea being to build up talent in this section, where today very little exists.

The demand for talent and the realization that such can only be built up by small clubs which can operate at small expense—a point hammered upon for years by the writer—has at last come to the official attention of the Boston Garden. After trying various experiments and finding the same to be costly, that organization has taken over a theatre in the downtown section of Boston and, during the fall and winter, will stage weekly tourneys. Boxers who would not be cards in the Garden's big arena, will be given a chance to show their wares and develop themselves into possible feature men in this new feeder ring. The theatre to which the Garden will transfer its minor activities will seat about twenty-two hundred customers.

With the cooperation of the State Athletic Commission, these small clubs are sure to be followed by others—there is every chance that, within a couple of years, boxing will be back on the Boston map with the general status somewhat like it was years ago when this city could boast plenty of ringsters of real class. When commission rule came in, with its system of rules, regulations and huge license fees, the knell for boxing in Boston was sounded.

For several years, however, the clubs got by, then, one by one, began to fade. The recent depression finished the job—it became impossible for the clubs, with their limited audiences and no reduction in overhead, to continue operating. For several years the writer has fought the huge tax and fee system tooth and nail, finally pointing out that, with practically no boxing in the state, there was no particular reason why a high-powered salaried commission should continue to function. This latter idea, or some of the suggestions urged by the writer, seemingly found their way under the skin of the State Athletic Commission.

In any event, at last it has started to interest itself in rebuilding and bringing back a sport dangerously close to extinction. Various fees of officialdom have been whittled down—the double referee system has been relegated to the background and now, after twelve years, a bill is in the making to cut the club license fee in Boston from $850 to $250.

This huge license fee, covering the period each year from January 1 to December 31, pushed the small clubs, of which Boston once boasted eight, out of existence. It was in these places that the boxing talent for which the Hub was once famous was developed. As they passed out, one by one, so faded the talent, and, with the talent becoming mediocre because of no spot wherein to spread its wings, public interest fell off.

Today, outstanding ringsters in the Bay State—chaps who would draw anything in a big league ring—can be counted on the fingers, and that without any stuttering. Aside from the size of the license fee, which had to be plunked down in one hunk, whether the promoter planned to stage one tourney or a dozen, was its January-to-December clause.

Thus, wherein a club opened in either October or November, the promoter had to pay $850 for the brief period of existence from that time until December 31, and then, on January 1, come to the front with another $850, instead of having his license date one year from the time it was issued. It is understood that the Commission also plans to remedy this glaring defect—a bit of bungling for which the present solons were in nowise responsible.

The victory of Tony Shucco over Lee Ramage, taken with the former's good record during the year, has made him a big league card in this section, but unfortunately for him, also boxing, suitable opponents are very few. The Boston Garden, the real spot for this boy, is willing to stage him, but has yet to find the other half of the argument.

As the result of recent wins by Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., holder of the New England light-heavy title, over George Nichols and Marty Sampson, he is once more back in the limelight and has become a persistent and consistent challenger of Shucco, Adolf Heuser and Lou Brouillard. However, the promoters are a bit leery of Conrad. Despite the fact that the New Hampshire boy has won many fights—has a long and very good record, barring two defeats at the hands of Sammy Slaughter, his style of boxing, largely defensive, does not appeal to the Boston Garden, the lone club in this section fitted to handle such a contest. So Conrad continues to challenge, and the Garden refuses to make a match, all of which is not getting anyone anywhere.

In the realm of wrestling, attempts by Jack Sherry, the Ohio heavyweight, to work his way back into the magic circle presided over by Jack Curley, Paul Bowser and their associated promoters, have failed. Sherry, on a tour through New England, picked Champion Ed Don George as his quarry—offered to meet him, winner take all, which offer we believe he really meant. To this challenge, Paul Bowser, mentor for George, replied that, if Sherry would first meet Joe Malcewicz for twenty-five hundred dollars a side, in the event of the Ohioan winning, he might consider a match between George and Sherry. Sherry balked at the twenty-five hundred dollar side bet, but countered with a proposition that if Bowser would make a definite agreement concerning Champion George, his backers would hire Braves Field, put on a show at their expense, and, in the top bout, he would wrestle Malcewicz, winner-take-all. To the writer, all this sounded fair enough, but Bowser refused to recede from his original proposition—twenty-five hundred dollars a side between Sherry and Malcewicz, or nothing, so it has been nothing, and seems likely to so continue.

Meanwhile, however, Champion George has been in action—plenty in a small way about the New England circuit, also in one big bout staged on August 9 at Fenway Park, Boston, an affair promoted by Alex McLean in the interests of Howard Estey Post, V. F. W. It attracted about twelve thousand spectators. George's opponent was a chap known as the Black Secret (Leo "Numa" Anderson of Seattle, Wash.) who, for weeks, had been the rage in Boston. Working for Promoter Steve McPherson at the Boston Arena, he had piled up a string of sixteen successive wins. Before his advent in the role of Black Secret, Numa had worked in Bowser prelims. Though willing and game, he had failed to make much of an impression.

On the night of August 9, Leo, thanks to his long warmup stuff under the direction of McPherson, sailed into Don George like a cyclone, all very much to the surprise of the champion and everybody else. Evidently, Leo was "shooting," and, to save his title, George had to. Result—a great match and a real contest, during which Leo came within an ace of winning the world's title (so far as New England is concerned). After going one hour, thirty-four minutes, fourteen seconds, Leo had George down with a toehold—the real article—when the champion brought down the heel of his free foot against Numa's temple with crashing force. The blow forced Leo to drop the toe.

Before he could recover, George pinned him for the one and deciding fall with a top-body scissors. Following the affair, Jack Curley took over the Numa managerial reins, all of which may or may not mean anything other than that, from now on, Numa, now an idol in Boston, will be more in the limelight. That bout with Ed George made the Seattle boy—in all truth, he put up one fine battle.

Andy Callahan of Lawrence, one of the few New England ringsters of any standing at the present time, also only a now-and-then fighter because of a shortage of opponents, chalked up a good win when he defeated Nap Proulx of Taunton in a Lawrence ring. As Callahan is the holder of three New England titles—lightweight, welter and middle—this particular contest, a twelve-rounder, was for the middleweight title. Though Proulx is a pretty fair performer, he more than met his match in the Lawrence chap, Andy winning the award by a fairly wide margin.

As Callahan won his middleweight title from Lou Brouillard, around whom he boxed circles when they met about a year ago, it was but natural that he should challenge Brouillard for the crown won by the latter in his fight with Ben Jeby in New York. Callahan was willing to make it a winner-take-all proposition, the bout to be staged in the Boston Garden. It would have gone over very big, but the chances of such an affair are very slight.

Not only is Brouillard tied up to show for Tim Mara in the Big City, but his manager, Maurice Lemoine, and Johnny Buckley, manager of Callahan, are not particularly friendly. It appears that when Lemoine sought a return bout for his charge with Callahan, following the latter's winning of the New England title, Buckley's terms were such as could not be accepted. Lemoine said little at the time, figuring that some day he might again be back in the saddle. Now that Brouillard is once more at the front, Buckley's requests and demands for a contest between Brouillard and Callahan are being ignored.

While such an attitude as the foregoing is but natural, the refusal of boxing managers to get together has always been a millstone tied to the neck of boxing—has driven away customers, served to kill interest in the sport and has been indirectly responsible, particularly here in Boston, for the folding up of more than one club. Few managers have ever been able to see that the sport—their living—is greater than themselves.

An old club, occasionally back in the prints, is the Brockton A. A. of that Massachusetts city. It came to bat on July 27 with a return contest between Al Rodriguez of Quincy, a fairly clever middle, also very likable chap, and Bud Mignault of West Bridgewater, a rugged, hard hitter. Rodriguez won the ten-round decision. In their previous contest, the result was a draw. Both bouts were very hot affairs, but no one got particularly rich out of either.

The latter part of July, Taunton, Mass., once a live boxing center, gave the sport another try, a bout between Henry Edmond, lightweight, of that city, and Pancho Villa of New Bedford, being staged under the auspices of a local American Legion post. Villa, who two years ago caused a sensation by defeating Sammy Fuller of Boston, lost the ten-round decision to Edmond.

Attempts by Matchmaker Ames of the Boston Garden to get a line on Jack Petersen, the British heavyweight champion, for bouts here with either Jack Sharkey or Tony Shucco, the fight with the latter to be a light-heavyweight affair, have not met with much of a response.

Tommy Romano, the Schenectady, N. Y., big lightweight, now booking from Watertown, Mass., under the colors of Leo Bradley, bumped into a tough one in Elmer Bezenah of Portland, Me., in that city, losing the newspaper award at the end of ten rounds, though admittedly by a slight edge. Bezenah fought mostly on the defensive and several times caught Romano with a hard right to jaw, dropping him for portions of the count. However, it was Romano who made the fight, the knockdowns alone counting against him. The Bradley protege, however, settled Billy Smith of Montreal in a Maine ring in one round a week later, thereby keeping himself well to the front. We can say for Romano that he seems well fitted to more than hold his own with the average New England lightweight or welter.

As usual during the summer season, the fight game jumped down to Cape Cod during August, a long show being staged in Hyannis. In the feature fray, Honey Mellody of Charlestown, a lightweight of the Buckley stable, bearing the name of the one-time welter champion from that section of Boston, defeated Johnny Brown of South Boston in four rounds.

West Springfield, the one bright fistic spot left on the Bay State map, staged a notable fray on August 1 between Steve Halaiko of Buffalo and his rival, Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, the distance being ten rounds. It was their sixth meeting. Ramey was down three times, but for no count. The official vote, which was not unanimous, went to Halaiko. Negotiations are on for a Boston contest between Halaiko and Sammy Fuller, with probable negative results. Fuller, who also has been offered a chance to meet Billy Petrolle, seemingly prefers more or less extensive vacations from the ring.

Ad Zachow, the Dover, N. H., one-time New England middleweight champion, who went into retirement following several bad defeats in Boston rings, has returned to the game with the hope of rebuilding himself back into popular grace. In a recent start at Portland, Me., he forced Jimmy de Capua of Bath, Me., to retire at the end of six busy rounds. Zachow, still but a boy, has both a punch and considerable natural ability as a boxer. In right hands and free of poor advisers, this Zachow may again shine within ropes.

Ad Zappala of Lawrence, once prominent in the ranks of the amateurs, and now boxing as a "pro" in the light-heavy division, is slowly forging his way into a top-card position. Early in the month at Lawrence, boxing in an eight-round main bout for the Central Arena, he disposed of Joe Dearent, a fellow ring townie, in the initial canto.

Attention, Ring Readers

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LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THE ever-busy Ray Kiser, Tulsa, Oklahoma, welterweight, fighting in the best form of his long career, during the month upset two of New Orleans' best gate attractions in decisively outpointing Battling Shaw, Mexican star, and Eddie Flynn, former Olympic champion.

Plans are being laid for the promotion of all-Negro weekly boxing shows in New Orleans. The country's outstanding colored boxers, including Kid Chocolate, Gorilla Jones and other stars, are expected to appear. Phil Gaffney is heading the effort.

Months of inactivity and the flailing fists of Dewey Cannon, Mobile, Alabama, blighted the hopes of Tony Cangiamilla, New Orleans bantamweight, when he was technically kayoed in the fifth of a ten-rounder at Mobile.

Johnny Chong, clever Chinese welterweight of New Orleans, gives promise of becoming the most colorful fighter in Southern rings because of his explosive punching with each fist.

In a new talent, all-star card at Martin Burke's New Orleans Garden A. C., August Camaratta, local featherweight, eked out an unpopular decision over Russell Gonzales. In the other six-round bouts, Jimmy McNamara technically kayoed Eddie Reyford, Mobile featherweight; Clever Moro, Filipino bantamweight, outpointed Patsy Flanagan; Owens Duvernay, 157, lost to Baby Kiser, Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Frankie Schottgen trounced Joe Sauro, New Orleans lightweight.

Jimmy Perrin, former member of the United States Olympic boxing team, met his first professional defeat at the hands of Dewey Cannon at Mobile. It was Perrin's first ten-round go. In the other half of the double windup, Roy Calamari, New Orleans lightweight, reversed a previous decision in outpointing Gene Tillman, Mobile. Estin Evans, 160, beat Jack Lewis of Chicago in a four.

Fighters, managers, promoters, send in your notes to this writer at 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La., before the fifteenth of each month. Subscribe to THE RING and keep tab of the latest developments in fisticuffs throughout the world.

Curtis Mullins, eccentric Mississippi welterweight, established himself more solidly with Mobile fans with two wins there during the month. Mullins outslugged Horace Burkel, Boston, Mass., in ten rounds and kayoed Gabe Chamblin, Mobile, in nine.

Moon Couns, New Orleans middleweight, won over Jimmy Barrett and drew with Leslie Rush in eight rounds each in Mobile tilts, but lost to Curtis Mullins in a ten-round feature at New Iberia, Louisiana.

OUTCROPPINGS—In getting the maximum amount of action from fighters, Jimmy Moran is the best referee in the Southland . . . . Jumbo Rovira has arisen from a sick bed and will resume lightweight activities soon . . . . A five-man boxing board hereafter will function in Mobile in place of the old three-man regime . . . . Whity Esneault has taken over the contract of Santos Hugo.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

CHARLIE BROWN and Manley L. Sullivan are doing their utmost to help the fighting game. They bring some of the best boys in the country to Charleston, S. C.

Robbie Thompson of Savannah, Ga., who made a name for himself in swimming and football, is now handling the affairs of that ever popular dancing master, Eric Lawson, former Golden Gloves champion. It was also Robbie that coached the Savannah High School boxing team and brought the school out victorious.

Credit must likewise be given to Harvey Hester of Asheville, N. C., for helping the cauliflower alley. Harvey is the matchmaker at the Park Square Garden.

Jake Denning, who held four titles while in the United States Navy, the middleweight, Atlantic Fleet and Pacific Fleet, and the all-service championships, and at the present is holder of the North and South Carolina light-heavyweight championships, is now under the supervision of the scribe. In his last start, Jake defeated the hardest-punching 175-pounder in the South, Carl Knowles.

Two brother lightweights who formerly made their home in Norfolk, Va., are now fighting out of Philly, where they are going over big. They are Tommy and Tootsie Bashara. Keep up the good work, boys, the South's behind you.

There are eight boys of the South that are rated in Eddie Borden's first ten. They are Joe Knight, Bob Godwin, Vince Dundee, Eddie Kid Wolfe, Tony Canzoneri, Battling Shaw, Jack Portney and Pete Sarron. Young Stribling, who has been rated for years, is no longer in the first ten. Since recuperating from his knee injury, he defeated big George Neron at Beckley, W. Va.

Spike Webb, hardest-punching middleweight in the world, in the opinion of your scribe, since coming under the management of Patsey McGrath of Savannah, Ga., has broken the ribs of five fighters.

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH—Harry Allen, 175, Savannah, lost to Carl Knowles at Asheville, N. C. . . . . Jake Denning, 163, decisioned Carl Knowles, 172, at Rome, Ga. . . . . Spike Webb, 150, Miami, Fla., T.K.O.ed Abe Luekey at Miami . . . . Corn Griffin, 183, Fort Benning, Ga., T.K.O.ed Johnny Roberts at Asheville . . . . Young Stribling bested George Neron at Beckley, W. Va. . . . . Joe Knight, Cairo, Ga., was too much for Joe Banovic at Laurel, Va. . . . . Johnny Alba, 129, decisioned Richard Hernandez at Savannah, Ga. . . . . Ken Overland, Norfolk, Va., defeated Roy Bailey at Charleston . . . . Joe Lipps drew with Tommy Beck at Jacksonville, Fla. . . . . Le Roy Brown, 160 pounds, decisioned Wild Bill Cox at Charleston, S. C.

At Virginia Beach, Va., Dewey Kimrey, 203, Charlotte, N. C., T.K.O.ed Ted Sandwina, 209, New York, in the seventh round . . . . Joe King, 175, Augusta, T.K.O.ed Earl Johnson, 178, Miami, at Miami, Fla. Johnson broke his right hand . . . . Jake Denning swears that he can knock King out and has issued the Augustian a challenge at winner take all . . . . As this goes to press, Jake Denning meets Clyde Chastain at Asheville, N. C., on the twenty-first and Young Stribling meets Benny O'Dill at Lindale, Ga., on the twenty-second.

Boxers in every division, who are not tied up with managers, will do well to write to me. Send news clippings, photos, etc.

Remember, managers, promoters and fighters, get your news to me before the fifteenth and it will be used in THE RING. Good, clean photos of Southern fighters will also be used whenever space permits. Your scribe is Pinkie Lou Masters, 1911 Waters Ave., Savannah, Ga.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By JAMES VACCOLA

ONE of the best lightweight fights held in this state in some time was staged when Steve Halaiko of Buffalo defeated Cocoa Kid, New Haven flash, in the feature bout.

Al Weill and Homer Rainault staged a great show, featuring Wesley Ramey and Jimmie Leto. Referee Henry McAuliffe called the bout a draw. The fight was at the Buckley Stadium at Hartford and was well attended.

At the White City Stadium in New Haven, Al Weill presented Primo Carnera, world's champion, in a four-round exhibition. On the same card, Trader Horn defeated Ed Carr, colored heavy from Waterbury, in a fast bout.

In Bridgeport, Matchmaker Billy Prince gave the fight fans a real natural in bringing Steve Smith and Georgie Russo together. It was a furious fight the entire ten rounds. Referee Joe Curry gave the duke to Smith, much to the disapproval of the fans. The worst Russo should have received was a draw.

On the same card, Pinkey Morris, Bridgeport's classy featherweight, and Johnnie Compo of New Haven stole the show with their slam-bang affair, which ended in a draw. Pinkey Morris has not been defeated since turning pro, and experts hereabouts say he has a promising future.

Tony Travers, New Haven middleweight, knocked out Benny Levine of Newark, N. J., in the fifth round at Walnut Beach Stadium. On the same card, Cocoa Kid knocked out Paolo Villa of Brooklyn in two rounds. Pinkey Morris defeated Mickey Dillon of New Haven.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Lou Bogash is going to make a comeback and challenges Al Boros? That Commissioner Jim Rawley of Bridgeport has attended every heavyweight championship bout since John L. Sullivan? That Pat Connelly of Danbury is one of the best-liked deputies in the boxing game? That Jack Delaney, ex-light-heavyweight champion, now tips the scales at two hundred and fifteen pounds? That Louis Kid Kaplan is now a referee in this state? That Al Boros, Bridgeport's heavyweight, is a great violin player? That Billy Prince is the beer baron of these parts? That Bobby Miele is assistant matchmaker of the Norwalk Sporting Club, and doing a good job? That the Cocoa Kid does not know who his manager is, between Al Blondi and Zip Miele, and Al Caroly and Uncle Robinson, also rans?

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Tommy Loughran
Jack Sharkey
Gene Tunney
Mickey Walker
Benny Leonard
Jimmy McLarnin
Young Terry

GROUP No. 2—
Ben Jeby and Vince Dundee (facing each other)
Wesley Ramey
Freddie Miller
Al Brown
Fidel La Barba
Primo Carnera
Stanley Poreda

GROUP No. 3—
Young Corbett III
Midget Wolgast
Kid Chocolate
Billy Petrolle
Tony Canzoneri
Johnny Dundee
Dave Shade

GROUP No. 4—
Frankie Genaro
Max Baer
Max Schmeling
Abe Attell
Pete Sanstol, Fidel La Barba and Carnera (All in one pose)
Jackie Fields
Barney Ross

GROUP No. 5—
Frank Battaglia
Jose Santa
King Levinsky
Johnny Risko
Baby Arizmendi
Maxey Rosenbloom
Pancho Villa

GROUP No. 6—
Jess Willard
John L. Sullivan
Bob Fitzsimmons
Georges Carpentier
Al Singer
Sammy Mandell
Benny Bass

GROUP No. 7—
Jack Dempsey
Tommy Burns
Joe Walcott
Joe Gans
Jack Johnson
Tuffy Griffiths
Tom Heeney

GROUP No. 8—
George Dixon
Sam Langford
Jim Jeffries
James J. Corbett
Jimmy Wilde
Jack Delaney
Bat Battalino

GROUP No. 9—
Jim Londos
Ray Steele
Rudy Dusek
John Pesek
Tiny Roebuck
Steve Znosky
Leo Pinetzki

GROUP No. 10—
Joe Savoldi
Jim Browning
Abe Coleman
Gino Garibaldi
George Calza
Strangler Lewis
Dr. Wilson

GROUP No. 11—
Jack Sherry
Don George
Herb Freeman
Sammy Stein
Henri De Glane
Joe Stecher
Toots Mondt

GROUP No. 12—
Dick Daviscourt
Dick Shikat
Floyd Marshall
Jack Reynolds
Sandor Szabo
Paul Jones
Fritz Kley

GROUP No. 13—
Hans Steinke
Gus Sonnenberg
Benny Ginsberg
Jim McMillen
Babe Caddock
Joe Malcewicz
Ernie Dusek

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE fight game has taken a turn for the better hereabouts, without any thanks to the Cincinnati Boxing Commission. The men deserving of credit are Danny Davis and Fred Batsche.

Batsche and Davis are bringing new interest in in the game in Cincinnati, because they are giving the fans good fights. Although the receipts are below the two- or three-year-ago totals, they are climbing gradually back to a point where the promoter can enter the arena the night of the fight and not worry about selling his home.

The outstanding card of the month was the Greater Cincinnati lightweight championship match, which was staged at the Parkway Arena (Batsche) between Franky Sanzone and Frankie Meiners. The former won after a hectic eight-round mill.

Tiger Kid Walker, local Negro lightweight, continues to pack them in at Northside (Davis). He stopped Eddie Cooper in seven rounds in his last start.

The real prelim scrap of the month was between Jack McDonald and Sam Wedmore. Both scored at least two or three knockdowns in the first two sessions and then Wedmore had McDonald out on his feet in the third. McDonald, swinging wildly, landed a terrific right flush on Wedmore's jaw and the latter went out like the proverbial light.

At present, the following have claims on their titles in Greater Cincinnati: Franky Sanzone, lightweight; Smokey Maggard, middleweight, and Simon Nebloski, welterweight. Maggard was slated to defend his title against Frankie Palmo, former retired middleweight champion at this writing.

Milford continues to lead the array of the smaller fight clubs in this vicinity. On the last headliner, Jack Blackburn knocked out Oscar Hervey, Reno heavyweight, in seven sessions. Hamilton staged a program during the month also, with Lee Cox knocking out Art Oatley in fifty-four seconds to make a big hit.

Fighters, without strings, who want work in this section, would do well to write to the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Irish Lindsley scored his fourteenth straight win in a Covington ring recently by knocking out Mutt Morsch, the veteran, in six rounds . . . . Simon Nebloski won the welterweight title of Greater Cincinnati when he defeated Paul Thobe in a slugging bee of eight rounds at Joe Anderson's Covington ball yards . . . . a nice comer is this Jacky McDonald . . . . Jack Porter, the Dayton fight manager, has a wonderful middleweight in Tony Usas, the nineteen-year-old kayo king . . . . Usas is 160-pound champ of Dayton and would make a good opponent for Franky Palmo. Cinci's king at this weight . . . . Porter has three other good crowd pleasers in Jack Bundy, Joe McCarthy and Henry Heid . . . . Porter plans to promote again this winter . . . . managers who want a break would do well to get in touch with Happy Jack through this column . . . . Pete Leno, the Cincinnati Italian, who looked like he was going places for a while, seems to have hit a snag . . . . he dropped a couple of decisions this month.

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, *but just like yesterday*—Freddie Miller looking fine and dandy after taking Eddie Shea into camp . . . . Max Koshover knocking out Pete Leno in about ten seconds in the amateurs at the old L. B. Harrison club . . . . Frankie Palmo getting a draw with Jack Britton . . . . Millard Rauh landing the prize N.B.A. wrestling tourney match between Charley Grip and Jack Reynolds, with a sweet gate of some twenty grand . . . . it took Mill to put the mat game over here in Cinci . . . . none like him since he left . . . . Al Haft promoting a match between Gus Sonnenberg and Jack Wagner at Tacoma, with Eddie Gerhardt, one of his now keenest promoting rivals, doing the announcing in his usual big league fashion . . . . Bill Saffin staging his weekly scraps at the old Mt. Washington Arena, with some of the best fights ever staged around here billed every week . . . . Knockout Mars trying a comeback against Joe Delaney at Dayton . . . . Vince Hambright bowling them over, one after another . . . . Johnny Mack, at 158 pounds, the greatest little fighting machine, pound for pound, in this district . . . . and now 235 of wow . . . . and more next time.

After a long layoff, due to lack of opposition, Frankie Palmo, the fighting Italian buzz-saw, regained his middleweight city laurels from Smokey Maggard, winner of a tourney at the Northside ball park. Palmo won six of the eight rounds. In the semifinal, Al Schwartz, former amateur lightweight champion, beat Bobby Cotton in six rounds.

Will Dewey Fragetta get in touch with me at once?

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFMAN

BILLY KETCHELL, rugged Millville, N. J., middleweight, won a ten-round decision over "Popper" Stopper of Chester in the windup at Howard Hougherty's open-air arena at Leiperville. Ketchell did all the forcing and had the colored battler down for a short count of two in the opening round. The K.O. punch that Stopper once sported was nowhere in evidence.

Vincent Reed, former middle-Atlantic A.A.U. lightweight champion, ran into a real surprise when Stanley Winneryk of Wilmington punched out a six-round decision over the Philadelphia colored lad at Leiperville. Reed was an outstanding favorite, but the Delaware unknown set a keen pace from the third round on, when he landed a hard right on Reed's mouth. It was the second setback handed Reed since he turned pro.

Wally Novak, 150-pounder from Phillie, boxed a rattling six-round draw with Billy Collins of Chester. Many of the ringside fans thought Collins was entitled to a draw.

Tiny Jack Herman of Lancaster, 235-pounder, was rocked to sleep by Jack McCoy of West Virginia in the first round at Leiperville. McCoy claims to be a distant relative of Jack Dempsey. McCoy scales at 200 even.

Art Pucinni, Philadelphia Italian amateur heavyweight, has joined forces with the Willow Grove Club, as well as Pat McDougal, promising featherweight.

During the summer months, Harry (Kid) Sover, former Philadelphia lightweight, has been managing the Sover A. C., a baseball team at Merchantville, N. J.

Frankie, younger brother of Mickey Blair, of the Quaker City, is ready to turn pro after a successful career in the amateur ranks. He is a 145-pounder.

Lew McFarland, former globe-trotting featherweight of California, has been promoting some outdoor shows in Pensauken township, just outside Camden. The organization is known as the Camden Sporting Club.

After a successful operation for appendicitis, Pete Tyrell, matchmaker of the Arena, is angling for a star fifteen-round windup early in September at the West Philadelphia club.

Close to eleven thousand fans saw Jim Londos, Greek heavyweight wrestler, gain a windup decision over Everett Marshall of La Junta, Colo., at the Arena. Marshall had Londos in bad shape, but made the mistake of taking a nose dive out of the ring and landed on the concrete floor and injured his back. He could not continue, and Londos was judged the winner in twenty minutes, sixteen seconds, in one of the most strenuous grappling bouts seen in Phillie in a long time. Of course, the bout was advertised for the world's heavyweight championship.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

THE Ted Yarosz-Vince Dundee attraction occupied the fistic spotlight around Pittsburgh last month.

Sammy Slaughter punched out Jack King at North Braddock Bowl in the sixth round. Alabama Kid defeated Bruno Sala in the semi-final. Tony De Piero kayoed Lee Peer, and Harry Jacoby stopped Bearcat Jones in prelims.

At Millvale, Charley Belanger easily whipped Sunny Jim McVey. In the semi-final, Charley Baxter gained a technical kayo victory over Jimmy Reilly. Elmer Wilson scored over Young Bordell. Jack Dalcherone won from Freddie Jenkins in the opening bout.

Harry Dublinsky T.K.O.ed Charley Baxter at Millvale in four; Charley Burns fought a bang-up draw with Jimmy Thomas in ten; Mose Butch registered a technical knockout over Eddie Pucci, Ohio boxer, in the sixth chapter, and Fritzie Zivic won from Joey Greb, Wilkes-Barre, ten.

Teddy Yarosz went over in sensational style in two feature engagements in Newark, N. J. Ted stopped Freddie Polo in five rounds and won all the way over Al Rossi.

Meanwhile, Mose Butch and Jimmy Thomas upheld Smoky City colors in Michigan, beating Tony Tassi and Johnny Mitchell, respectively, at Detroit.

Danny Ryan is coaching the amateur leather-slingers of the Pittsburgh Lyceum . . . . In a similar capacity, Phil Goldstein is connected with the local Y.M.H.A. . . . . Al Quaill is a steady winner in the non-professional ranks and expects to desert the medal-chasing class. He is expected to turn pro in near future.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

JOSE VILLANUEVA at last chalked one over Cunning Nene, his arch foe, when he traveled at top speed to outpoint him in their latest go. Villanueva used both hands effectively to the face and body and had Nene groggy at the last two rounds. This is their fourth encounter. The first was a draw, the other two went to the "Cunning" fellow. Both are the leading contenders for the bantam diadem left by Young Dumaguilas, who is at Hawaii.

Joe Keatos, after downing "Dog" Carver of the Navy, decisioned and drew with Rocky Britton and George Calvas respectively.

"Emong" Tiomico and "Doc" Ocampo, handsome pilot of Mark Diaz, "Filipino Toy Bulldog," have decided to smoke the peace pipe after months of chilly greetings between each other. Tiomico, besides doing the worrying for Fighting Obsiman, runs the "Star" Theatre, too.

Paul Gyn, the Island's popular announcer, was suspended permanently by the M. B. Club because of the raw decision he gave at the Marquez-Tarley fight. The bout was a close one, and he thought Tarley won, but some saw it otherwise, including Colonel Andreas, the club's "big boss." In the opinion of your correspondent, Tarley shaded Marquez, but a draw would have been better.

Kid Moro, Young Dumaguilas, Joe Velasco and Young Gildo, a quartette of the Island's best bets, are now campaigning with success in Hawaiian rings. These boys are crowd pleasers.

Tony Gora, the Japanese light-heavy, who gave Young Stribling the closest fight he ever had in Australia, is due in Manila soon to meet Luis Logan, local heavy champ. Luis, after campaigning successfully in European and South American arenas, returned and flattened Eddie Jorge, dusky Panaman, who had been hanging around here for a couple of months "just to get a sock at Senor Luis."

German Monserrat is the local heavyweight "rassling" king.

"Bert" Friedlander, jolly editor of the *Sports Review*, which went to the doldrums two months ago and is now back in circulation, is back at his desk wisecracking here and there.

Your correspondent once spied a local medical professor holding an issue of THE RING. When asked about his opinion of the magazine, he quickly replied: "My dear fellow, have I been reading it since 1923 for nothing?"

Ventura Marquez was given a sound drubbing by "Little Cupid" when the Mexican was joined in wedlock with the beautiful Mary Souza. Here's condolences for you, old chap.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS—Rush Binoy scored over Swift Blacky and stopped Batt. Rufinio in three. Baby Johnson shaded Tony Beltran. Jose Villanueva drew with Little Samson. Young Frisco whipped Star Cosio. Joe Eagle held Johnny Gabuco to an even-Stephen go.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA witnessed a dull month in boxing on account of political conditions, but a banner winter season is sure to visit us and the local promoters are planning big things for the coming months.

Buddy "Jesus" Fernandez, clever Asturian featherweight, scored a six-round decision in classy fashion over Ruben Marti, the colored flash from Cerro, at the Crystal Stadium. On the same card, Jose Garcia outpointed Luis Garcia, and Young Maceo triumphed over Luis Granado in a hard-fought battle of six rounds. Battling Palomo won in four rounds over Juan Suarez, known as "El Terrible Isleno," who fought back like a tiger.

Joe Coego, southpaw of considerable popularity, and Henry Santos, the Cuban Terry McGovern, fought six furious rounds to a draw. Both were bleeding at the finish, and a big ovation was given them.

Prudencio Arce, the little Jack Dempsey of Cuba, showed his worth by knocking out Humberto Calvo in the fifth round.

Alex Yanes, amateur bantam champion, made his debut in the pro ranks and won over Ramon Papito in four rounds. Alberto Leon scored over Julio Rivero, and Johnny Govantes drew with Arthur Poey.

Aramis Del Pino and Luis Parga of the Crystal Stadium are preparing a big winter season program, wherein Spanish and American stars will be featured.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

BEFORE a large crowd in a boxing match in the Northwest, Young Peter Jackson, California Negro and southern Coast lightweight champion, knocked out Ah Wing Lee, Chinese Lullaby of Portland, in the fourth for the Pacific Coast lightweight title.

Another feature of Joe Waterman's popular-priced all-star card was the Coast featherweight crown battle, which was won by Georgie Hansford of Los Angeles over "Handy Andy" Bundy, Portland black boy, in eight.

Doc Snell, Tacoma druggist, and Frankie Monroe, Klamath Falls lightweight, drew in six.

The fistic career of Hal Moe, Oregon State College football star, met a serious setback, if not retirement, when Barney Senn, Monmouth heavyweight, stopped him in round four.

Louie Nelson and Whitey Neal drew in four. Young Harry Wills, Longview Negro, was held to a draw by Roy Ockley, Portland.

Len Salkeld has been featuring large crowds and sensational scraps at his cheaply priced preliminary cards at St. John's.

In the feature bout of the month, Wildman Pat O'Hannigan punched and pounded Red Mayes, St. John's light-heavyweight, to gain the championship of Peninsula. Main Street, the "Gawga" Negro, chilled Al Androson, 170, Spokane Swede, in one. A fast exhibition was staged between Frankie Monroe, Klamath Falls lightweight, and Elmer Brown, a newcomer from St. Louis.

Another packed house at St. John's saw Big Boy Helgerson, Albina heavy, defeat Carl Campbell, Mount Scott prospect, in four bruising rounds. Skippy Skinner, Albina heavyweight, took a technical win from Ernie Krank, ex-Montana gridster, in two. Kewpie Riley refereed the bout.

Main Street, Negro flash, lost a decision to Sig Eklund, Portland middleweight, in four.

In another Bachelor Arena program, Sig Eklund, Portland, punched out a win over Indian Jack Crim, 159, Klamath Falls, in four. Dick Johnson, Sellwood speedster, beat Ray Morgan, Mount Scott slugger, in the special event of four rounds. The Dave Humes-Main Street match was called no contest after three rounds of clinching.

IN THE NORTHWEST

FREDDIE STEELE, premier Northwest welterweight, kayoed Frankie Petrolle in three rounds at Seattle. Lonnie Austin promoted the show and drew a fair house.

Joe Ponce, clever lightweight from California, scored a knockout over Jack Wills, colored boy from Oakland, in two heats on the same card.

Al Neff, director of boxing for the Fraternal Order of Eagles in Seattle, is taking a ten-man boxing squad to box in the Pacific Coast Amateur Championships, September 5 and 6.

The Eagles conduct amateur boxing every Wednesday night in Seattle and are drawing good houses.

Frisco McGale, colored middleweight, won from Georgie Anderson, Alaskan middle, in the main event of the White Center Club, a ten-round feature go.

Wrestling throughout the state is taking a vacation until September. Abe Kubey, matchmaker for the Pioneer Athletic Club, Seattle, figures on a shot between Gust Johnson and Gus Kallio for the middleweight championship early in September.

The best-looking prospect in Seattle in years is Joe Ponce, now boxing in the lightweight division and handled by George Burns.

Efforts are being made to match Ah Wing Lee, Chinese lightweight from Portland, with Henry Woods, colored lightweight of Yakima, in the main event of the National Athletic Club of Seattle.

Freddie Steele, with victories over Eddie Ran and Frankie Petrolle in his last two starts, shows he is ready for the best in the welterweight class.

Dave Miller, rotund manager of Steele, also has the Pacific Coast light-heavy champ, Fred Lenhart, who has been winning all his bouts quite regularly.

Ely Caston, matchmaker of the White Center Club, continues to hold weekly bouts at his club. This is the most successful small club in the west side of the state.

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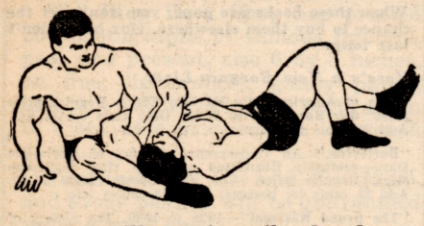

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

By JAMES J. MANNION

FRED HENNEBERRY reproduced some of that sparkling stuff that carried him to the top, when he and Ron Richards clashed in a return in Sydney Stadium. He completely outclassed the Queenslander, and won by a technical knockout in ten rounds. The bout was billed as for the middleweight championship. Well, maybe it was. But is Henneberry the best 160-pound boy we have? Carroll licked him under championship conditions, and for a while was recognized as the titleholder. But he suddenly appeared to lose interest in boxing and certainly didn't care a hang for the middleweight title. Hence, a Richards-Henneberry match was staged, and the winner (Richards) was written down as champion. Of course, that's all over now, as Henneberry has turned the tables. But Fred is to meet Carroll again this month. And until then, it is not altogether certain that Henneberry is the logical holder of the title.

The rising Jackie O'Brien of Victoria and western Australia tackled his biggest problem to date when he crossed gloves with the former lightweight champion, Bobby Delaney. O'Brien lost the decision, but only by a whisker. He had a weight advantage of eleven pounds. This match was held in Brisbane, where O'Brien has, for quite a while, been holding court.

Charlie Lucas hopes to put Rushcutter's Bay back on the nation's front page. If he doesn't it won't be his fault, as he has certainly lined up a quartette of brilliant attractions. Following Carroll and Henneberry, there will be three international matches between local boys and the newly arrived English importations. Ernie Roderick will oppose Bobby Blay, then Nel Tarleton and Jimmy Kelso go to war, and the last act will be a Johnny Peters-Young Llew Edwards mill. These four matches represent the best pairing job we've come across in a long while. Each bout should draw a bumper house and, on paper, should be a classic.

That tough hombre from New Zealand, Harry Lister, appears to have horned in on a winning streak. Following several weeks of successful campaigning prior to the last compilation of this column, Lister continued the good work this month. He overwhelmed the once ferocious Alby Roberts and took the nod from Krupps Miller.

American Johnny Freeman stopped the comeback aspirations of Don McLeod of Victoria, when the pair clashed in Melbourne. Freeman won by a K.O. in nine rounds. His next match was with Leo Bandias, who recently returned from a long sojourn in England. And there WAS a fight! In an almost deserted stadium, Freeman and Bandias became a pair of dark horses. For instead of the expected waltz, spectators had the pleasure of seeing one of the fiercest slugfests decided for years in Rushcutter's Bay.

Jimmy Sharman reckons he has a championship probability—if not certainty—in 190-pound Lon Tealey. Maybe he has. Tealey looks good, anyway. His most recent effort gained him Pietro Spagnola's scalp for the second time.

The featherweight champion, Young Llew Edwards, made one of his periodical appearances when he came out to meet Billy McAnally. He won by a T.K.O., following a collision of heads in round six. McAnally's eye was so badly injured that he had to retire.

Reg O'Haire, former amateur champion of Australia, has found the professional going too hot for his liking. After an up-and-down series of contests in the money—what little there is of it these days—O'Haire decided to give the game rest. His last appearance found him on the wrong end of a Wally Hancock shellacking.

Hancock scored a points victory over Bert Malcolm the following week. And a fortnight later, Hancock and Billy Negus fought a draw. All these matches were at Fitzroy (Vic.) Stadium. Here, also, Red Moloney notched his thirteenth win in a row when he met and defeated Terry Reilly during the month.

Adelaide is still outside the boxing fold, but Leo LeCornu, local wrestling promoter, is prepared to give the mitt-slingers a trial. He is planning to stage a couple of matches as "feelers" within a few weeks. If the public responds well enough, he'll keep on with the job.

Perth has slipped back into the doldrums again. Last year it was quite a miniature Mecca for boxers from all over the country, but there's nothing doing this year. And Melbourne has Charley Lucas up a tree.

Jackie Fitzgerald had a busy time during the month. He took the points in his bout with American Kid Como, and easily defeated Manuel Cuzzilini in Brisbane matches.

High hopes are being centered around the person of Dal Costa, a brilliant youngster from the Sydneyside. He recently put the kibosh on Max Richards after the latter had piled up twenty-three wins (eighteen by K.O.) in twenty-five fights. Costa has been matched with Ern Evans, Australian bantamweight champion, and the outcome of the match is eagerly awaited. In passing, one might pause long enough to extend the hand of sympathy to young Costa in the loss of his tutor-uncle, shortly after the match with Richards.

SMALL FRY—South African Barney Keiswatter ended a fairly prosperous run with an eight-round K.O. at the expense of Max Raynor, and thus qualified for a match with Bobby Delaney . . . . Raynor, who is only eighteen, licked Wally Maher three days earlier . . . . Football continues to crowd boxing out of Ambrose Palmer's scheme of things . . . . Charlie Lucas might do something to keep this boy in work . . . . Bob Thornton entered the lists at Leichhardt and easily defeated Fred Parker (N. Z.) . . . . Wally Hancock was too good for Cyril Pluto . . . . A K.O. in four rounds was Bobby Kelly's mournful lot in his affair with Bob Thornton . . . . Pat Craig outpointed Billy McAlister . . . . At Lithgow (N. S. W.) Phil Sullivan proved too good for George Pringle . . . . Frank Snelson knocked out Billy McNabb in seven at North Sydney.

EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL'S fistic market took an upward bound, principally through the homecomings of a trio of top-favorite performers—Al Foreman, Pete Sanstol, blond Norwegian bantam star, and Bobby Leitham. Two good shows also helped revive interest in the presentations at the Forum, though ridiculous decisions rather marred the entertainment from the viewpoint of the public, judging by the demonstrations that followed the queer awards.

Pete Sanstol, appearing much slower than in previous years, packed far too much class for Pete DeGrasse, Indian flash, in the main ten-rounder of the first of these shows. Nearly five thousand attended, the largest crowd of the season to date, to witness Sanstol just about toy with his swarthy, wild-swinging rival to canter away with a decisive victory.

The semi-final ten-rounder ended in a flurry of gloves, followed by a decision so raw that the crowd justifiably raised a racket. Albert Ladou, brilliant Algerian stylist, obviously outboxed Roger Bernard by feinting him into leads and countering with both hands throughout the battle and finished up by outslugging the former Flint, Michigan, slugger. But the judges called Bernard—on his aggressiveness—which was about as effective as De Grasse's against Sanstol. Naturally, a return bout was soon on the frying pan.

Freddie Bernard, Roger's up-and-coming brother, embarrassed the experts by raining one heavy wallop after another at Ronnie Headley, Ottawa star, to grab a merited decision. Headley couldn't seem to fathom Bernard's fast-punching tactics and the bout brought another fine prospect into the limelight. Rene Loubier, Sherbrooke, outpunched Rene Taillefer, local 140-pounder, in the other six-rounder, and Albert Brodeur outslugged Leo Paul, local light-heavy, in a mauling four-rounder. Biff Lemieux, Edmundston, N. B., proved too tough for Greggie Gregersen and stopped the colorful Danish bantam in three heats.

Ladou and Bernard clashed in a twelve-round headliner of the following card, with Ladou proving his superiority again and getting credit for it from the judges. Feeling ran high in this "grudge" encounter, as the managers engaged in an unadvertised display of mild fisticuffs shortly after the decision was rendered. The fans got quite a kick out of this extra attraction. Harold Stewart, local lightweight star, suffered his first knockout when Paul L'Abbe, better known as Paul Junior of Lewiston, Maine, cut loose a well-timed barrage in the final round of their ten-round semi-final to hammer the local lad into semi-oblivion.

Junior's brother, Jack, better known as Baby Jack Renault, did not share Paul's good fortune, as he was outslugged by Freddie Bernard in a rousing six-rounder, while Art Primrose outmauled Henri Legros, his local lightweight rival, in the opener.

Frankie Fiore, Sam Gibbs' rugged contender for the Canadian featherweight title, pasted Benny Brostoff, New York, in each of their scheduled six rounds. Then the judges disgusted the gathering of twenty-five hundred by rendering a draw verdict.

STRAY SHOTS—Johnny Nemis, Maritime middleweight star, seems to be back in better form than ever . . . . He successfully defended his eastern Canada title by hanging the K.O. sign on the rugged Saint John battler, Red Garland, in the second at the Lyric Theatre, Shediac, N. B. . . . . Ronnie Headley, Ottawa's welter ace, kayoed Pete Petrolle in the third at Ottawa . . . . Lefty Gwynne, Toronto's Olympic bantam titlist, spanked Joey Wise, Syracuse, in the six-round semi-final, and Eddie Carroll, promising Ottawa featherweight, beat Joe Kushner.

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GATHERED IN TEXAS

By HANK RABUN

WITH boxing legal after a forty-year ban, Texas fight promoters have been forced to import much of the talent for their opening cards in September. Eastern, southern and mid-western fighters, some a trifle worn, are flocking to this virgin boxing field to kick over home-town talent.

Dandy Dick Griffin imported light-heavyweight Champion Maxie Rosenbloom to Fort Worth for a non-title fight with Joe Rice, Texas heavyweight champion, and Morris Sigel, Houston mat and fight mogul, had Benny Bass *vs.* Lou Avery.

Tracey Cox, Indianapolis slugger, met a fellow townsman, Willard Brown, in Dallas.

In south Texas, boys are coming in from New Orleans. Included in this group are Spike Webb, Billy Shell, Frankie Hughes, Curtis Mullens, Wilbur Stokes, Ralph Shone, Joe King and Gus and Snooks Campbell.

Tracey Cox of Indiana has two knockouts and one easy ten-round decision to his credit in Dallas. He kayoed Emory Lance and Jimmie Scarmoza in early heats and decisioned veteran Lou Avery in ten rounds in August bouts.

Champ Clark, San Antonio sailor, received a setback in his first pro fight after heaving off from the navy when Joe King of New Orleans decisioned him in Beaumont in August.

Joe Rice of Fort Worth, recent conqueror of Jack Van Noy, Tommie Davenport, Oscar Koehler and Babe Hunt, is hailed as a good heavyweight prospect by Jack Dempsey. Through Texas on a recent exhibition tour, Dempsey saw Rice fight and labeled him as a comer.

Broadway Johnny Cox is connected with Morris Sigel in Houston.

Gus and Snooks Campbell, Florida brothers, scored wins over Speed Ball Cites and Curtis Mullens in Beaumont recently.

Jack Dempsey has completed a tour of Texas towns, appearing as referee of boxing and wrestling matches. Turnouts in all points were poor. Dallas topped the list with four thousand dollars. Wichita Falls, Amarillo, Abilene, San Angelo, San Antonio, El Paso and Austin failed to reach that figure. San Antonio, third largest city in Texas, drew only five hundred dollars.

Principal leather pushers in the four big Texas towns follow:

Fort Worth—Joe Rice, James Bradley, Frankie Karr, Duke Tramel, Art Dula, Bobby Burns, Wildcat Monte, Bill Miller, Danny Griffin.

Dallas—Midget Mexico, Emory Lance, Johnny Ferrell, Richie Mack, Frankie Graham, Wilson Dunn, Gyp Zarro, Kid Granite.

San Antonio—Chuck Burns, Carlos Garcia, Frankie Castillo, Henry Monero, Kid Barrellitto, Kid Laredo, Joe Montana, Kayo Castillo, Red Hughes, Junior Cone, Champ Clark, Frank Mallish, Manuel Luna, Ralph Sikes, Tommy Munroe.

Houston—Ed Dunaway, Oscar Koehler, Frank Willis, Mike Sojourner, Tommy White, Del Hawkins, Carl Haynie, Buster Bonneau, Howard Karr, Frankie Zwich.

Ralph Sikes of San Antonio, National A.A.U. semi-finalist in 1932, has captured the Texas National Guard welterweight championship. Sikes is one of the best-looking youngsters in the state. He has had ten pro fights.

Boxing Commissioner Jack Flynn will probably set a forty-cent minimum gate fee, he announces. A recent wave of ten-cent tickets, started by wrestling promoters to build up the gate, has virtually ruined the state as a big-money gate.

Boxing promoters granted licenses to promote under the new Butler boxing law are:

Fort Worth—Dandy Dick Griffin.
Dallas—Larry Meinert, W. J. Caples.
Amarillo—Golding Legion Post, Foreign Wars Veterans, Otis Williams.
Beaumont—American Legion Post 33, L. C. Wilson.
Corpus Christi—American Legion No. 962.
El Paso—American Legion No. 26, Charles Davis.
Galveston—Sam Maceo.
Houston—Morris Sigel.
Laredo—American Legion No. 29, Bob Essing.
San Antonio—Henry Flores.
Waco—Rayburn F. Wright.

Commissioner Flynn has delayed the appointment of salaryless deputy commissioners for principal boxing and westling points. Rumors have it that Governor Ferguson will attempt to knit a political machine around the boxing situation. He turned down two Flynn appointments for deputy commissionership. When, and if, deputies are appointed Ferguson will probably name them.

Dandy Dick Griffin, former bantamweight contender, is promoting at Fort Worth and is reported to be booking agent for the majority of the other impresarios. Griffin with the author of the boxing bill, and, virtually penniless and without any outside aid, lobbied the measure through the liberal legislature of last session to legalize fights after a long period of bootleg fights.

Griffin, through Jack Dempsey, is dickering for a lightweight title fight to be held during the Arlington Downs racing meet between Tony Herrera, a former Texas boy, and the titleholder.

Boxers in this locality are urged to get copies of Nat Fleischer's famous books, "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box." The managers and seconds should get "How to Second a Boxer" and the valuable book, just off the press, "How to Referee and Judge a Fight." Every referee and judge, every prospective referee and judge in Texas should have that last-named book.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

THIRTY-FIVE hundred fans turned out at Charley Cornell's Twin City Arena at Laurel, Md., to witness the return bout between Eddie Burl, "the fighting fool" from Florida, and Pete Sarron of Alexandria, Va. The bout was hotly contested, with the verdict a draw. In a previous bout, Burl took Pete's measure in a slam-bang affair. Ray Bowen scored over Jimmy Reed in the semi-final of six heats. Henry "Popeye" Irving flattened Knockout Broide of Balto in the first, after being down for a nine-count himself.

Ken Overlin took a duke over Billy Strickler in a listless eight-rounder at Fort Washington. Johnny Mays beat Bill Furr in the six-round semi. Sammy Romano and Doug Sweatman drew in six heats and Soldier Clark beat Bill Bullock in four rounds. Frankie Mann, Washington matchmaker, promoted the show.

Joe Knight, light-heavy contender, demonstrated his punching powers to the fans at Twin City by putting rough-and-ready Joe Banovic down for two nine-counts in a ten-round bout. Roy Bailey took the nod over Big Boy Smith and Carey Wright won over Keller Crawford. Johnny Larkin beat Mickey Ryan in a four-round opener. Tootsie Bashara was no match for Joey Goodman in a feature at Virginia Beach Arena.

Charley Von Reedon repeated over Leroy Dougan in a ten-rounder at the Twin City. Dougan again carried the fight to his much taller opponent, but took a sound pasting for his troubles. Ray Bowen took the measure of Roy Manley in the eight-round semi-final. Manley was a badly battered boy at the final bell. Sammy Lucas and Harry Groves of Baltimore fought to a draw in six rounds and Sammy Romano beat Angelo Brochato by a K.O. in four.

PICKUPS—The Twin City Arena is going great guns these days, drawing goodly gates every week with most of the attendance coming from Washington, some twenty miles distant . . . . Eddie Burl, the little bar'am from Florida, is a big hit up this way. Burl is handled by the writer, who feels he has a great prospect in this lad . . . . Charley Von Reedon, another Florida fighter, is in these parts awaiting a shot at either Burl or Sarron, the two outstanding favorites . . . . Carey Wright, a twenty-two-year-old Washington waiter, is being highly touted in Washington. Carey has had nineteen bouts and has yet to drop a duke or be held even . . . . Buck Taylor, Baltimore's most promising boxer today, is going good around Jersey . . . . My ratings for the month are:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Reds Barry, Marty Gallagher, Les Kennedy.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Joe Knight, Bob Godwin.

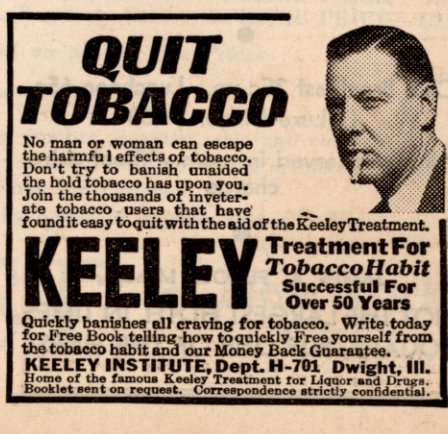
MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Vince Dundee, Ken Overlin, Roy Bailey.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Lew Raymond, Ray Bowen, Roy Manley.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Joey Goodman, Jackie Portney, Tootsie Bashara.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Pete Sarron, Charlie Von Reedon, Buck Taylor.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Eddie Burl, Benny Schwartz, Leroy Dougan.



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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

HAROLD ANDERSON, Flint light-heavy, finally won the state title when he knocked out Ace Martin of Lansing in the first round at Flint. This was the third meeting of the two. Martin won their first fight by a knockout and Anderson won the second bout via decision route.

Johnny Mitchell won from Billy Cooper in the eight-round semi-final. Both are Detroit featherweights. Charley Long, veteran colored middleweight, beat Lin Harvey of Lansing, and Soldier Dombrowski, Detroit lightweight, shaded Johnny Jaeger of Detroit in six-rounders, and Ivan Harburn, Flint feather, beat Foster Young of Lansing in four.

Martin Levandowski, Grand Rapids' light-heavy, did not fare so well during the month. Levandowski was knocked out in the first round by Gordon Fortenberry at Chicago, and stopped in the seventh by Georgie Nichols at Muskegan.

Michigan fighters broke even in a fight card at Detroit. Tony Tassi was beaten by Mose Butch of Pittsburgh, Johnny Mitchell lost to Jimmy Thomas, but Joe Ruggizonni beat Anson Green, and Frankie Misko beat Nick Fasero. All were ten-rounders.

Dario Mareno, Kalamazoo's stellar featherweight, has been idle the last month. Mareno is one of the best in the state, having boxed Varias Milling, Johnny Mitchell, Ernie Maurer, Carlo Mazzola and Tony Tassi.

K. O. Morgan, Toledo, won from Bobby Thomas of Saginaw at Toledo. Morgan outweighed Thomas thirteen pounds. Ernie Maurer, Michigan bantamweight champion, flattened Lloyd Bennett, Toledo, in three rounds. Eddie Koppy, Detroit, whipped Steve Shea of Toledo in four rounds, and Mickey Dugan, Cleveland middleweight, knocked out Jack Starwas, Ann Arbor, former Golden Gloves champion, in the third round.

The fighting Bernard brothers of Flint were successful at Montreal. Roger, lightweight, defeated Albert Ladou, the Algerian flash, and Freddie, southpaw welter, beat Ronnie Headley, Toronto, in the six-round semi-final.

Eddie Koppy was presented with a belt, emblematic of the state lightweight championship at Traverse City. Koppy beat Charley Crocker of Iron Mountain to earn the belt.

Frankie White, colored Detroit welterweight, lost a five-round decision to Carlos Herrera, brother of Tony, at Chicago.

Wesley Ramey was held to a draw by the slugging Jimmy Leto of Tampa, Florida, at Hartford, Connecticut. A short while later, he lost to Steve Halaiko at Fall River, Massachusetts.

Orville Drouillard, busy Windsorite, bested Wilbur Chevaliar in the main bout at Hazel Park. Sammy Caruso, another veteran Bay City fighter, beat Tommy Meeking of Windsor in six.

Saginaw boys had a .333 percentage in bouts at Windsor. Mel Shirkey, Saginaw lightweight, beat Ralph Riley of Detroit, but Chet Roberts lost to Billy Gerber in eight, and Joe Misko lost to Johnny Jaeger in six.

Doc Stanford of Carlstadt, N. J., is handling Irish Paddy Creeden, promising welter from Paterson, and expects to bring him to Detroit soon. Creedon is a puncher, having knocked out Prince Indian Alexander in his last start.

Louis J. O'Brien of Cleveland is representing quite a few good fighters. O'Brien has under his wing at present Al Gainer, Jack December, Danny Delmont, Willie Oster, Tiger Roy Williams, Paul Pantaleo and Seal Harris. O'Brien expects to get more fighters in the near future as he only cuts ten per cent.

Jack Bano Rosenbaum, Lansing promoter, has one of the best stables of fighters in Michigan. Rosenbaum has Ace Martin, who has beaten Harold Anderson, Flash Riser, Chet Raynor, Leon Jasinski, Emmett Curtice, Stan Wellise and Leon Nichols; Foster Young, featherweight, who has boxed Ivan Harburn, Wyat Millious, Nickey Nelson and Orval Drouillard; Bobby Gignac, classy flyweight, who fought Sammy Goldman a draw, and former Michigan amateur champion. Gignac came within an ace of winning the national title at Boston; Ford McGinley, bantam; Young Harvey, light-heavy; Jock Moore, welter; Eddie Dorian, heavy, and Len Darcy, light-heavy.

I receive lots of letters each month that I can't answer because the senders don't enclose stamps. If you expect an answer, you must enclose a stamped envelope.

Anyone wanting a list of Michigan promoters, ratings of national boxers or the record of a Michigan fighter, can get same by sending me a quarter for each. Address Mickey McIntire, Route 3, Snover, Mich.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

WILLIE GORILLA JONES, who recently went under the management of Thomas J. McGinty, well-known boxing and racing promoter, has won five straight fights on the Pacific Coast. In one, he was disqualified in the last minute of the tenth round.

Little Babe Triscaro is on the Coast with Eddie Shea.

Tom Gallery is negotiating on the Coast for a Corbett and Freeman match.

Johnny Risko is hot after Patsy Perroni for a return bout at the Stadium or Public Auditorium. Danny Dunn asserts big Jawn held Patsy too cheaply in their last meeting, which Patsy won. Patsy's later victory in New York over Izzy Gastanaga was well received in Cleveland.

It looked like old times to see Johnny and Tommy Kilbane at the Public Auditorium, going through a four-round exhibition—on the Risko-Perroni fight. It brought back memories of their twenty-five-round fight in private in 1911 when the boys battled it furiously, only one round deciding the winner. In that mill, Johnny Kilbane won the twenty-third, when he scored a pair of knockdowns. The rest of the fight was even all the way. They had the same referee—Jack Reddy, ex-chief of the Cleveland Fire Department—in with them at the exhibition and got a great hand. Reddy also refereed the real mill.

Ray Van Hook has moved bag and baggage and is now located at Buffalo, N. Y. He is a great little fighter and a clean sport, and we will be glad to welcome him back.

Russell Bradford is back from his trip to California, where he has been for the past two years. Bradford will make Cleveland his home. He is anxious to box Jimmy Vaughn.

Frankie Wallace will take one more bout under Johnny DeTiro and then join forces with the McGinty stable and be shipped to California.

Walter Taylor has opened up a gym on East 55th, near Broadway, and is looking for talent. Walter plans running some shows at the Taylor Bowl.

Micky Dugan is now under the management of Parson Tom McGinty.

Jimmy Avon will open up Cal Robison's old gym on West 25th Street, near Clark Avenue.

Jimmy Dunn has moved his gym to 722 Superior Avenue, where he will work out with his boys and also give boxing lessons.

Rosy Rosales is looking for some shots with the light-heavies.

Jimmy Vaughn went down to Louisville, Ky., and fought Cecil Payne a great fight. Jimmy is just a kid and is being pushed too fast.

They drew thirty-eight thousand people at Toledo, Ohio, on the booster's show given by the Shea brothers and Ed MacDaniels for Ad Thacher, who is running for mayor of Toledo. Micky Dugan, Marty McHale, Tommy Hudson, Micky Duris, Jack Pallat and several other Clevelanders were on the card.

Akron, Youngstown, Newcastle, Warren, Niles, McKeesport and many other small towns around the state have had no boxing for several months, but are planning to get under way next month, as the shops are reopening and the steel mills also putting on plenty of men. Looks like old man Fighting Game will soon come out of his slump.

Johnny Risko was given a big reception on his return home from Chicago a few weeks ago after his ten-round victory over Tommy Loughran.

Tommy Hudson, a youngster, looks like he is going to be a big leaguer in another year.

Arthur Root is still working in the mill, but still goes to the gym evenings and works out with the youngsters.

Johnny Papke has joined forces with Mannie Robbins. They will reopen Robbins' gym on Lexington and East 55th—a great team that ought to get some place. Both were southpaws in their day, but Papke can go either way. They have Carman Barth, who is after Paul Pirrone.

There are two clubs going at Houston now. Our old friend, Broadway Johnny Cox, is stationed with Morris Sigel, doing the publicity and helping make matches there. He is a great hustler.

Charley O'Connell, former lightweight, has a new job. He is now teaching the police and firemen to box, take off weight and get themselves into first-class condition.